Mahmut The Turkish Spy. Ætatis suæ 72.
P. H. van. Hove. Sculp:

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THE

First Volume OF LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who lived Five and Forty Years, Undiscovered, at

PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the *Divan* at *Constantinople*, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian* Courts, (especially of that of *France*) from the Year 1637, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, *first Translated into* Italian, *afterwards into* French, *and now into* English.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for Henry Rhodes, near *Bride-Lane*, in *Fleet-street*, 1692.

The Fifth Volume
OF
LETTERS
Written by a
Turkish Spy,
Who lived five and forty Years
Undiscovered at
PARIS:

TO THE READER.

I Here offer you a Book written by a *Turk*, whoſe Matter is as inſtructive and delightful, as the Manner of finding it, was ſtrange and ſurprizing.

I do not doubt, but you would know where 'twas written; and perhaps, whether the Author be living; and whether you muſt expect a *Romance*, or a *real Hiſtory*. Hear then, in ſhort, what will fully ſatisfie you.

The Curioſity of ſeeing *Paris*, made a Man of *Letters*, leave *Italy*, in the Year 1682; where being arrived, he found ſuch Diverſions, as cauſed his ſtay longer than he intended.

Scarce had he been Two Months in *Paris*, when, by changing his Lodging, he diſcovered by meer Chance, in a Corner of his Chamber, a great heap of Papers; which ſeem'd more ſpoil'd by Duſt, than Time.

He was at firſt ſurprized to ſee nothing but barbarous Characters, and was upon the Point of leaving them without any further ſearch, if a *Latin* Sentence, which he perceived on the top of a Leaf, had not retained him:

Ubi amatur, non laboratur; & ſi Laboratur, labor amatur.

The Surprize of the *Italian* was yet greater, when after having conſidered theſe Characters with more Attention, he found them to be *Arabick*; which Language was not altogether unknown to him, which made him look narrowlier into them, where he found, That they treated of Affairs of State: that they contained Relations of War and Peace; and diſcourſed, not only of the Affairs of *France*, but of thoſe of all *Chriſtendom*, till the Year 1682.

The curious *Italian* was in no ſmall Impatience, to know how, and where theſe *Memorials* had been writ, and by what Adventure they came to lie ſo neglected in a Corner of his Chamber. But before he further informed himſelf, he thought it expedient to tranſport theſe Manuſcripts into another Houſe, as a Place of greater Security.

He afterwards queſtioned his Landlord with great Precaution, concerning the Papers; and he inform'd him even to the leaſt Circumſtances.

He told him, That a Stranger, who ſaid he was a Native of *Moldavia*, Habited like an *Eccleſiaſtick*, greatly Studious, of ſmall Stature, of a very courſe Countenance, but of ſurprizing Goodneſs of Life, had lived long at his Houſe. That he came to lodge there in the Year 1664, and had ſtaid Eighteen Years with him; that being gone abroad one day, he returned no more,

more, and they had had no certain News of him ſince. He was about Seventy Years old, had left Manuſcripts, that no Body underſtood, and ſome Moneys, which was an Argument, that his Departure was not premeditated.

He added, That he had always a Lamp Day and Night burning in his Chamber; had but few Moveables, only ſome Books, a ſmall Tome of St. *Auſtin*, *Tacitus*, and the *Alcoran*, with the Picture of *Maſſaniello*, whom he praiſed very much, calling him the *Moſes* of *Naples*. He ſaid further, That this Strangers greateſt Friend, and whom he ſaw often, was a Man which moſt People took for a *Saint*, ſome for a *Jew*, and others ſuſpected to be a *Turk*. According to the Landlord's Report, he came to *Paris* in the Year 1637, being then but Twenty Eight Years of Age. At firſt he had lodged with a *Flemming*; he went oft to Court; Moneys never failed him; he had Friends, and paſſed for very Learned. As for his End, this Man thinks he died miſerably; it being ſuſpected, that he had been thrown into the River.

The *Italian* being ſufficiently inſtructed by what he had heard, applyed himſelf to the Study of the *Arabian* Language; and as he had already ſome Knowledge in it, he quickly learnt enough to Tranſlate theſe Manuſcripts, which he undertook a while after; and he examined with care the Truth of what the *Moldavian* had writ; confronting the Events he met, with the Hiſtories of thoſe Times; and to ſucceed the better, ſearched the moſt approved *Memorials*, having had Acceſs into the Cabinets of Princes and their Miniſters.

These Letters contain the most considerable Intrigues of the *Court* of *France*, and the most remarkable Transactions of *Christendom*, which have been sent to several Officers of the *Ottoman* Court.

By these may be known the Perspicacity of this Agent of the *Turks*; and by him the Prudence of those that command in that Nation, who chose (the better to penetrate into the Affairs of *Christians*) a Man, who could not be suspected by his Exterior; who was deform'd, but prudent and advised; and, for the better concealing him, destined his ordinary Abode in one of the greatest and most peopled Cities of *Europe*.

During his being at *Paris*, which was Forty Five Years, he has been Eye-witness of many great Changes; has seen the Death of Two great Ministers of State; has seen that Kingdom involved in War, without and within. He was scarce setled in *Paris*, but he was witness to the Birth of a King, who surpasses those that preceded him; in a time, when the Queen's Barrenness, caused the King, her Husband, to despair of ever having a Son that should succeed him.

During the Course of so many Years, he hath seen Cities revolt, and return again to the Obedience of their Sovereign; Princes of the Blood, make War against their King; and Queen *Mary de Medicis*, Wife, Mother, and Mother-in-Law to some of the greatest Kings in *Europe*, die in Exile in *Cologne*.

He speaks frankly of the Princes of *Christendom*.

dom, and explains his Sentiments with Liberty. He ſaith, The *Emperor* commands Princes, the King of *Spain* Men, and the King of *France* ſees Men and even Kings obey his Orders. He adds, That the Firſt commands and prays, the Second ſees oft times more effected than he commanded, and that the Third commands many brave Souldiers, and is well nigh obeyed by Crowned Heads. There appears no Hate or Animoſity in him, in what he writes againſt the *Pope*. In Diſcourſing of the *Emperor* and King of *Spain*, he ſays, That both of them having Provinces of ſuch vaſt Extent, they art not much concerned at the Loſſes they ſuſtain.

He believed that *England* was more powerful than the *Empire*, and *Spain* at Sea. He apprehended more the Counſels of the *Republick* of *Venice*, than their Arms. He magnifies what paſſed in the Wars of *Candy*, which the *Venetians* ſupported with ſo much Bravery againſt the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire. The *Genoeſes* with him are perfect *Chymiſts*. He ſpeaks of the laſt Plague, and laſt War, that this *Commonwealth* hath been afflicted with; he touches ſomething of the late Conſpiracy againſt this *State* by *Raggi* and *Torre*; and to ſhew, that he underſtood their Hiſtory; he ſays ſomewhat of *Vachero* and *Balbi*.

Thou wilt ſee, Reader, by the Progreſs of the Work, what this ſecret Envoy of the *Ottoman Port*, thought of the other Princes of *Italy*, and thoſe of the *North*: And I have drawn his Picture, becauſe thou maiſt underſtand better what I give thee of him.

This *Arabian* (for he declares himself in his Writings, to have been of that Nation) having been taken and made a Slave by the *Christians*, was brought into *Sicily*, where he applyed himself to Learning. He studied *Logick* in his Captivity, and applyed himself much to *History*; he overcame them by suffering with Patience the Blows of his Master, who often beat him for endeavouring to acquire those Lights, which this Brute had not. And finally, after much Labour, great Assiduity and long Watchings, he came, as he writes himself, to understand *Greek* and *Latin* Authors; he had commerce afterwards with the best Masters; and during his sojourning in the *French* Court, he joyned Experience to the Knowledge he had acquired.

He explains himself neatly, and speaks of Things with great Frankness. His Style shews a great liberty of Spirit, and never Passion; and if it appear that he accommodes himself to the Fashion of the Court, one may see that it is not out of design to please, but that he wisely conforms himself sometimes to the *Genius*'s of Nations.

Thou wilt find in his Letters *Wit* and *Learning*. If sometimes he appears tart, 'tis to shew his Vivacity, not disoblige; and he appears all over fully instructed in *Ancient* and *Modern* History. He is very reserved when he blames, and seems perswaded when he praises. When he speaks to the great Men of the *Port*, his Style is very grave; and he changes when he writes to meaner Persons. He never tells News that he is not assured of, nor thinks of divining Things that seem obscure to him.

He

He gives rare Leſſons when he writes of the Revolutions of *Catalonia*, the Kingdoms of *Naples*, *Portugal* and *England*, which happened in our Days; with ſtrange Circumſtances, terrible Murders, and the Death of a Potent King, Martyr'd by his own Subjects upon a Scaffold, before his own Door.

He weighs much the Duke of *Guiſe*'s hardy Reſolution of going to *Naples*, to ſuccour the Revolted there; and he reaſons not as a *Barbarian*, but like an able States-man, and wiſe Philoſopher, on the Riſe and Ruin of States. He always diſcourſes with Liberty, and what he ſays, is filled with ſolid and agreeable Thoughts. He ſpeaks ſometimes of the Cruelty and Tyranny of the *Turks*, of the Violence of the Miniſters of the *Port*, and upon the precipitated Death which many of the *Sultans*, *Baſha's*, and *Vizirs* are forced to ſuffer. But, this Language is only to his Friends and Confidents.

However, though theſe Letters be neither *Greek* nor *Latin*, nor written by a *Chriſtian*, they contain nothing of Barbarous; and though the Ignorant be in great Numbers amongſt the *Turks*, there are yet Men of great Underſtanding, that write the *Annals* of the *Ottoman* Empire, though they are not eaſily come by; for, their Books not being Printed, they ſcarce ever reach us. We may notwithſtanding believe, That amongſt this Nation, that we term Barbarous, there are great and wiſe Captains, good Men, and learned Authors; as we have amongſt us *Generals* without Conduct, Hypocritical

critical *Votaries*, and ignorant Fellows that pretend to be Masters.

To justifie what I affirm of the *Turks*, let us but consider their Victories, which have gained them so many Kingdoms, their Power at Sea, their Exactness to punish Crimes, and to reward Merit. As for Printing, they would never endure it amongst them. A *Grand Vizir's* Judgment of it was remarkable, which shews rather their Prudence than any effect of their Ignorance. A famous Printer of *Holland*, by Religion a *Jew*, came to *Constantinople*, bringing Presses with him, with Characters of all Sorts of *Idioms*, particularly *Arabick*, *Turk*, *Greek*, and *Persian* Letters, with design to introduce the use of Printing into that great City. As soon as the *Vizir* was informed of it, he caused the *Jew* to be Hanged, and broke all his Engins, and Millions of Characters which he had brought; declaring, it would be a great Cruelty, that One Man should to enrich himself, take the Bread out of the Mouths of Eleven Thousand Scribes, who gained their Livings at *Constantinople* by their Pens.

Peruse, Gentle Reader, what I offer, without fear of tiring thy self, or being deceived. As *Christian* Authors think of nothing ordinarily, but of writing *Panegyricks* in hopes of Reward, we have reason to believe not to find all the Truth in their Works. Interest and Passion do often make good Princes pass for Tyrants, and unjust and cruel Princes, are sometimes transferred to Posterity for Models of Justice and Clemency. This occasions Histories

which

which iſſue from ſo corrupt a Source, to ſerve like a pitch'd Field for *Modern* Writers, where the one and the other combat for the deſtruction of Truth; the one falſly reporting what they have heard; and the other, by as badly repreſenting the things they ſeem to witneſs. Moſt Princes will have their Altars, and then 'tis no wonder if there are Prieſts found to ſacrifice to Falſhood, and Idolaters to deface the Statue of Truth.

There is no *General* that will not always ſeem Conqueror, and Princes never confeſs their Loſſes, which occaſions a Confuſion, and the Actions of Men do thereby become doubtful.

How many times have we ſeen both the Victors and Vanquiſhed make Bonfires for their Succeſſes? And, in our Days, we have known the *French* rejoyce, and the *Spaniards* and *Germans* ſing their *Te Deum* for the ſame Thing.

As we are, perhaps, now leſs juſt than in Ages paſt, it is difficult to write Things as they are, particularly during the Lives of Princes; whoſe Hiſtory cannot be writ without Fear, nor the Truth ſaid without Danger. For theſe *Reaſons*, we ought not to queſtion the Credit of our *Arabian*, who reports with Liberty what came to his Knowledge: Beſides, he being an univerſal Enemy to *Chriſtianity*, and a concealed one, neither diſobliged or gained by any, and religiouſly true to his *Prince*, whom he adores as a *Divinity*; it cannot be imagined, that he ſays any thing for Fear or Favour.

As

As these Relations have been read with Attention and diligently examined, we may be assured of an exact History, abounding in considerable Events; and this History being separated into Letters, as the Author writ them, the Reader may read them without repining. If he will not acknowledge the *Translator*'s Pains, let him at least receive the Labours of a dead Man with Civility, one that never dreamt his *Memorials* would be Printed, and that served his Master faithfully.

These Sentiments made him exactly follow that Sentence of S. *Austin*, found in the front of his Works:

Where Love is, there is no Labour; and if there be Labour, the Labour is loved.

The *Translator* hath thought fit to retrench some Ceremonies, and proud Titles of the *Eastern* People. What is represented here, is in a familiar Style, such as the Ancient *Latins* used in their Writings to their *Consuls*, *Dictators* and *Emperors* themselves. And, if the Translation be not Elegant as the *Arabick*, do not accuse the Author, seeing, it is not possible to reach the Force and Beauty of the Original.

Have moreover some Respect for the Memory of this *Mahometan*; for, living unknown, he was safe from the Insults of the Great Ones, so that he might write Truth without Danger, which ordinarily is disguised by Fear or Avarice, having still reported the Transactions of *Christians*, with no less Truth than Eloquence.

If

If what I have ſaid cannot ſatisfie the Curious, expect the reſt of theſe Letters, which will be found full of Great *Actions*, Profitable *Inſtructions*, and Good *Morals*. Thank God however, who raiſes Men that employ themſelves in vanquiſhing Ignorance and Idleneſs. And in rendring Juſtice to *Mahmut*, a paſſionate *Slave* for the Intereſt of his *Maſter* and the Truth; have ſome Goodneſs for the *Tranſlator*; who being born free, acknowledges no Maſter, but *God*, his *King*, and his *Reaſon*.

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LET-

LETTERS
Writ by
A SPY at *PARIS.*

VOL. I.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and Vileſt of the* Grand Signior's *Slaves, to* Haſnadar-baſſy, *Chief Treaſurer to his Highneſs at* Conſtantinople.

I Have at length finiſhed my Journey, after One hundred and forty days March, arriving at *Paris*, the 4th of this preſent *Moon*, according to the *Chriſtians* Style. I made no ſtay in *Hungary*, yet ſojourned one and forty Days at *Vienna*; where I obſerv'd all the Motions of that *Court*, according as I was ordered; of which I ſhall not now ſpeak, having given a full Account to the ever Invincible *Vizir Azem*. Being but newly arrived, I ſcarce know any Body, and am as little known my

ſelf. I have ſuffered my Hair to grow a little below my Ears; and, as to my Lodging, 'tis in the Houſe of an old *Flemming*, where my Room is ſo ſmall, that Jealouſie it ſelf can ſcarce enter. And becauſe I will have no Enemy near me, I will therefore admit of no Servant.

Being of low Stature, of an ill-favoured Countenance, ill ſhap'd, and by Nature not given to Talkativeneſs, I ſhall the better conceal my ſelf. Inſtead of my Name, *Mahmut the Arabian*, I have taken on me, that of *Titus the Moldavian*; and, with a little Caſſock of black Serge, which is the Habit I have choſen, I make two Figures, being in Heart what I ought to be; but Outwardly, and in Appearance, what I never intend.

Carcoa at *Vienna*, furniſhes me with Bread and Water, ſupplying me with juſt enough to Live, and I deſire no more. The Eggs here, are dearer than Pullets with you. It is to him that I will addreſs my Letters.

Eliachim the *Jew* came to ſee me, who ſeems to be ſufficiently informed of what paſſes in the World, and will be an uſeful Man to me: Yet I will never truſt him more than I need. Although I have a Diſpenſation from the *Mufti* for Lying, and falſe Oaths, which I ſhall be obliged to make; yet I have ſtill ſome Qualms on my Mind. However, our Sovereign muſt be ſerved; and, I can commit no Sin, as long as this is my ſole End. As for the Intelligence which I ſhall ſend, none ſhall come from me but what is true, unleſs I be firſt deceived my ſelf.

It will be hard for me to mention any Thing conſiderable of a City which is not to be viewed in One day, I having been there but Seven. 'Tis peopled like the Borders of the Sea with Sand, the Inhabitants lodging to the very Cock-lofts; and Houſes are built on the Bridges.

This

This great City is divided by a River, and both Parts of it are joined by a great Bridge of Stone, well built and very ſtately. In the Midſt of it is ſeen, an Horſe of Braſs, with the Statue of *Henry* IV. which beſtrides it; whoſe Heroick Actions have juſtly ſurnamed him *The Great*, and he ſeems ſtill to command this Capital of the Kingdom. The other Bridges being full of Houſes, are not ſeen, appearing as if they had been made for the City, not the River.

The King's Palace is an ancient Building, yet retains a certain Majeſty, which denotes the Grandeur of its Maſter: Within it appears a Deſart; for, the Court is always abroad, or in the Army.

A Church-man, term'd at *Rome* a *Cardinal*, is the Principal Miniſter of State; his Name is *Armand du Pleſſis, Cardinal* of *Richlieu*. He is eſteem'd a great Politician, a Man of Wit and Action, and every way fitted for the Place he holds.

All the People make Vows to Heaven, That their King may become a Father; for, the Queen has been barren theſe many Years.

I go into the Churches, as a *Chriſtian*; and when I ſeem attentive to their Myſteries, I hold our ſacred *Alcoran* in my Hands, addreſſing my Prayers to our *Holy Prophet*; and thus behaving my ſelf, I give no Offence. I avoid Diſputes, mind my own Concerns, and do nothing which may endanger my Salvation.

Preſerve thy Health, and expect to hear from me, as oft as the Intereſt of our Great and Mighty Monarch requires, who is the Maſter of my Life and Affections.

I make thee no preſent of my Services; for they be devoted to that *Lord*, whoſe Slave thou art as well as. The Letters I write for the future, ſhall be directed to the Miniſters of the *Divan*.

Live with the Piety of a good *Muſſulman*, and the Prudence of an able Miniſter, and preſerve the *Treaſure* as thine own Heart, which (thou knoweſt) is the laſt expiring.

Paris, 11th. of the 9th. Moon, of the Year 1637, according to the Chriſtian *Style.*

LETTER II.

To the ſame Haſnadar baſſy.

I Had too good an Opinion of my ſelf, and did not ſufficiently conſider to whom I wrote, when I attempted, in ſo little a time, to give thee an Account of the Court of *France*, and how this King lives. An old *Arabian* was wont to ſay, *To have a perfect Knowledge of Things, we muſt know them more than Once, and forget them Thrice; to the end, that learning them a Fourth time, they may become perfectly our own.* This will inſtruct me how to write to my Friends hereafter; not as I underſtand Affairs, but as they ought to be underſtood: For once well done, is better than twice ill done.

I think I may ſay, the *Spaniards* want Ground themſelves, by taking an handful from others. Two and Twenty of their Galleys, with ſome other ſmall Veſſels, have taken two ſmall Iſlands named *St. Margaret's* and *St. Honorat's*, which lie over againſt *Provence*, and are barren and unprofitable Places, and will ſerve to little purpoſe, unleſs for Ports; and 'tis alſo a Queſtion, how long they will hold them.

The War betwixt theſe Two Nations is like to continue, eſpecially from the Death of the two *Italian*

lian Princes, *Victor Amade*, Duke of *Savoy*, and *Charles Gorague*, Duke of *Mantua*.

I believe it an Effect of Providence, that these Two Nations know not their own Interest, or knowing it, neglect it. Heaven is more kind to us; for, as our Empire transcends all others in Strength and Greatness, so it does in Unity and Concord, by which means 'tis in our power to make War or live in Peace. The *Christians* never consider the Advantage they lose, and the Good they may acquire by attacking of us, whom they yet hate and treat as *Barbarians*.

The Archbishop of *Bourdeaux*, is at present *General* of the *French* Naval Forces; who though a Priest, is yet permitted to turn *Tarpaulin* and Soldier: For my part, I understand not how a Prelate of his Rank can forsake his Flock, his Altar and his Function. *If what the* Christians *say be true*, but that is nothing to us; and the King of *France* being so enlightned a Prince, and employing him, as he does, he must needs be a good Seaman and Soldier.

To say no more in this Matter, *For Princes of what Religion soever they be, are always sacred, and not to be approached but with Respect, seeing their Doings lie above the Reach of a common Capacity.*

I would fain hear of the *Grand Signior*'s Health; for, when he is well, all the World is so to me, and without him I am nothing. I will not write so soon to the *Grand Vizir*, being desirous to write what passes here with more Exactness.

I am in this place, like a Man lost in Confusion; for, this Town seems rather a Province than a City. All is Hurry and Noise, every Body brushing about after Action. The Men for the most part are for Martial Exploits, either at Sea or Land; and as to the Women, they are not idle, employing themselves as becomes them, either in the Shops or Kitchens. Yet they take more care to shew

themſelves, than ours do to hide themſelves. Do thou be careful of thy Health, for I ſhall never be Miſerable having thee to my Friend.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1637.

LETTER III.

To Darniſh Mehemet Baſſa.

I Have been at a Ceremony which I am willing to ſee often, to give an Account of it in my Letters; 'tis the *Te Deum*, which *Chriſtian* Princes cauſe to be ſung in their Churches, on the gaining any conſiderable Advantage over their Enemies; which *Te Deum* is an Hymn compoſed by two of their Saints, to wit, *Ambroſe* and *Auſtin*. When the *French* beat the *Spaniards* they ſing the *Te Deum*, and when theſe vanquiſh their Enemies they do the ſame. Theſe two Nations do the Duty of the *Muſſulmans*, in deſtroying one another; and when this is done, they give *God* Thanks for the Evil they have committed. Whence we may judge of the Wiſdom and Piety of the *Mahometans*, amongſt whom there's ſeldom ſeen an open War; and, if it ſhould happen, 'tis generally Condemned.

The Rejoicing of the *French* proceeds hence; the *Spaniards* had beſieged *Leucate*, a ſmall *Peninſula* in *Languedoc*, which is but four Leagues round, with Two Ports, where a few Galleys, and Four ſmall Veſſels may Anchor in ſafety. The Place was attack'd by the *Spaniards* with much Heat, but was afterwards given over with as great Loſs. The Aſſailants being obliged to make a Retreat,

not

not unlike a ſhameful Flight; quitted their Baggage, their Arms and all their other Proviſion.

Count *Serbellon* offered at firſt to *Barris*, who commanded the Place, a great Sum of Mony, which was to be attended with a conſtant Penſion; which refuſed, they were neceſſitated to betake themſelves to Force, by which, in ſhort, the *Spaniards* were entirely defeated. *Serbellon* withdrew towards *Perpignan*, with the Duke of *Cardonn*'s Son, who was Viceroy of *Catalonia*. He loſt all his Tents, his Plate, and the Mony deſigned for Payment of the Army: And I will ſay yet more, that he has loſt the Reputation of a good Captain and valiant Soldier, *until he can recover an Opportunity to Fight and Vanquiſh*. This Victory muſt have been of Conſequence, and very Glorious, ſeeing the King aſſiſted in Perſon, together with the Queen, Two Cardinals, the Council of State, and that of the *Finances*, and that which they call here, *the Courts Soveraign*, which are a company of Men choſen to judge others. Beſides theſe, there was an innumerable Concourſe of People, who teſtified their Joy for the Advantage gained by their King, notwithſtanding it be at the Coſt of their Brethren of the ſame Religion.

Live happily, and conſerve thy Honour as thy Life.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1637.

LETTER IV.

To Houf *his Kinſman.*

I Tell thee I live, and am well. I have received no News from thee; perhaps thou thoughteſt me Dead. I Salute thee firſt with my Letters, though thou oughteſt to have begun. If thou art aſhamed of my Kindred, accuſe thy Parents, by whom thou art become of the ſame Family. But be not ungrateful to them, nor forgetful of the Good thou haſt received from me. Thou ſhalt now know where I am and ought to ſtay, and mayeſt anſwer me if thou wilt. Believe in the mean time the Counſel I give thee, although thou doſt not demand it. Be devout in thy Religion without Hypocriſie, and remember there is no more *Gods* but One; alſo, that the Favorite, and ſent of *God*, is *Mahomet*, his Prophet. After that, love thy Maſter, without deſiring any thing more than the Execution of his Pleaſure. Embrace thy Father as from me, and give thy Mother a Kiſs, ſaluting her as my Siſter and Friend, which is the moſt endearing Title that Antiquity could invent for Perſons, who had the ſame Sentiments of Affection. Live happily, and conſerve thy Chaſtity.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Shall give thee ſome Pleaſure in telling thee, that the *Chriſtians* loſe eaſier than they acquire. It ſeems, the Marqueſs *Ambroſe Spinola*, whom all the World took for a great Captain, has loſt much of his Reputation; ſeeing, that a Place is loſt in Eleven Weeks, which he had formerly beſieged Eleven Months, and where he had expended Eleven Millions. If theſe Circumſtances are true, they are very extraordinary. However, he ſhall continue a great Captain in my Opinion; and it is ordinary enough to ſee that loſt in a little Time, by the Cowardlineſs of one, which has not been acquired in a great while by the Valour of a whole Army.

The Prince of *Orange* hath taken *Breda*, a Place of great Importance, which had been ſurrendred Twelve Years and Three Months ſince, to the ſaid *Spinola*, who commanded the Army of *Spain*. This Conqueſt is great; for, 'twas the General Opinion, the Place could not be taken but by Famine; yet hath it been conſtrained to yield, by the continual Fire and Valour of the Beſiegers.

Had not the *Hollanders* become Maſters of this Place, they had been, as it were, block'd up on the ſide of *Brabant*, and had the Enemy always at their Gates; whereas, now they are more at large. We ought to rejoice rather at their Acquiſitions, than thoſe of the *Spaniards, with whom we never had peace.*

This Place is fortified with much Regularity. It hath fifteen Baſtions, beſides ſome little Forts on the Moat ſide. There are five Horn-works without. The place is conſiderable for its Greatneſs.

It contains Five thouſand Houſes, with great Gardens, and there are three principal Gates.

I mention theſe Particulars, becauſe thou art a Man of War. Receive my Letter kindly; believe me thy Friend, and do not doubt of my Fidelity. If thou wilt add to thy Valour by new Merit, which will heighten the Conſideration Men have for thee, I will teach thee a Secret, which will not be very Expenſive, but very Delightful. Read at Times the Hiſtories of others, and particularly thoſe of the Greateſt and moſt Fortunate Princes, and their Captains. Imitate rather the Wiſe, than thoſe who have only ſignalized themſelves by their Valour. To conclude, be converſant in Hiſtories, but chuſe always the beſt, I mean ſuch as cannot be ſuſpected for Lyes. Thou canſt not fail of good Books, both *Greek* and *Arabick*, which are tranſlated into the *Turkiſh* and *Perſian* Tongues. Thou wilt learn to be wiſe by the Folly of others, and wilt become yet more Prudent, by obſerving the ſage Conduct of ſuch who performed Great Actions: Above all Things, never neglect to make ſerious Reflections upon the leaſt Events. It happens ſometimes, that Paſſages are found in Books that ſeem of no Conſequence, which may yet be of Uſe in important Occaſions, for the clearing of Difficulties. And for Example, learn this from a Great King, *Henry* IV. who Conquered his Kingdom by the Dint of his Sword.

I will finiſh with a worthy Saying of Marqueſs *Spinola*'s, which I think is to the purpoſe. He ſaith, That a Captain's Sword muſt be tied to his Heart, his Heart fixt to his Head, and Conducted by his Judgment; which ought particularly to be formed by the reading of Hiſtories. Love me as much as I eſteem thee, and thou wilt never love me enough.

Paris, 25th *of the* 10th *Moon, of the Year* 1637.

LET.

LETTER VI.

To Mehemet, *Page Eunuch to the* Sultan-*Mother.*

THou haſt ſpent Fourteen Years in the *Seraglio*, and to thy Unhappineſs, always been in the Service of Women; ſerve now a Man, who is certainly ſomewhat more than a Woman. Thou knoweſt, the Confidence we have in each other is arrived to that Degree, as to diſcover our Failings to each other, and to ſuffer them. Seeing I am at preſent far off, and by Conſequence the more expoſed to Criticks and ill Offices, do not forget the Intereſts of thy Friend. Watch Day and Night for the Advantage of my Life. Obſerve, ſearch and endeavour to penetrate what People diſcourſe of me, and what is ſaid concerning me at Court. Our Great Emperor, ſent me hither to obſerve what paſſes here, and render him an Account. I know I am where I ought to practiſe what I am commanded to do, but I do not yet know whether I ſhall return to the Place where I would willingly end my Days. Moſt things are done on that ſide, but they are not all equally performed. I have therefore more juſt Reaſon to apprehend, that all Men do know that I ſhall acquit my ſelf with Fidelity, of the Orders I have received. Conſider how far his Unhappineſs doth extend, who ſerves another, who is Maſter of ſo many Millions of Subjects.

I will inform thee of *two* Things, whereof thou ſhalt tell the *firſt* to the *Baſſa* of the Sea, and the *other* to the *Muſti*'s Vicar. We are told, that the King of *England* hath ſet forth a Veſſel upon the *Britiſh* Ocean, of ſuch Prodigious Greatneſs, that

that it exceeds all others, as well in Force as Vastness. It is Armed with one Hundred and Twenty Brass Guns. It draws Unrigg'd, Seventeen Foot of Water, and its Bulk is Eleven hundred Tun. 'Tis reported, that it cost Two Millions of *Piasters*; and as if it were the King of all other Ships, it is called *The Sovereign*. The Second News is, a Prodigy that happened in Upper *Saxony*, which finds but a little Credit with the Wise, but is easily believed by the Women, and the Common People.

They say, that at *Dresden*, one of the Duke of *Saxony*'s Courtiers having cut a piece of boiled Beef, there issued so much Blood out of it, that the *Elector*'s Table was wholly covered with it; which extreamly troubled this Prince, looking upon the Adventure as a Presage of Famine and War. Let me hear often from thee, and of our Friends; but make no Confidence to any, of that which is betwixt us. Thou shalt learn from me Secrets of great Importance, provided thou be Faithful and Discreet. *God* grant thee in an Instant, the Good which I shall wish to acquire in my whole Life.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon, of the Year* 1687.

LETTER VII.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

SEeing thou hast acquired the Knowledge of Things present, by thy Prudence and rare Understanding, and hast desired me to inform thee of those Things which shall happen in the Places

whither thou haſt ſent me; I will endeavour to penetrate into Affairs the moſt ſecret, to the end that nothing in this World may be hid from thee.

At preſent, there are but few Actions in *Chriſtendom* which deſerve to be reported; and, thou art ſufficiently inſtructed in the Affairs of *France*, and touching the Perſon of her King. I expect to inform thee of Events, which at the ſame time may divert thee and inſtruct thee. This Prince is called *Henry the Juſt*. He cannot be called *the Happy*; for, having as yet no Son to ſucceed him, there will be always Occaſions of Trouble in his Kingdom: Nor is there any Hopes that the Queen may prove with Child, by Reaſon of her long Barrenneſs. If the King will reſolve to be divorced from her, and take another, it cannot be effected without *Rome*; and *Rome*, the *Muſti*, and all their *Prieſts*, will, according to their uſual Manner, raiſe ſo many Difficulties, and be ſo long before they determine, that it will be a hard Matter to extort from them, that Conſent which the Laws of the *Chriſtians* render neceſſary for the diſſolving a Firſt Marriage. Certainly, this Slavery which doth thus ſubject the *Chriſtian* Princes, is hard; but, it is a Point of their Law, which being of no Importance to thee, I will trouble thee no more with it. This Defect of a Succeſſor in the King of *France*, is of great Advantage to the *Spaniards*; and one would think, Heaven had created this Nation to be Enemies to the *French*. It ſeems moreover, there is a ſecret Violence which entertains an Antipathy betwixt the Two Nations; which enforces a belief, that there can never be a ſolid Peace betwixt them.

Thou haſt already underſtood from thoſe I writ to, and who dare hide nothing from thee, what hath happed here during the ſmall time of my ſojourning in theſe Quarters. I will not repeat little

Things

Things; the Greatneſs of thy *Genius*, and the Eminency of thy Employment, have put thee far above every Thing that is not Extraordinary, that we ought to inform thee of nothing but tranſcending Events.

I will not entertain thee with the taking of the Old Town of *Sally*, nor of the Diſorders in the New. Thou wilt have learned more ſwiftly from the Coaſts of *Africk*, Advices of the Hoſtile Acts which the *Engliſh* have committed with their Ships of War, againſt that City, which the King of *Morocco* protects.

The Attempt was great, and is diſcourſed of here as a hardy Enterpriſe. The Vaſtneſs of thy Underſtanding, will eaſily judge of the Conſequence.

They ſay here, that the King of *France* has writ to *Rome*, that he will willingly reſolve to make a long Ceſſation of Arms with his Enemies. If that happens, this Repoſe will ſerve but to increaſe the Forces of both ſides, which may hereafter render the War more cruel. In the mean Time, 'tis thought they deſign a General Peace, but Time will diſcover to the Politicians, what we cannot at preſent divine.

This Court is Great and Magnificent. It ſtays not long in a Place, and is very ſeldom at *Paris*; being in the Camp amongſt the Armies, or for Pleaſure in the Country.

The *Genius* of the Courtiers is different, but they have an equal Inclination for two Things very oppoſite, *War* and *Love*; and apply themſelves to both with much Conſtancy.

The Religion which they call *Proteſtant*, and which has been the occaſion of ſo much Diſturbance to the Kingdom, is now low, by the Surrender of *Rochel*, which was, as thou knoweſt, the Principal Bulwark of thoſe of that Party.

It

It ſeems this King will imitate our Mighty and Formidable Emperors, and will regulate his Conduct by theirs, in not ſuffering within his State Two Religions which are oppoſite.

The Kingdom is notwithſtanding, as yet, full of Trouble. Cardinal *Richlieu* (who holds the Helm of Affairs in *France*, as thou directeſt that of the Empire of the World) ſeems, as may be ſaid, in the midſt of a Tempeſt, and hath Reaſon enough to apprehend Danger; for, there are an infinite number of People, who follow the Standards of *Luther* and *Calvin*, who have no other Thoughts but of his Ruin.

In the mean time, the Power of *France* ſeems mighty Great, and 'tis to be apprehended, it may in Time augment infinitely.

Thou knoweſt, *Invincible Baſſa*, what the Ancient *Gauls* did in old Time. They were called *Gallogrecians*; for having over-run *Italy* and ſack'd *Rome*, they ſettled in the middle of *Aſia*, and could not be overcome but by the *Romans*: becauſe the Heavens had ordained, that the *Romans* ſhould ſubjugate all Nations. But now that theſe *Gauls* are no more, and there are no more of theſe brave *Romans*, we muſt pray the Infinite Goodneſs of the moſt High, that the Power of theſe Modern *Gauls* may be limited. If the *French* however would do, what a *Spaniard*, who fled from the Paſſion of *Philip* II. counſelled *Henry* IV. their King, which was, To ſet himſelf right with *Rome*, to have a great Power at Sea, and a Counſel compoſed of Wiſe, Secret and Faithful Men; by that means, he might one day perhaps equal the Ancient *Romans*. I think he that gave this Advice was named *Antonio Perez*.

I obſerve every thing with Care, but ſhall obſerve them nearer for the future. It appears to me, that the *Genius* of this Nation is to aggrandize it ſelf, and extend its Limits. The

The *French* have a common Saying, That Kings having nothing above them that may limit them, *God* hath given the Empire of the Earth to the ſtrongeſt. They add, That *Adam* left no Kingdoms to his Children, but that they made them for themſelves. They glory in certain Prophecies, which promiſe them the Empire of the World. In relating this, I tell what they ſay, not what ought to happen. They entertain here the ſame Hatred for us, as others do when our Power is Formidable; but, wiſe Men who have Knowledge of our Hiſtory, ſpeak with more Admiration of the *Ottoman* Empire, than that of the *Romans*; and if theſe laſt were reſtored by the Civil Wars which tore them in pieces, the other will encreaſe and maintain it ſelf, by the great Pre-cautions uſed to hinder them, and by the Union of their Forces.

Thou knoweſt more of the Extent of the City of *Paris*, than I can tell thee. It appears to me, great and full of People; but, *Conſtantinople* is yet Greater, and more Populous.

Thou wilt pardon me after all, if I make not a certain Judgment of a Nation, which I do not yet well comprehend. However, I will aſſure thee, the *French* are no Fools, and believe never were. They do not love Novelty through Levity, but for Reaſon of State; and when they are unconſtant, it is not to do Ill, but to acquire Good. They are Happy and Unfortunate in Wars, like others; but, what is conſiderable, They do not combat their Enemies becauſe they hate them, but in Obedience to their Prince, which occaſions the great Diſcipline which is in their Armies. And, what ſeems worthy of Reflection, is, That they love their King by Inclination; and, this Love produces in them, that which our Attachment to the Precepts of the *Law*, does in the Hearts of the beſt *Turks*. I uſe this Compariſon, which I learne from thee,

who

who art the Wiſeſt Man in the World; from whoſe Mouth I have heard, as from an Oracle, That it is not much material, whether Subjects love their Maſter by Inclination or Fear, provided they always faithfully ſerve him, and are always humble.

If ever it happen I am diſcovered, thou wilt do me a great Honour to let me know, If I ought to avow my ſelf an *Agent* from the *ſublime Port*; or, whether I ought to die without confeſſing any Thing.

I end with my Head in the Duſt, without ever ceaſing to ſupplicate the moſt High, that he will ſhower his continued Happineſs upon thee and the Empire.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER VIII.

To Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

THis is the Second Letter which I have writ to thee. My *Diſpatches* hitherto have not been filled with Things of great Importance, by reaſon I have not yet had Time to learn them. I wiſh greatly to write what may pleaſe thee. Receive therefore what I offer kindly, and be perſwaded, That I fear thy Cenſures, as much as if I did deſerve them.

I live here according to the Inſtructions which were given me, and live eaſie enough. The Country is good and fat, the Men good Companions, are frank and ſeem Diſcreet.

I have not as yet any acquaintance with Women, and yet it is neceſſary I find Means to introduce my ſelf into their Companies. It is a Sex that will not pardon, when they think themſelves neglected. They are proper to diſcover Things one would know, and to ſay them when one would have them publiſhed; and likewiſe, they as much penetrate into the Secrets of Hearts, as the moſt refined and ſpiritualeſt Courtiers. Farther, there are many of them, that can conceal nothing, but what they do not know.

I frequent not the *Monks*, but when neceſſitated. If I ſee them, it is to ſeem Devout, upon Deſign of being introduced by them into the Houſe of a Miniſter of State, when I teach his Son the *Greek* Language.

We muſt not expect to find here the great Tranquillity which is at *Conſtantinople*. The Town is ſo full of Coaches, of Horſes and Waggons, that the Noiſe ſurpaſſes Imagination. Thou wilt certainly find it ſtrange, that Men who are in Health, and have no ſore Legs, ſhould cauſe themſelves to be drawn in an Engine with four Wheels; but I more wonder to ſee, theſe ſame Men can reſolve to ſuffer the Inconveniency of the Noiſe, and of the Expence which they throw away out of Vanity. The more moderate *French*, which do not approve of this Luxury, ſay, That in the time of *Henry* III. there were but three Coaches in *Paris*, whereof two were the Kings. But the number is now ſo great, that they are not to be counted.

I can tell thee no more of the *Genius* of the *French*, thou knoweſt it perfectly. There is in all their Actions a Spirit very delicate, and an Activity like that of Fire.

It ſeems, as if none but they knew the ſhort duration of Mans Life: they do every Thing with ſo much haſte, as if they had but one Day to live.

If

If they go on Foot, they run, if they ride, they fly; and if they ſpeak, they eat up half their Words. They love new Inventions paſſionately. I can ſay nothing certain of their Fidelity, though methinks we might ſuſpect ſuch, *who do not read as they write, nor write as they ſpeak.* They love Mony, which they look upon as the *firſt Matter*, and *ſecond Cauſe* of all things: They well nigh adore it, and that is the Original Sin of all Nations.

Paris ought to be deſtroyed, to enrich many Cities in *Europe*. Whence thou mayeſt comprehend her Greatneſs, her Traffick, how rich ſhe is, and how all ſorts of Arts do flouriſh in her.

The *French* Nobility is always ready to get on Horſeback at their King's Commands: And they love War ſo well, that it is to be ſuppoſed, we ſhould have enough to do with them, if we were as near them as the *Spaniards*, and they did not want Infantry.

I ſhall hereafter obſerve every Circumſtance with ſo much Care, as well in this Kingdom as elſewhere, that nothing ſhall eſcape me. In the mean time, I ſhall endeavour to get Acquaintance; but ſhall want more Mony than is allowed me, to anſwer what is expected from me. Two Chequins a Day, are more than enough to ſupport a Man that will live like a Cynick, but not ſufficient to introduce me into Houſes, to dive into their Secrets, and enable me to diſcover the Affairs of moſt Importance, according to my *Commiſſion*; ſo that thou muſt aſſiſt me to obtain more.

I hope to ſucceed in my Employment, if thou doſt not refuſe me thy aſſiſtance, finding no Difficulty in the Execution of my Orders, but the Neceſſity of Lying, when I paſs for a *Chriſtian*. I fancy I ſee *Mahomet* in a Rage, and believe my Soul loſt; though I am from my Heart more faithful in my Religion, than all the *Mahometans* put together.

gether. Seeing I am reſolved to do a Thing to which I have ſo much Averſion, thou mayeſt be aſſured, I will bear all the Evil imaginable that can happen to me with Firmneſs, though in all appearance I ought to hope nothing but Good.

Deliver, I beſeech thee, this incloſed Letter into the Hands of the moſt Venerable *Mufti*, and extort from him, if poſſible, a Solution of my Doubts. There is nothing that touches me nearer, than what regards my Religion, and with my Religion, the Service of my Emperor.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1637.

LETTER IX.

To the Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

I Will die a true *Muſſulman*, though I ſhould ſee all the Croſſes of the *Carthaginians* ſet up for my Puniſhment, and had before mine Eyes, all the Inſtruments of the moſt cruel Tortures, that the Enemies of our Holy Religion could invent. But, ſeeing there is no Queſtion at preſent of dying, but of living to ſerve my Emperor, I beg of thee, Sovereign Prelate, that thou wilt be pleaſed to conſerve my Innocence, in giving me an ample Abſolution, or in impoſing a Penance that may cancel all my Crimes.

Paris hath always been the Reſidence of the Kings of *France*; whence it is, that the Exerciſe of no other Religion but the *Chriſtian*, is ſuffered there; and thoſe who acknowledg the Biſhop of *Rome* for their

their *Head*, have the principal Management of the Affairs of Religion; and 'tis with these, that the Rites of the *Latin* Church are more strictly observed.

I live here in Appearance, as if I were a *Christian* and a *Catholick*. I enter into their Churches, assist at their Ceremonies, kneel before the Cross; and I appear with great Devotion and Humility before the Images, which are had here in Veneration. I know well enough, if the Life which I lead be not permitted me, as advantageous to the Affairs of State, and the Person of the *Grand Signior*, that I commit Sacriledge, acting as I do, contrary to the Precepts of *Mahomet*, expressed in his *Alcoran*.

I am guilty of violating the Law which is prescribed me, and deserve Death, if thou dost not, by approving this Life I am obliged to lead, assure me of both my Salvation and Life. 'Tis true, thou hast already given me Absolution from all the false Oaths I shall be necessitated to take, when they are for the Service of my Master; but I am not assured this Absolution extends far enough to secure my Conscience, when I abuse Holy Things.

'Tis thy Province to decide this Point which is of such Importance to my Repose, which makes me expect thy Resolves with Impatience; if thou thinkest a Faithful *Mussulman*, who conserves his Religion in his Heart, and lives, as I do, amongst the Enemies of the Law, worthy this Grace.

The Interest of my Conscience obliges me to demand, after what manner I ought to govern my self, when I see them, who are effectively what I seem to be, practise the same Acts of Religion.

The *French* will in a little time celebrate their *Carnaval* or *Shrove-tide*. As soon as it is done, the *Catholicks* think of Fasting, having first assisted at a Ceremony, where Ashes are put upon their Foreheads,

heads, to make them remember, *they were formed out of the Duſt, and ſhall return to duſt again.* It is at this Time they go to hear Sermons, their Prieſts explaining that which they call the *Goſpel*, and frequent the Church more than ordinary. They apply themſelves more to Works of Piety; and having purged their Conſciences by Penances and ſecret Confeſſions, which one Man makes to another, they eat of a certain Bread, which they call *The Sacrament of the Euchariſt*; where, after certain Words pronounced by their Prieſt, they will have the Body of their *Meſſiah* to be really preſent under thoſe Apparent *Species*.

This Ceremony is an Obligation that good *Chriſtians* cannot diſpenſe with, it being ordained by their Law, and by their Great Prelate, the Biſhop of *Rome*. They commonly call it *Confeſſion*, and *Communicating*, and Keeping *Eaſter*. Ought I to hazzard my ſelf in committing ſo horrid a Sacrilege, and tempt, as I may ſay, *God*, by ſo great a Superſtition, and ſo irritate our *Great Prophet*? It may be ſaid, perhaps, that many *Jews* have done the ſame Thing, and do it yet every day to preſerve themſelves more ſecurely. But how many of them have been chaſtiſed by viſible Miracles from Heaven, and undergon terrible Puniſhments by the Ordinances of the Judges?

All theſe Reflections trouble my Spirit, O Holy Primate of the moſt Divine Law. I do not think it lawful, *to mock the Myſteries of any Religion whatſoever*. The *God* of the *Chriſtians*, is the ſame that we adore; but *Their* Religion is quite oppoſite to *Ours*: There is a great Difference betwixt their *JESUS* Crucifi'd, with all the Ignominies poſſible, as theſe *Infidels* do believe, and a *Mahomet* Immortal and Triumphant, a great *Legiſlator* and the Angular Stone of the firſt Empire of the World.

Give

Give me then positive Orders, to the end I may be eased of my Scruples, and may believe, That what thou permitteſt, may be an Effect of thy Juſtice, and not of a Toleration which may be pernicious to me.

It is true, I may wave all theſe things in feigning to have done them; but it will be more advantageous for my Affairs, not to exempt my ſelf, if that may be without a Crime.

Teach then a moſt Obedient Slave, what thou ſhalt believe moſt conducible to the Glory of *God*, and moſt profitable for the Service of our *Sovereign Lord*. I do not ſend thee my Doubts to puzzle thee, but to draw from thy great and ſublime *Genius*, ſuch Lights as may diſſipate the Darkneſſes I live in.

This done, Sovereign Prelate, remember thy Humble Servant, and pray our *Holy Prophet*, that he will keep me from periſhing.

Paris, 15th *of the* 11th *Moon*,
of the Year 1637.

LETTER X.

To the Kaimakam

I Received from thy Hand the firſt *Diſpatch* that has been addreſſed to me from the *Sublime Port*, and I received it at the Beginning of the Year, according to the *Moons* of theſe *Infidels*. The Date is of the Month *Mielidge*. Thou order'ſt me to write to thee of *Two* Things, and to do *Three*. Thou wilt firſt know, if this King be Aged, and of perfect Health; and afterwards, If there be any

any Hopes that the Queen may have Children. Thou wouldſt alſo have me ſend *his Highneſs* the Pictures of the King, the Cardinal of *Richlieu*, and the Eldeſt Son of the Prince of *Conde*.

As thou art one of the principal Supports of the Power of the *Sublime Port*, elevated above all the Thrones of the World, (after the *Vizir Azem*, whoſe Orders are the Rule of the Univerſe) Miniſter and firſt Slave of the happy Emperor of the *Ottomans*; I ought to do what thou commandeſt me.

I tell thee then, I have ſeen this King thrice, nor doth he appear by his Countenance, by his Hair, or by his Shape, to be yet Old; neither would it be eaſie to divine the Number of his Years, if we were ignorant of the Day of his Birth; But, it is known to every Body, That this Prince was born the 27th of the Ninth *Moon*, of the Year 1601. according to the Style of the *Chriſtians*.

By this thou mayſt juſtly calculate the Age of this Monarch, who though he is in his Flower, ſeems fading, becauſe he hath as yet given no Heir to his Kingdom, beſides, his Years being near Forty, ſurpaſs that of a Young Man; and 'tis obſerved, That *few Princes arrive to a great Age*.

The Queen may ſtill lie in, if ſhe prove with Child; which if it ſhould happen after twenty three years of Barrenneſs, 'tis certain, a Fruit which hath been ſo long in repining, will give an ample Subject of reaſoning to the Aſtrologers of *Europe*.

For my part, I fancy this King will ſcarce become a Father, unleſs he Repudiate this Wife and marry another.

It is not permitted to be inquiſitive into the cauſe of this Sterility. Hereby thou ſeeſt the Weakneſs of thoſe *Chriſtian* Princes, who are ſubjected to the Laws of *Rome*, which think it a crime to give themſelves Heirs that are not born of lawful Wedlock;

lock; tho' it often happens, that when ſuch are wanting, this Kingdom is expoſed to Ruin, by the Diſſentions and *Civil Wars*, which, on theſe Occaſions, are always inevitable.

The *Moſt High*, who hath always protected the Grandeur of the *Ottoman* Empire, hath left the *Infidels* in theſe Errors; to the End, that he might give our moſt Mighty Monarch, who is the Avenger of the *Divine Unity*, an Eminence Superior to that of all Kings, who are his *Slaves*; and at the ſame Time, made him Holy above all the *Saints* in the World, and permitted us to have Children, that may ſucceed us, from as many Wives as we can entertain; the Children of *True Believers* being always Legitimate.

I humbly beg Pardon; I forgot I ſpoke to thee, who art Wiſdom it ſelf, and to whom no Secrets of the Law or State are unknown.

I will ſend to *Caracca* at *Vienna*, the Pictures of the King, of the Prince of *Conde's* Son, and of the Cardinal *Richlieu*, according to the Orders I received from thee, and they ſhall be diſpatch'd in little Time: I would to Heaven I could as eaſily ſend thee the Originals; I ſhould at one Stroke diſarm this Kingdom, which would thereby be ſuddenly involved in Fire and Blood.

The Habit I wear, and the manner after which I live, have already gained me many Friends. I find Means to go once a Week to *Court*. My Deformity protects me againſt the Jealouſies of Huſbands. Some People take me for a Wiſe Man, and diſcourſe confidently in my Preſence of Politicks and Affairs of State; neither do I neglect the making Uſe of every Thing, which may be advantageous to me in my *Miniſtry*. Thus, in doing a Thing, for the which I have much Averſion, I compaſs all I deſire; and I aſſure thee, upon my Faith, if thou wilt continue to protect me and aſſiſt

me with thy Counsels, I will do somewhat extraordinary.

I supplicate the Great God, to give a perpetual Health to thy Body, and make thy Soul enjoy upon Earth and in Heaven, the Felicity of the *Blessed*.

Paris, 1st. of the 11th. *Moon*, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XI.

To Bedredin, *Superior of the Convent of* Dervises, *of* Cogny *in* Natolia.

I Write to thee, who art Venerable by thy Age, and so many long Voyages, which thou hast made. Thou, who hast been so many Times in Pilgrimage to *Arabia*, *Tartary*, *Persia*, and the *Indies*, always bare-foot, and begging, out of pure Devotion to the *Saint* of *Saints*, our *Great Prophet Mahomet*.

I address this Letter to thee; Thee, who beareſt the Scars of five and twenty Great Wounds; Thee, who hast prayed Nine and Fifty Times in the *Sacred Porch*, and adored the *Holy Mysteries* in the most retired *Sanctuary* of *Mecha*, and hast lived more than seventy Years of Religion amongst the *Dervises*, where thy Merit caused thee to be elected *Superior* of the *Convent* in *Natolia*.

Thou knowest well, that I serve him, who is Arbitrator of the Destiny of the Universe; I mean the *Sultan*, Sovereign of the World. Learn what I heard here from the Mouth of *Christians*, and pardon me, if I have not sufficiently answered them; but do not accuse me to have deserved Death, for having

having seemingly cursed our Holy Law, and *Him* that gave it us; and if I have seemed to reject his Successors, *Ali*, *Osman* and *Omar*, it was expedient that I should commit *some* Evil, not to lose the opportunity of doing *much* Good.

Thou knowest well, I am destined to serve; and, that being absolved from all the Perjuries I shall commit, I may transgress the Law by being permitted to lye. That suffices: Read my Letter, and learn how far their Malice does extend, who are Enemies to our Religion.

To instruct thee better in what has happened to me, I must tell thee, that amongst these *Infidels*, there is an Order of *Religious* much in *Vogue*, called *the Company of* JESUS; wherein, there is an infinite Company of Men, some more able than others in all sorts of Sciences sacred and prophane; and, according to appearance, ought to be very recommendable for the Holiness of their Manners.

These *Religious*, who are ordinarily called *Jesuites*, have the Education of the Youth almost in all the Cities of *Europe*, as well as in the *Indies*; and many excellent Wits are brought up in the *Seminaries* they have establish'd. When they Preach, the People crowd to their *Sermons*. They are the *Confessors* of almost all the Princes and Monarchs of *Christendom*, who discover to them their Weaknesses, their Sins, and the Vices whereunto they are enclined; and receive from them, upon their Knees, like Slaves, such Penance as they think fit to impose on them.

A Man may say of them, That being Dispensers of Penances, they are also the Masters of Recompences. They are Habited in a long Vest of black Wool, which descends to their Heels. They go not bare-foot, but their Vestments are simple. They observe great Modesty in all their Actions; they march with Gravity, never go alone, and suf-

let not their Beards to grow. They apply themselves to edify the Good, and to correct the Bad.

The Founder of this Order was a Souldier, called *Ignatius*. The *Spaniards* will have him to have been of their Nation; and the *French* affirm, that he is of that Part of *Navarre*, which is subject to the Crown of *France*. If thou wouldst have me to speak the Truth, I think this Founder was a good Man, seeing all his Disciples are Men of Good Example, of great Modesty in their Actions, and very Discreet in all their Undertakings.

This *Ignatius* began to study his Grammar in his Seven and Thirtieth Year, which would make one believe, he took less Pains to become a Saint than a Scholar. His Enemies call his Disciples, *the Politicians of the Church*; and I, on the contrary, call them the Camels of *Esau*; because in bearing the Burthen of the Affairs of their Religion, they are loaded more than others, and forced to couch under their Burthens. There is one thing seems strange in them, to wit, that they should name themselves the *Religious* of the *Society* of *Jesus*; as if they had a design to distinguish themselves from other Christians; and that this Title, which is particular to them, ought not only to agree to all the other *Religious*, but to all the Followers of the *Nazarite*.

If they follow the Precepts of their Father *Ignatius*, thou must needs approve their way of living. He has taught no other way than that of Obedience, to those that profess his Order. He ordains, That those who enter into this Society, do abandon themselves to the Discretion of their Superiours: And they affirm, That if the Pope commands them to pass the Sea in a Vessel without Oars, without Sails, and without a Rudder, they would obey, and must pass. And some having reproached them, that there was Folly in such blind Obedience;

ence: they answer, That Wisdom ought to be observed in the Commandments, and that it ought not to be searched in Obedience. Make Reflection upon this Sentence, which is conformable to our *Laws*.

To inform thee of the Power and Greatness of this *Order*, it suffices to tell thee, That during Sixteen Years that this Souldier governed it, he saw an Hundred *Colleges* in *Italy*, in *Germany*, in *France*, and in *Spain*; and that in *Rome*, which was founded by *Borgia*, hath been, as may be said, the Parent of all the rest. Judge hereby the Number of their Houses, and Disciples.

Having one Day met with one of this *Society* who understood the *Oriental Languages*, and who conversing with me, did not believe he discoursed with a *Musulman*. I heard him vomit injurious, and fearful Imprecations against *Mahomet*, against his *Law*, and against all *true Believers*. I have so much Horror to write to thee all he said, that I will tell thee but some few of them; and the rather to divert thee, by the knowledge of the Errors of our Enemies, and also, that thou maist not be afflicted at some Things not very reasonable, which are observed in many of the Precepts of the *Law*, which we follow. Let this be said, as if I had not spoken it, seeing I pour frankly the Secrets of my Heart into thy Bosom; no ways doubting, but thou knowest to be silent in what may cause my Death. This *Jesuit* maintains, That the *Musulmans* are not Wise in following the Precepts of a Drunkard, who forbad drinking of Wine, and committed Excesses himself, when he thought he was unobserved. He maintains further, That it is foolish to give Credit to

such a Fellow, who makes a Paradise to consist of Beautiful Women, where one may abandon himself to all sorts of Pleasure and Debauchery, and that he hath not foreseen a Hell, where he, and all his Followers, ought to suffer the Pains due to their Crimes? He adds further, That one must be very foolish to adore a Blasphemer, who hath commanded his Law should be maintained by the Sword, when it could not be supported by Reason.

The Father did not leave off so; he said, That seeing the *Alcoran* is filled with Dreams, with Bestialties, with Blasphemies and Impurities, the *Muftis*, the Doctors and Interpreters of the Law, must be in a great Blindness, not to condemn a Possessed, an Enchanter, who gives for the Precepts of his Religion, the committing of Violences, Robberies, and all that may satisfie the most Irregular Appetites. What Extravagancy, urged he, to adore the Heel of so vile a Slave as *Mahomet*; and to believe, upon his Report, that *Jacob*'s Father was his *Burden*, to Deifie his *Camel*, and to place it in *Heaven*? He adds further, That there is nothing so absurd, as to command the *Turks* to wash their Bodies, when their Souls are defiled with Filth; to give them at the same time Charity by Precept, and to command them Robberies by Devotion. It seems also to him foolish, to believe that *Mahomet* is the only *True Prophet*, the only agreeable Person to *God*; and to Swear afterwards, by One Hundred and Twenty Four Thousand *Prophets*. He still entertains me with this sort of Discourse.

But all this (O great *Dervis*) is nothing; he vomits yet this damnable Heresie, That the wickedest

odeſt Wretches, and the moſt deteſtable that ever liv'd, were *Judas*, *Mahomet*, and *Luther*; That theſe two laſt, as moſt impious, are the more tormented in Hell. *Judas*, he ſaid, ſuffered leſs pains, becauſe if he betrayed his *Lord*, he was one of the Inſtruments of the Redemption of all Mankind; whereas the others in damning themſelves, damn'd alſo an infinite Number of other People. This *Jeſuit* would have continued his Blaſphemies, if Cardinal *Richlieu*, in whoſe Anti-Chamber we were, had not come out of his Cloſet, to go to the King.

I had been ſilent all this while, becauſe he gave me not a Moments liberty to ſpeak. At length, he aſked me at parting, If I was not of his Sentiments; and I anſwered preciſely thus; My father, If thou art a good Man, I approve what thou ſayſt, becauſe thou ſpeakeſt out of true Zeal; but, If thou beeſt a Hypocrite, I diſapprove all, becauſe thou ſhalt be damned with *Mahomet*, and all the *Muſſulmans*.

The *Jeſuit* ſmiled, not comprehending the Venom which lay hid in my Anſwer. But, doſt thou not believe, thou, who art a *Dervis*, the moſt illuminated, That a Man, of what Religion ſoever he be, provided he be a good Man, may be Happy after his Death? Tell me, I pray thee, thy Opinion herein; it is a Point very important to be decided.

As for me, I begin really to think, That there may be *Saints*, even amongſt the *Chriſtians*, as there are amongſt *Us*. I have ſeen and underſtand many Things that denote true Piety in ſome of them; and we muſt acknowledge, That the Precepts of their *Law* have ſomewhat of Juſt; and if they be well obſerved, they ſeem no leſs Holy to me than our own. They have one *Article* that puzzels me. They affirm, There is but one Truth;

so that we are loſt, if we are not *Chriſtians*, or they are damned, if they are not *Mahometans*.

And this is what I had to ſay to thee in this Matter; but, I ſhall not end this Diſcourſe, without ſome violent Scruples of Conſcience. Pray the Great *God* with me, That he will illuminate my Underſtanding with Inward Lights, until the *Man* promiſed by our *Holy Prophet*, the Man, I ſay, who ought to be born of his Race, be deſcended upon the Earth; who is to ſee all Kings humbled in his Preſence, and to unite with *Jeſus* the Two Religions that they may make but One.

In the mean Time, let us live as honeſt Men, who have Sin in horror, like the Plague, which poiſons the Soul; and apply our ſelves, as much as in us lies, to what is truly Good; and above all things, let us carefully obſerve this Precept, writ in the Book of their *Law*, but is not always imprinted in their Hearts, *Never do to Others, no not thy Enemies, that which thou wouldſt not have done to thy ſelf.* A Duke of *Guiſe* gave an Example of this to all *France*; and 'tis what thou oughteſt to preach in the vaſt Empire of the *Muſſulmans*. This Prince ſurprized a Villain that would have Aſſaſſinated him, who confeſſed, that the Intereſt of his Religion (which was that of *Calvin*) had obliged him to form a Deſign to take him away, to deliver himſelf, and thoſe of his Party, from ſo great an Enemy. The Duke, inſtead of cauſing him to ſuffer the Pains due to ſo black an Enterpriſe, Pardoned him, contenting himſelf to tell him, *Friend, If thy Religion Obliged thee to Kill me, without hearing me, my Religion Obliges me to give thee thy Life and Liberty, now I have heard thee: Go thy ways, and amend thy ſelf.* This Prince was then General of *Charles* the IX's Army.

Sage *Bedredin*, our *Mahomet* never ſhewed ſuch generous Sentiments, when he preſcribed in his

Law

Law this Precept against *Christians*, that had never Offended him; *When you Encounter the Infidels, kill them, and cut off their Heads, imprison them, and keep them in Chains, until they have paid their Ransoms, or till you find it requisite to set them at Liberty. Persecute them until they have all submitted, or are entirely overthrown.*

Observe in this Letter, what may be of use to thee. Pardon my Friendship, the frank Manner of Writing, and remember *Muhmut* in thy Prayers, who personates a *Christian*, and is in his Heart a most faithful *Mussulman*. If it be in thy Power to succour me, never do me any Injury. *God* protect and govern thy great Age to the last Moment.

Paris, 28*th. of the* 2*d. Moon of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XII.

To Chiurgi Muhammet *Bassa.*

THE Queen is with Child, when least expected, which occasions much Joy at Court, especially to the King; who, after so many Years of Marriage, will become a Father.

Thou, who hast applied thy self so long to the Studies of Astrology in the Schools of *Egypt*, yet makest Profession of this Divine Art, which discovers thee Things the most hidden to thee; who readest so learnedly in the Book of Heaven, whatever the Stars have traced there, who hast found the Moment of their Rising and Disappearing, with the Intervals betwixt these two Times, and the Causes which render their Motion quicker or

for flower; thou who penetrateſt into the moſt hidden Secrets of Men, and knoweſt the Seaſons of Famine, of Shipwracks, of Victories, and of loſs of Battels; Divine in *God*'s Name, Great Interpreter of the *Secrets* of *Nature*, wiſer than *Albumazar* and *Ptolomy*, what will become of this Impregnation; and whether it be true, That this Child that's to be Born, has been more than two Hundred and Seventy *Moons* in forming?

If thou believeſt what I write laſt to thee to be impoſſible, ſay nothing of it; it would be no Credit to me, to paſs for the Author of a Novel, that has no grounds of Truth.

The City of *Paris* is in an inconceivable Joy; and this Joy is ſpread all over *France*. Thou may'ſt perceive by that, the Paſſion of this People to ſee their King a Father. 'Tis true, they have much to hope by it; but it is as certain, they have yet much to apprehend, ſeeing all their Hopes vaniſh in an inſtant.

Nature uſes all her Power when ſhe forms a Man, the moſt perfect of all Creatures. But there needs but a ſlight Fall, to deſtroy this Workmanſhip before it is finiſhed, as well as after.

I have heard a great many People queſtion much the Sex, and Life of that which will be born.

All the Converſation at the *Court*, at *Paris*, and in all the Kingdom, is no more of Wars, of Leagues of Peace, or Naval Preparations; they all howl upon the bringing to Bed of Women.

There will be other reaſoning in ſome ſmall time in *Chriſtendom*; and even amongſt us, if the Queen do not miſcarry; *France* being no leſs conſiderable amongſt other Kingdoms, than the *Bourbons* are amongſt Men. *Henry* IV. who introduced the Crown into this Branch of the Family, was a Prince very Brave; and if we live long enough to ſee his Grand-

Grand Children, we shall see, whether they will have as much Courage as the Chief of their Family.

As for thee, thou wilt have wherewith to divert thee, and exercise thy Talent, if this Queen be brought to Bed happily of a Prince. I shall in the mean time be very Exact to mark, not only the Days and Hours, but the least Minutes; to the End thou may'st know, by the Situation of the Planets, which ordinarily regulate the Inclinations of Men, in what manner, a Prince so long expected, will regulate his Affairs, and consequently those of others.

It is a great while since we have had any Commerce here with the Sun, there being forty nine Days since this beauteous Planet appeared to us; and the Cold is so violent, that it has changed (as I may say,) the Waters of the *Seine*, a large River, into Crystal. Do not look upon these Effects as extraordinary; it happens here frequent enough; for, when the Days are shortest, the Cold is most intense. Thou knowest, that this Climate is very inconstant. I have often seen, in a little space of Time, Rain, Hail, Snow, and terrible Winds; and presently after, the Air become Fair and Serene. This inconstancy of the Climate, has its Advantages; for, if the *fair* Weather do not last long, the *foul* is also of less Duration.

Fail not, upon the Receipt of my Letter, to communicate the News I send thee, to the *Grand Vizir*, without telling him the Reflections which I make. They are of no Use to such great *Ministers*; particularly by us, who are in Comparison of them, but vile Slaves; always subject to the Sentences they pronounce of us.

Love me, and consult the Stars to know, whether thou wilt be always Faithful to me; and, if it be by Force, or Inclination.

As

As for my self, I assure thee, that following the Inclination of my Heart, I will conserve thee that Fidelity which I owe by Obligation.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 2d. *Moon,*
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XIII.

To Carcoa, *at* Vienna.

THE *Kaimacan* commands me forthwith to send the Pictures of the King of *France*, the Eldest Son of the Prince of *Conde*, and of the Cardinal *Richlieu*. I caused them suddenly to be Copied from the Originals, by an *Italian* Painter, who passes for one of the best of these Times.

These Three Heads, are the principal of *France*, if not of all *Europe*: The First, by Reason of a great and potent Kingdom, which is this Day more flourishing than all others: The Second by Reason of his Nobility or Royal Blood, and by his extraordinary Courage: And the Third, by a Wise Conduct in a Ministry full of Difficulties; being, as it were, the absolute Master of Disgraces and Recompences.

As soon as these Pictures are delivered to thee, whole and well conditioned, pay the *Expres* I dispatched to thee, the Sum contained in the Billet, which he will present to thee from me. That done, send the Packet to *Constantinople*, without loss of time, and address it to the *Kaimacan*.

I beseech thee, order the Business of my Pension so, that I shall not need to desire the Payment of it.

it. Send me presently what is order'd me for my Subsistence. Nothing in the World appears so terrible to me, as to be obliged to ask.

I have only Monies for six days, tho' I should eat nothing but raw Herbs and Water. Both cost Mony here, *And every Thing is sold very dear, except Civilities and obliging Terms, which you have for nothing, and whereof they are very liberal.* I must Live, I must have Clothes, and go to Court; for all which there must be Bread, Cloath or Serges, and Coach-hire.

Thou knowest at present my Wants, suffer me not to languish with Expectation. Thou wilt injure the Emperor, and not *Mahmut*, if thou dost not readily assist his *Slave*.

The Great *God* preserve thy Life, if thou dost not forget me; and give thee Grace to be Sober, in a Country where People do not always drink Wine to quench their Thirst.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XIV.

To William Vospel, *a* Christian *of* Austria.

I Am obliged to thee for the Confidence thou hast in me, in declaring to me thy Losses. Another would have rejoiced in hearing of thy Two Adventures: but, as I do not believe it is a great Evil to lose a Wife, so I cannot think it is a considerable Good to turn *Monk*. It is impossible for me to forbear telling thee, That I find thy Reso-

Resolution too sudden to approve of it. Thou art not the Cause of the Loss thou hast suffered, and yet retirest into a *Convent* to do Pennance, as if thou hadst committed a Crime.

Is it necessary thou torment thy Body for the Death of a Wife, if thou hast not Murthered her? If thou didst love her, because she was Discreet, it is not impossible to find another as Prudent. If her Beauty charmed thee, there are enough that may please; but, if thou wert weary of being a Husband, why art thou then of being a Widower? Tell me, What wilt thou do at present in the *Convent* thou art shut up in? The *Carmelites* are *Wise* indeed, but know not *all* Things. It is true, they are very Devout, but not exempted from Sin: Finally, they are Men, and too austere. How canst thou so suddenly accustom thy self to that kind of Life thou hast chosen, and *become at once Chast and Sober*? As for me, who am a *Christian* as thou art, and more restrained in my Pleasures than thou hast hitherto been, I cannot understand what I see in that *Order* thou art entred into; neither can I figure to my self, how a Man bare-footed, without a Shirt, covered with a coarse Habit of Wool, who is no Master of Crowns, and who hath no Armies, should absolutely command, not only another Man, but many, who obey blindly what he requires of them.

To live well in thy *Order*, thou must Fast; the least Faults are not Pardon'd; thou must receive Offences with Thanks: Finally, the Combat is assured and constant, and there is but little Certitude of the Crown which ought to be the Reward. Thy greatest Friend is obliged to betray thee, and thou wilt be deprived (as it may be said) of the Elements, to make thee desire the use of Water, Air, Earth and Fire. I cannot persuade my self, that there are so many Things required

quired to make a *Saint*; for, when thou loveſt *God*, as much as it is in thy Power to do, and paſſeſt every Day, as if it were thy laſt, I believe thou wilt Live and Die a Juſt Man. Return me an Anſwer, and let me know, If what I write to thee be Conformable to right Reaſon; or, that I am deceived in my Opinion. The Friendſhip I have for thee obliges me to write as I do, and to tell thee all I think that regards thee; becauſe, after thou haſt taken thy laſt Reſolution, I would rather ſee thee ſuffer with Conſtancy, all the Evils imaginable, than to ſee thee change with Confuſion. There are many, who have abandoned with ſhame, the Places which they entred in Triumph; and, how many have been puſhed by their Deſpair, to commit Follies which ſeemed Actions of Piety, which they had never undertaken in their right VVits?

VVe ſee in our Hiſtories, That many great Men have cauſed themſelves to be Circumciſed, thereby to have Commerce with the *Jews*, and be inſtructed in their Doctrins, finding their Ancient Temple Magnificent, Venerable, Holy, and full of Majeſty. VVe alſo read, That *Pythagoras* cloathed himſelf in white, and ſtaid ſome time amongſt the *Solitaries* of Mount *Carmel*, to learn the *Myſteries* of their *Religion*. His Curioſity was the Occaſion of this great Man's Voyage, as their Ignorance had cauſed the ſame Deſign in others. It is not the Deſire to be inſtructed, which made thee enter into the *Convent*; the Affliction for the Loſs thou haſt ſuffered, made thee take this Reſolution. Take heed of quitting it by a Repentance, which would prove an Exceſs of Folly. The *Jews* are at preſent, Vagabonds, without Law, without a Kingdom, without Altars; and according to the *Alcoran*, they will be Metamorphoſed into Aſſes, to carry the Souls of the wicked *Mahometans* into Hell. VVho knows what will become of the *Carmelites*?

They

They ſay *Elias* is not Dead, but is to return to the Earth, to combat thoſe Men who ſhall riſe to trouble the World about the eſtabliſhing a New Religion. Stay ſtill where thou art, or return preſently from whence thou cameſt; leſt after too long a ſtay, to come out in form, thou commit a Fault, that *God* will not eaſily pardon; which will doubtleſs happen, if thou perſwade thy ſelf, That thou canſt not find the Way to Heaven, but out of the Noiſe of this World.

If thou doſt not find I adviſe thee well, do thou better; but, above all things, govern thy ſelf ſo, that *God* may not reproach thee one Day, That a *Moldavian* gave thee good Advice, and thou didſt neglect it. The *worſt* of *Turks*, might give the ſame Advice that I do, as a *good Chriſtian*; and it would be no ſurprizing Thing, if thou Receiveſt *better* from a *Mahometan*. Theſe *Barbarians* are ſufficiently Inſtructed in *Morality*, to teach others that which they do not always Practiſe themſelves. Vertue and Truth are reſpected every where. Turn thee from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, from the *South* to the *North*, thou wilt find on all Sides Impious Men who Blaſpheme againſt the Deity; but, true Vertue has that of ſingular, That *ſhe is always Reſpected, and even by the moſt Profligate.*

Conſult once again thy Forces and thy Courage, and take a *better* Reſolution, if thou art not yet well fixed in thy *firſt*. *Titus* ſalutes thee out of this World; and prays Heaven to give thee the Pleaſures of the Happy, in thy Solitude, if thou beeſt no Hypocrite; and if thou haſt not yet Repented of the Reſolution thou haſt taken.

Paris, 28th *of the* 3d *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

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LETTER XV.

To Ibrahim, *who Renounced the* Christian *Religion.*

THou hast Renounced thy Religion, either to save thy Life, or for some other Consideration. I do not say this to make thee Scrupulous, but in Quality of Resident in this Kingdom, to serve here the *Sultan* Emperor of both Seas, and of the Two Parts of the Earth, Distributer of all Crowns; the Grandeur of whose Majesty, I beg of *God*, may last till the last Day of *Universal Judgment*. I advise thee to take heed, not to sollicite those *Infidels*, whose Religion thou hast abandon'd, to run the same Course that thou hast done.

Thou hast written to thy Brother, that he is become a Beggar, because he Renounces his *God* a Thousand Times at Play; and that thou art at present very Rich, for having Renounced him but Once, and by that thou exhortest him to turn *Mussulman*.

I thought good to write to thee, That Souls are not to be gained with a Letter and a scurvy Jest. Think of becoming a Good Man after thy Change of Religion, and give no Occasion to the *Marsilians*, to say, That thou art Infamous because thou hast renounced thy Faith, and that we are all damned because we are *Mahometans*. If thou dost not approve the Advice I give, I shall be obliged to acquaint the *Port* with what shall come to my Knowledge; which I shall do with Regret because thou may'st suffer by it.

The

The Great *God*, make thee rather Wise than Fortunate.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XVI.

To Dicheu Huſſein *Baſſa*.

AS the Knowledge which I ſhall have of Affairs will augment daily, ſo I ſhall have the more Matter to write; and will omit no Occaſion to remark what occurs, which I will not fail immediately to communicate. Thou, who with great Application obſerveſt what paſſeth amongſt Men, and art deſirous of knowing the moſt ſecret Tranſactions of Potentates; thou may'ſt obſerve, That there are more violent Enmities betwixt the *Chriſtian* Princes of *Europe*, than all the other Princes of the World.

I cannot comprehend whence it is, that theſe *Infidels* cannot live in Peace; and, perhaps they do not comprehend it themſelves. It ſeems a Decree of Heaven, That Man ought to be contrary to Man; and, that whilſt there are Kingdoms there will be Wars and Enmities.

The Wars which are carried on at preſent in *Alſace*, look as if they would laſt long. The Death of *Guſtavus Adolphus*, King of *Sweden*, the ſecond Scourge of the *Imperialiſts*, who was ſlain Six Years ſince, did not terminate the Differences of *Germany*; they are greater than ever; and there appears in the new Generals of the Armies, vaſter Deſigns than thoſe in their Predeceſſors. Perhaps they will revenge the Death of *Guſtave*, who was kill'd, not

as

as the *Christians* affirm; but by one of the Forty *Germans*, who had bound themselves by Oath, never to quit their Swords before they had slain him, as the *Turkish* Historians do write.

Duke *Bernard Weymar*, of no less Valour than *Gustave*, commands the rest of the *Swedish* Army, with a good Number of *French* Troops, and many *Christian* Hereticks of *Germany*. Victory attends the Arms of this *General*; and, the Princes which are united for Defence of the *Empire*, begin to apprehend a Captain, who observes less the Rules of War than the Emotions of his Valour, and whom they perceive seconded by Fortune. But, he doth not consider, That in weakening an Emperor, he doth augment the Forces of a King, who will enjoy the Fruits of his Labours, and suppress him in spite of his Bravery, when he pleases. In the mean time, I am of Opinion, That it is our Interest, that *Weymar* be always Victorious. It may be said of him, That he hath sold to *France*, all but his Glory, having reserved nothing for himself but Hope.

All that this Duke can Conquer from the *Germans*, is for the *French* King, who furnishes him with Troops, with Arms and with Moneys, besides wise Advice. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who is an able States-man, fails not to persuade his Master, That the Places which *Weymar* shall take in the *Empire*, with the Army which he Commands, are the Effects of his Councils, and his Majesty's Money. The *French* begin to preserve their Conquests, and know how to defend the Places which are subject to their Power.

This Prince makes Acquisitions, which are, in truth of more Importance, than they seem considerable for their Greatness. He took *Rhinfeld* almost as soon as he had Besieged it. The Place was strong, seated near the *Black Forest*, where the Garrison was furnished

nished with Abundance of all sorts of Ammunitions.

John de Wert, General of the *Imperial* Army, had reliev'd it with Nine Regiments of Horse, and Five Thousand Foot. He defeated *Weymar*'s Horse, took part of his Baggage and Artillery. The Duke of *Roban*, a great Captain, and great States-man, was hurt, and taken Fighting; and the City relieved with Men, Ammunition, and Victuals, which rendered the taking of it more Glorious.

They write, that two *Imperial* Generals, the said *John de Wert*, which had succoured *Rhinfeld*, *Enhenfort*, as also Duke *Savelli*, had been taken in a Combat which preceded the Rendition of the Place, besides Thirty Eight Cornets and Nineteen Foot Captains. These Spoils were gained by the Blood of the *Swedes*, and sent to the *French* King; who after he had caused them to march through all the Streets of this Great City, commanded them to be hung up in the Principal Church, where I saw and considered them, as Marks of the Triumphs of Policy. The Siege of this Place lasted but Eighteen Days.

The Duke of *Weymar*, after this Victory, marched into the *Marquisate* of *Durlach*, where he took the Castle of *Rotelen*, Defended by the King of *Hungary*; in which he found great Store of Provisions, and all sorts of Ammunitions, which served greatly for the refreshing of his then needy Army.

In the mean time, Duke *Savelli* escaped out of Prison, and retired to *Luzerne* in *Switzerland*. The Officers that guarded him, were accused of Favouring his Escape, which cost them their Heads.

All I write to thee is most true, and thou may'st cause my Letters to be inregister'd. *God* grant that *Brisac*, together with all *Alsatia*, may fall into the *French* Hands, and that the Emperor of *Germany* be subjected to the Laws of the *Osmans*. Thou

swest

ſieſt the Time come, wherein the French *make Conqueſts, without being preſent at them.* The King of this Nation, appears not only Happy, but is ſo in reality; all things ſucceeding that he undertakes. His Queen's being with Child, and the *Cardinal's* Policy, puzzle the *Spaniard*, the *Empire*, and *Italy* it ſelf. What will happen none knows, but *God* and *Mahomet*. 'Tis our Duty to humble our ſelves, and ſay what we ſee, and not be ſo raſh as to penetrate into the Future.

Do what thou canſt by thy Intrigues, to augment the *Germans* Loſſes, for the Reaſons thou knoweſt; and particularly, to facilitate the *Sultan's* Conqueſts in *Hungary*. Aſſiſt, in the mean time, the poor and faithful *Mahmut*, not with the Sword that cuts every thing; but, by good Counſel, by which we ordinarily perceive, the Re-union of what the Sword hath ſeparated: And I will pray the *Moſt High*, that all the *Infidels* bow the Knee before *Amurath*, and that all that breathe, may enjoy their Lives, but by an Effect of his Clemency.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XVII.

To Ahmet Beig.

I Receive none of thy Letters; I receive none from the *Divan*; and I have none from any of my Friends. *Italy*, where there are ſo many People proper for War, that *Province* which hath commanded the World, is at this time troubled by the

the Arms of *France*. The *Pope* and *Venetians*, who appear to have the Principal Interest there, make no Advance to divert the Storm that threatens them. *Piemont*, which belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, begins to feel the Incommodities that War draws always with it. That State is in the midst of the *Spaniards*, who attack it, and the *French* Ruine it in defending it.

These last cannot abandon the Interest of the House of *Savoy*, the Dutchess being their King's Sister, and her Children his Nephews. The *French* are already strong on that Side, having a great Garrison in *Pignerol*, a Place very considerable, which they call one of the Gates of *Italy*, whereof they have been Masters since the Year 1631. and their Power will much increase by the Accession of the Fort of *Breme*, which may be termed a Rampart, covering *Casal* and *Verceil*, and which also defends both *Montferrat* and *Piemont*. The Marquess of *Leganez*, Governour of *Milan*, having render'd himself Master of the Field, had laid Siege to *Breme*; and Marshal *Crequi*, having in the Name of the King, his Master, undertaken the Defence of the young Duke of *Savoy*, opposed the Designs of the *Spaniards*. 'Tis believed, the VVar will be cruel in this Quarter, being *these* are very Strong, and the *other* very Expert.

Thou shalt know the Event. In the mean time, all the Affairs of the *French* do not appear so Fortunate in *Italy*; and, at this Hour that I write to thee, the *Court* laments the Loss of the *General* that Commanded their Armies in that Country.

There is certain News of the Death of Marshal *Crequi*, who was shot with a Cannon-Bullet through the Body, as he was going to view the *Spaniards* VVorks before *Breme*. This Loss was by so much the more sensible to the *French*, in that they

they saw their Enemies make such great Rejoicings at it.

All Men conclude, this *Crequi* was both a good Souldier, and a good Captain; a wise man, and of Excellent Conduct. He had acquired great Reputation, for the King his Master, in *Italy*. He slew *Don Philip*, Bastard of *Savoy*, who challenged him in the Sight of Two Armies. He several Times defeated his Sovereign's Enemies in *Montferrat*, and in *Piemont*, and beat back the Duke of *Feria* to the Gates of *Milan*. There remains no more of this Great Man, who did so many brave Things, but the bare Remembrance of 'em.

Scarce any thing of his Body, save his Entrails, was left for his Souldiers to celebrate his Obsequies with. His Soul is before the Throne of *God*; his Friends honour his Memory with their Elogies: his Kindred mourn for him, his Sovereign Praises him, and his Souldiers Crown his Tomb with Herbs and Flowers.

The *Italians* say highly upon this Occasion, That *Italy* has been fatal to the *French*, and that it will be so always. They affirm, That the Duke of *Savoy* will lose his Estate, if defeated by his Enemies, which he will likewise do by the Victory of his Friends. But, these are the Conjectures, and ordinary Reasonings of Men, which I write to thee, to the End thou may'st not only know what is done, but also the Discourses which are entertained upon the Events that happen. We shall shortly have News of the Siege of *Bremen*; in the mean time, it imports the *French* much, to conserve the Opinion had of their Valour and Goodness.

The Business in hand, is to defend a Great and Illustrious House, which moreover pretends to the Sovereignty of the Kingdom of *Cyprus*, troubled by the Ambition of Kindred, and the Politicks of the *Spaniards*. These Ingagements import much to Princes,

Princes, who have as many Maxims as differing Interests; but, we have nothing to do with the Differences of others.

May it please *God*, that our Affairs be always attended with an Equality of good Luck, for the Ruin of these *Infidels*. Be thou constant in the Friendship thou promisedst me, and always faithful to thy Friend, who recommends himself to thee, as the Law obliges thee to be to thy Sovereign.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XVIII.

To Berber Mustapha *Aga.*

I This Day entertained a Man which came from *Italy*, and hath served in the *French* Troops. He gives this Account of the Death of Marshal *Crequi*.

The 19th. of this *Moon*, this *General* having approached the Lines of the *Spaniards*, to view their Works, and to Fight them, in case he judged it Expedient, a Cannon Bullet separated his Body in Two, and the Bullet being taken up, they were surprised to see a Cross graved upon it, about which were also engraved Letters, which made these two Words, TO CREQUI. This Bullet, the Cross, and the Letters, caused no less Astonishment, than the Death of this Captain did Sorrow, and every Body spoke his Sentiment of it.

Many treat the *Spaniards* as Magicians and Sorcerers. Those who are perswaded of the Power of

of *Negromancy*, affirm, That the *Devil* can carry a Bullet to the Place whither 'tis designed: others are of a contrary Sentiment, and believe, there is no Power without the Commandment of the *Great God*. There are others, who believe neither Charms nor Characters, nor Magick; who, despising all these Superstitions, attribute all to *Destiny*; and I believe the same. *Achmet Celebi* explains this perfectly well in his *Journal*, which begins in the One Thousand and Twenty Sixth Year of our *Hegira*; when he affirms, that all things, which pass here below, are effected by the Orders of *Heaven*. "We cannot doubt (says he) but the Events which "we see, are the Effects of the Will of *God*; yet, "we must believe, he suffers all Things to happen "by *Second Causes*.

Had not *Sultan Osman* irritated the *Janizaries*, and *Spahi's*, by throwing them into the River alive, when he ran disguised through the Streets of *Constantinople*, and found them drinking Wine in Taverns: And had he not published his design of Reforming this *Militia*, and transporting the *Imperial* Seat elsewhere, he had not, perhaps, been murthered with so much Ignominy.

God sent him a terrible Dream before his Death. He thought he saw our *Great Prophet* snatching the *Alcoran*, which he was then reading, out of his Hand; and taking from him by Force his Coat of Arms; and striking him down with such a great Box on the Ear, that he could not get up again. Thou knowest, he consulted the Astrologers, and Interpreters of Dreams thereupon. I will not report what he, who was his *Preceptor*, said, for it was plain Flattery: but we saw, what was foretold by the Astrologers, came punctually to pass. These had foretold, That the Emperor should never see the Feast of *Ramezan*; because the Star which presided at his Birth, was much obscured in its Con-

junction with the Planet, that was then predominant; which made 'em affirm, he would die in a very little Time. The Ignominy wherewith his Death was accompanied, was an Effect of *Destiny*: for, never any of the *Ottoman* suffered so much Shame. He had several Times seen the fatal Cord about his Neck without dying. A Soldier, in Charity, lent him his Handkerchief to cover his Head, which was without a *Turbant*.

He said, all in Tears, to his Murtherers, *Ye saw this Morning your* Emperor *upon the* Throne, *and this Evening you are for throwing him into a Dung-Cart, designed to carry Dirt into the Sea: You cannot live always, and* God *will require a Reason for this Cruelty.* Thou knowest, his resisting of those that strangled him, caused him to suffer much Pain. They took hold of him by the Secret Parts; and one of his Ears was cut off, and carried to the *Vallide*, who expected the News of his Death. The will of *God* appears in this Adventure; as also, the Power of *Second Causes*. Thou may'st see all this in that *Journal* of *Ahmet*. Had not Marshal *Crequi* been in the Wars, he had not perhaps ended his Days by a violent Death; and had he not been so rash as to approach too near to the Enemies Works, the fatal Bullet had not touched him.

We see hereby an Effect of *God*'s Will, accompanied with our Consent; because we search by our own Choice, that which we might avoid.

In the mean time, accuse me not of Ignorance, or Superstition, if I have been long in entertaining thee, upon a Matter in Action, betwixt *Man* and the *Devil*. Thou knowest, that by Magick Art, we number the *Twelve Spirits* or *Angels*, which preside over each of the *Signs* of the *Zodiack*, which govern the Nations, People, and Cities committed to their Care. In like Manner, in the secret *Cabala* of the *Jews*, by the Twelve Anagrams of

of the great Name of *God*; and, according to the Colour of the Stones where these Anagrams were Engraved, they judged of the Future; performing thereby Things very astonishing. They have subjected our Bodies to these Twelve *Signs*, and divided them into Twelve Principal Members. But, how many surprizing Things are done with the Number *Seven*, to which they have applied the Seven Planets; by Means whereof, they discover the Secret of the good or evil Fortune of Men? Add to this, the Invocation of Spirits, and the Power of Figures, of Words, of Herbs, of Writings, of holy Characters, and so many other Inchantments, wherewith they consult the *Black Angels*; and thou wilt find, that Men do many Wonders by this Art, which they cannot do without Supernatural Assistance.

The little Bits of Paper, cut Triangular-wise, which *Tockt a Cham*, the King of *Persia*'s Embassador caused to be thrown in the Night, round about the Imperial Tent of the Great *Vizir Asis*, (in each of which there was a certain word writ) wrought more considerable Effects, than the *Spaniard*'s Inchanted Bullet, which killed Marshal *Crequi*. The *Ottoman* Army revolted the Day following, as if possessed with Furies. The most Seditious took and bound the *Vizir*, and made him raise the Siege of *Babylon*. And the King of *Persia*, who had already dismissed *Mustapha Aga*, our Envoy, with the Treaty, whereby he Surrendred this Place, being advertised of the precipitate Retreat of our Army, caused *Mustapha* to be called back; tearing the Treaty he had given him, in his presence; and bad him tell his *General*, He could not do so shameful an Action, as to surrender so important a Place, to an Army that was running away.

Hast thou ever heard of any thing so strange? Read this *Ahmet Celibi*'s Book, and thou wilt see,

that all these Prodigies arrived in one Day. The Historian makes no Judgment upon this Adventure; he only reports it; neither do I believe it was an Effect of the Enchantment of these Bits of Paper, and the Characters contained in them; because it is certain our Army was greatly pressed with Hunger. But in Effect, when *Mustapha*, all in Tears, reproached the *Vizer*, That if he had gained but two Days time, he had made a Peace equal to a Victory; *Asis* answered him, How couldst thou with thy Tears, retain an Army possessed with all the Devils of Hell, and resolved to be gon?

If thou finish the reading of so long a Letter, accuse thy Patience, and reproach not me with rediousness for having writ many things to thee worthy of being known. After the Death of the *French* General, *Breme* was presently delivered to the *Spaniards*, by the Cowardliness of the Governor, who incurr'd, in time a rigorous Destiny for it; having his Head cut off at *Casal*, where they had imprisoned him.

The *Great God* preserve thee and thine for ever; and protect thee against the ill-will of those that do not love thee.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

To Murat Baſſa.

THE Dutcheſs Dowager of *Savoy*, finds herſelf extreamly preſſed by the continual Incurſions which the *Spaniards* make into *Piemont*; they having beſieged *Vercelle*, a Place which covers the Country on the Side of *Milan*.

She her ſelf appears on Horſeback, with great Courage, being reſolved to recover what is loſt, as well as to defend the reſt, which is in ſome danger; having joined her beſt Troops, with great Diligence, to thoſe of *France*.

A *Cardinal*, which they call the *Cardinal la Vallette*, commands, in the Place of Marſhal *Crequi*, thoſe Troops of *France*, which conſiſt of Twelve Thouſand Foot, and Four Thouſand Horſe.

Thou doſt not know, perhaps, what theſe *Cardinals* are: They be the principal Prieſts of the *Roman* Church. Their Profeſſion is not to command Armies; though that ſometimes happens, either through want of ſage Captains, which theſe *Infidel* Kings may ſometimes ſtand in need of, or, for other ſecret Reaſons, which are not always eaſie to penetrate, and muſt be of great Importance, *France* not wanting fit *Seculars*. A *Roman Mufti*, called *Innocent* IV. gave the Purple Habit to theſe Prieſts; and obliged them to wear red Hats, Caps, and Bonnets, that this Colour might always put them in mind, they ought to ſhed their Blood for the Service of their Church and Religion.

I have been told, that formerly there were but Five and Twenty, and now their Number is ſaid to be Seventy Two; which is that of the Diſciples of the *Chriſtian Meſſias*; but, they are ſeldom com-

peat. I was desirous of being precisely informed, what the Dignity of a *Cardinal* is; and an old Physician, that seems an honest Man, instructs me in all things, that regard the Religion, and Politicks of the *Christians*. He is such an Enemy to the *Circumcision*, that he gives often the uncleanest of all Meats to his Patients, such as we think unwholesome, and cannot be eaten without Sin.

Thou that art a States-Man, and obliged to assist at *Council*, and in the *Divan*, ought to know more Things than others, and those more perfectly.

I will inform my self, with Care, of the Life, Actions, and *Genius* of this *Cardinal la Valette*, to know, whether the King, his Master, has any other reason than that of his Valour and Experience in War, to make use of a Priest in his Armies, to shed Blood and ruine People; for, I never heard the *Musulmans* did ever make use of a *Cheik*, to command the Armies of the Empire. Besides, they are without Experience, Fearful, and Superstitious.

The *Spaniards* are more powerful in Infantry, and Cavalry, having Eighteen Thousand Foot, and Five Thousand Horse, whereby they pretend to render themselves Masters of *Piemont*, and drive the *French* wholly out of *Italy*. The Marquis of *Leganez*, Governor of *Milan*, affirms, That his King will no: suffer the Children of the late Duke of *Savoy*, to be under the Protection of Strangers. He says, That *Pignerol*, and other Places in the Power of the *French*, were usurped upon the *House* of *Savoy*, and must be restored. They affirm, That the House of *Austria* will hinder the Widow, her Children, and Subjects from being Oppressed.

Behold here an Example of the singular Piety of the *Spaniards*, in Favour of a Widow and her Children; and on the other side, admire the Kindness

neſs of the *French*, who fight againſt theſe ſame *Spaniards*, for the Conſervation of that which concerns neither of them. It will be difficult to diſcover theſe ſecret Myſteries. Every Prince puts a value upon his Reaſons, as he does upon his Money.

The Dutcheſs of *Savoy* came accompanied with a great Number of Ladies, and the greateſt of her *Court*. She was on Horſeback at the Head of all the Company, both Horſe and Foot, and harangued the Army amidſt the Battalions;

She conjured, not only the Captains, but even the Corporals, and private Souldiers, not to abandon her Defence. She ſhewed all the Sentiments of Grief, that a Perſon of Courage could have, in ſeeing her ſelf expoſed to loſe her Eſtate; or to ſee her Children, in a manner, Captives; and, upon this Occaſion, ſhe failed not to mingle Torrents of Tears with the moſt charming Expreſſions, which is ordinarily the ſtrongeſt Eloquence of Women.

The Army being ſenſible of the Dutcheſs's Miſfortune, which ſhe had repreſented with all poſſible Earneſtneſs; the *Cardinal Valette* cauſed it to diſcamp to relieve *Vercelle*. He forced the *Spaniards* Lines, and put Two Thouſand Men into the Place. The beſieged, fortified with ſuch Succours, made a great Sally, and much *Infidel*-Blood was ſhed on both Sides. But all that the *Cardinal* could do, with his Care, and the Dutcheſs with her Tears, could not hinder *Vercelle* to fall into the Hands of the *Spaniards*. 'Tis ſaid, that the Commander of this Place, and his Garriſon, defended themſelves to the laſt Extremity; and, having no more Powder or Lead, they fought at puſh of Pike, with Stones; and finally, when all was gone, with their Fiſts.

But this is not believed here, it being alledged, that the *Governor*, or the *General*, did not do their Duty. The *Cardinal*, say they, failed in his Duty also: for, knowing they wanted Ammunition, yet he did not send it, though he found means to put into the place such a great number of Men. But the Governor is blamed yet more, that did not discover this his Necessity to the *General*.

I tell thee all these Particulars to inform thee of the Manner how the *French* make War; many of whose Over-sights would cost us our Lives.

There marched out of *Verselle*, four Thousand Men bearing Arms. Thence thou mayest judge, that our *Generals* are not cruel, when they cause the Heads of Commanders to be taken off, that behave themselves so ill.

The Princess of *Mantua*, who has lost her Husband, would, they say, marry a Prince of the *House of Austria*, called the *Cardinal Infant*, which is an Effect of the Policy of the *Spaniards*, to have a better Pretence to attack *Montferrat*, and drive out the *French*, who entred there by consent of the Duke of *Mantua*, who was Sovereign thereof.

The valiant Duke of *Roan*, is at length dead in a Castle near *Berne*. I think I writ he was hurt, and taken Prisoner in the Battel fought by the *Swedes* against the *Germans*. He was in the Sixty Eighth Year of his Age, and was very considerable for his Erudition, Valour and Experience in War. He was bred a Soldier from his Youth; was always employed in Military Affairs, and had often commanded Armies. He supported, by his Bravery and Experience, for a long time, the Remains of a feeble and dying Party, against the Power of the King. He was illustrious by the Greatness of his *House*; and his Religion was that of the *Calvinists*, called the *Reformed*. His Body was Embalmed, and afterwards brought to *Geneva*, with

with great Magnificence and Warlike Pomp. This City is the Retreat of such as the Church of *Rome* calls *Heraticks*, who are all well received here; which gives great Occasion of Complaint to the *Pope's* Partizans; how reasonably, I will not presume to determine; but there appears to me much more Splendor in the Ceremonies of those of the *Catholick* Church, and they pretend to greater Vertue and Antiquity.

These are the Transactions in *Italy* which came to my Knowledge. I will not fail to write, what passed in *Germany* these last *Moons*, as soon as I have the Certainty of them.

Pray *God* the many Differences and Wars, which are amongst the *Infidels*, may never end; that *Italy* may be humbled even to the Stirrop of the Horse, on which rides the *Great Emperor* of the *Elect of God*, the faithful *Mussulmans*; and, that all *Germany* adore the Sacred Porch of *Mecha*.

I pray *God* support thee always, that thou never fall; and so conduct thee, that thou never goest astray.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THE Condition I am in at Present, makes me think of those long and tedious days we passed together at *Palermo*, in Slavery. How fruitless were the Tears, which the Irksomness of our Captivity made us shed? yet nothing befel us, but

what is common to other Men? But, thou wert too Young to support it, and I had not Experience enough of the World, to conceive the Unhappiness whereunto Fortune had reduced me.

Thou art at Present, at *Constantinople*, where thou hast all thy Heart can desire, and I at *Paris*, where I have a Thousand things to take Care for. *Constantinople* and *Paris*, are, indeed, two of the greatest Cities in the World: But, much differing in manner of Living, Cloths, Language, and Religion. Thou art at present in the Midst of Pleasures, with thy Friends, Children, Wife, with the Liberty of exercising thy Religion, which is the *True one*; and that, in the *Mosques*, which our Fathers established: moreover, thou art elevated to Dignity: I, on the contrary, am amongst *Infidels*, amongst *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*; obliged to live with a Nation, much differing from Ours in their Inclinations and Customs. Finally, I live amongst the *Devil's Peacocks*. The excessive Liberty they give themselves, is not such as is enjoyed with true Satisfaction of Mind; seeing they do a thousand things, which carry Repentance along with them.

The Philosophy of the *Stoicks*, which I learned during my Captivity, gave me to understand, of what Importance it is, for a Man to know himself. Thou maist remember, perhaps, in the Beginning of our Slavery, that thy Master and mine, were no less opposite in their manner of living, than our *Genius's* were differing.

My Enquiry was after Books and Writings; and Watching did not weary me, provided I employed it in learning somewhat. On the contrary, thou being always employed with different Handy-works, didst little think, that Heaven had designed thee to wear a Sword, and consequently, to the Employments of War.

How

How many Things did we ſuffer in thoſe Days, whereat we do now laugh? Thou wert always chained; and I in Priſon, in a Den; thou wert beaten, becauſe thou wouldſt not read; and I was banged to pieces, becauſe I would not embroider.

The reading of *Seneca*, could not induce me to pardon my Maſter the Baſtinado's he gave me. That which I endured, was greater than the Pains which thou didſt ſuffer; I was perſecuted for the Pleaſure I took in Reading; and they would oblige thee to ſtudy; whereas thy Inclinations were quite different from mine.

This hardſhip made me reſolve to hide my ſelf in a Celler, without Bread, and without Water. I had nothing but my *Seneca* with me; and I was reſolved to deliver my ſelf from my Servitude by Death; ſo far had this *Stoick* perſwaded me not to live. *Thou art ſo near Death* (quoth he,) *and in the mean Time art a Slave.* Judge the Force of my Temptation, by the Authority of this Great Man. Whilſt I was thus hid, my Maſter ſearched me in vain, in the Garden, the Stable, the Kitchin, and had no leſs Pains to find me than I had to hide my ſelf from him. But, at length I choſe the better Part, which was, to live, and to forgive.

My Maſter owes his Life to *Seneca*; he taught me ſo well to forget Offences, that my Deſpair changed into Reſpect. I had no more Mind to die. I felt my Courage fail, and Fear made me pardon my Maſter. Thou hadſt no knowledge of this Adventure, becauſe I went into the Country, and thou waſt ranſomed, whilſt I was out of *Palermo*. I was ſo very intent upon my Studies, that my Maſter, vanquiſhed by my Obſtinacy, gave me Liberty to apply my ſelf to them; being himſelf aſhamed to continue ignorant, whilſt I dreamt of nothing, but of improving my Mind.

In

In the Course of Four Years and Four Months, that my Captivity lasted, *Nero's* Master gave me the first Tincture of *Morality*; and after that, I went into the *Academies*, where I writ the *Journal* of my Life. *Plutarch*, *Livy* and *Tacitus*, made me forget the odious Names of *Master* and *Slave*.

The Examples of so many Great Men, whose Histories we find there; of so many Emperors, Kings, Captains, Masters or Slaves of their Passions; some dead by the Hands of their Friends, by Poyson; others, by the Sword and Surprize; others, persecuted by their Fathers or their Sons; sometimes by their Wives, and often by their Native Country and Slaves, so often saved and defended by themselves; disposed me to suffer patiently the State whereunto I was reduced; and to acknowledge, That the honest Man is never a Slave, where-ever he is, when he can find his Master within himself. I had time then to do a Thousand good Things, which I should never have done, if I had not been in the Condition I then found myself in.

Consider how much we learn by Books, and more yet by the Disgraces that happen to us. We see the Ill as in a Perspective, and the Good in Little. Disgraces afflict us when they happen, and good Fortune when it leaves us. When I was in my House, I lived at rest, because I fansied Serving; and now I am in Service, I am in continual fear of not pleasing. How many Souls hath *Amurath* sent into the *other World*, to expect the *Universal Day* of *Judgment*? and how many more will he send in this Siege of *Babylon*, whether he goes in Person, carrying Terror with him, and Forces sufficient to destroy the Empire of the *Persians*?

He hath commanded me to observe the Actions of the *Christians*, with all possible Application and Exactness, to give Information of them. He will

will, in doubtful Affairs, have me to write to him my own Judgment, and not that of others. He will have me not to shorten, but extend my Explications that nothing may be left that will admit of a double Interpretation; and will rather have me tedious, than appear eloquent by the Conciseness of my Relations. He orders me to receive the Advices of *Caraca*, who is at *Vienna*, and to inform *Adonias* the *Jew*, who resides at *Genoa*, in what is necessary; to the end, that all that passes in *Germany*, *Italy* and *France*, may be dispatched to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*.

The *Secretary* of *State*, as Master of all that is written, has order to en-register my Letters, and examin them. He, according to his Capriciousness, or Ignorance, may render the Exactness wherewith I obey, criminal; by saying, *I am a Fool*, or *do not write the Truth*. This registring puts me in Pain: for, as many mean Things may appear very good at first Sight; and are often commended, because of their Novelty; so they may appear also very despicable, when they come to be examined; and may deserve a Check.

I tell thee what I have reason to fear, without telling thee those Things which might raise a Belief in thee, that I have reason to hope.

Our Sovereigns are Mighty, and they distinguish themselves from all the Potentates of the World, by the Impetuousness wherewith they give their Orders: and, there is no Empire, where the Punishments and Rewards work so great Effects. Thou knowest the rest, which is superfluous to tell thee, and which Princes do not willingly hear.

Explain to me better the News I heard of *Mussaladdin Aga*, of an Action of Justice of old *Berber*.

He writ to me, That a Creditor to whom he owed for a Shirt, being dead, he had put the Price

into

into the deceased's Hand, and went his ways. This new way of paying Debts, seems very extraordinary to me. There is an Author, whether *Greek* or *Latin* I have forgot, which tells another Adventure not unlike this, of a Man who not finding his Shooe-maker alive, threw the Price of the Shooes he had made him into his Shop. If these Actions be not done for Ostentation, they seem vertuous; but if out of Vanity, I cannot believe, that our Negligence to pay our Creditors whilst alive, can be excused by the Care we take to pay them after their Death.

The Dead want nothing in the *other World*; they are Living that have need of Supplies in this; and who suffer sometimes very much, when they are not punctually paid. The *Ancients* could never sufficiently describe the Excess, which Men committed by their Passions; and the *Moderns* do it as little. They are Just, sometimes even to Superstition, and sometimes Unjust even to Excess. *Sultan Mustapha*'s Charity for the Poor, was very great. He was not satisfied according to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*, to give Life to Beasts; his Simplicity went yet farther, not presidented by any Prince or Saint; he threw Pieces of Gold to the Fishes, in Ponds and Rivers; alledging for his Reason, That the most Secret Alms were the most agreeable to *God*; and that these Animals would never tell of it.

Thou wilt answer me, when thou hast Time and Convenience. *God* give thee the Succour which is necessary for thee; and let our *Great Prophet* be always favourable to thee.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LET.

LETTER XXI.

To the Kaimakam:

MY laſt Letters ſhew what happen'd in *Italy*, on the Side of *Piemont*, which thou maiſt have ſeen at the *Divan*.

I have informed the Council what the *Infidels* have done there; where three different Nations, which have but one Religion, fight together: The *French* make War upon the *Spaniards*, to aſſiſt the *Savoyards*; and theſe latter would drive the other out of *Italy*, and reduce *Savoy* under their Power, which does what it can to avoid the Yoke of both theſe Nations.

It is to be feared, that new troubles may ariſe from this War; which will undoubtedly happen, if it be not ſuddenly terminated by a Peace. I will only write to thee what I know, and perhaps what is not come to thy Knowledge. I will not repeat what I have already written; becauſe my Letters paſs ſecurely, by the good Order which thou haſt taken.

The different Intereſt of the Princes of *Italy* occaſion ſmall Intelligence betwixt them. As their Eſtates are ſeparated the one from the other, ſo they are divided by their Maxims, their Intereſts, and Pretenſions. They have, however, but one Religion, which they make to ſerve for a Pretext to their Deſigns, which are all different; and there is not one of them which wholly minds his Religion, which can have but one only End.

There are few that can ſuffer the Conqueſts of the *French* in *Italy*; becauſe that Nation ſeems reſtleſs, and Men would not ſee the *Spaniards* more powerful than they are; becauſe they play too much

much the Masters. But however, as the least of these Princes have their particular Inclinations and secret Interests with these two Nations, thou art ignorant of those of the *Republick* of *Genoa* with the *Spaniards*, with whom they have strong Alliances. But peradventure thou hast not been informed of a Conspiracy, which appears to have been carried on in the City, to introduce the *Spaniards* into it, which the *Republick* will in no wise suffer.

The said Conspiracy is thus related: The Marquis of *Monterey* having finished the time of his Government of *Naples*, and being imbarked with some Galleys, for his Return into *Spain*, came *Incognito* into *Genoa*; having had a Conference in a Village near the Town, with some of the Conspirators, to render himself Master of the *Port*, and afterwards built a Cittadel upon the highest Side of the *Far*. Some of the most qualified, were to open one of the Gates by Night, and receive the Troops that should be disbarked out of the Galleys. The Marquess of *Leganez*, Governor of *Milan*, promised to send to *Genoa* a Chain of Slaves stronger and more numerous than ordinary, which instead of consisting of Condemned Criminals, was to be composed of the bravest Officers of *Milan*; and some Nobles of the Accomplices, who were to share in the Treaty, were to receive the Troops and come armed for effecting of the Enterprize.

After a Design so well laid, the *Spaniards* were ready to execute so hard an Undertaking; when the *Republick*, being suddenly advertised of the Plot, caused it to miscarry, without Noise, by redoubling the Guards, which did not a little surprize the Conspirators.

Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Creatures give out, That one *Doria*, called their Prince, did dissuade, or hinder the Plot, which was profitable for *Italy*, but con-

contrary to our Intereſts; for thence undoubtedly had ſprung a War which would never have had End, whether betwixt the Subjects of this *Common-wealth*, who would have ruined each other, or *France* and *Spain*; and thou wilt alſo find, that in preferring the Liberty of their Country, and keeping the *Spaniards* at a Diſtance, they will maintain themſelves ſtill in a Condition advantagious for the Common-wealth, and neceſſary to the Crown of *Spain*.

They ſay, That the Conſtancy of *Doria*, hath acquired the Honour of having Twice ſaved the Liberty of his Country.

This *Doria* is deſcended from *Andrew Doria*, that Great Captain, who did ſo many brave Actions againſt our Nation, commanded the Maritime Armies of *Charles* V. Emperor of *Germany*; and ſince, thoſe of *Philip* II. his Son, King of *Spain*, and who often combated the invincible *Ariodem*.

I do not believe that *Adonai*, which was at *Genoa*, hath writ this Adventure to thee; either becauſe it may not be true, or becauſe the thing being very Secret, it was in a manner ſtifled as ſoon as diſcovered.

If thou wilt know the particular Reaſonings, made upon this occaſion, I will tell thee, That the moſt adviſed *French* believe, that the *Spaniards* did attempt ſo fair a Blow; but that the Two Parties in the City, the one to preſerve their Liberty, and the other to maintain their Authority, did both avoid the Concluſion.

The Diſcourſe is, at Preſent, various, concerning this *Republick*; and the *French* do as much endeavour to make ſecret Treaties with it, as the *Spaniards* to hinder its change of Maſter. It being always of great advantage to ſuch who have Pretences in *Italy*, to be in good Correſpondence with this Place; which may be termed the *Principal Port*.

The

The *French* make a great Noise with their Pretences upon *Genoa*; and they, at Present, revive many Ancient Histories. They affirm, That the *Genoese*, when they had Differences amongst themselves, have often-times changed their Laws and their Masters; and that they had been subjected to strange Powers: That Two *Charles's*, One *Lewis*, and *Francis* I. all Kings of *France*, have taken them into their Protection, having also subdued them by Force of Arms. They add, That this *Francis* I. continued a great while to send them Governors: and, that it was by the Valour and Resolution of *Doria*, that this *Republick* recovered its first Liberty.

These are the Discourses that People make at *Paris*, the Entertainment of Idle Persons, as also of our Politicians. It will be a hard Matter to tell what the King thinks, and what are the Sentiments of his Council.

Consider, in the mean Time, with what Impudence People discourse here; they presume to decide Affairs of State; they divide, and accomodate Differences; they support, and ruine Commonwealths and Kingdoms; but, this is no new Thing, the People in all Times having taken the Liberty censure the Actions of Sovereigns.

It is not for enlarging my Letter, That I write these Particulars of the History of *Genoa*. But, being an Ancient Nation, which hath formerly wearied the Courage of the *Romans* by their Enterprizes and Opposition, and have performed, upon our Seas, great and noble Actions. The *Osmans* have her therefore in Consideration; and, the rather, because we possess many Countries, and considerable Places, that were under their Dominion, in *Asia minor*, upon the *Black Sea*, and in the *Archipelago*.

I shall

I ſhall ever recommend all thy Words and Actions to Almighty *God*, and pray him to hinder thee from falling into Error, and proſper all thy Undertakings.

Paris, 24th *of the* 5th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXII.

To the ſame.

HEnry of *Bourbon*, firſt Prince of the *Blood* of *France*, marching by *Bourdeaux*, came upon the Frontiers of *Spain*, where he beſieged *Fontarabia*, ſtrongly ſeated upon the Brink of the Ocean. His Army is made up of Twelve Thouſand Foot, and Twelve Hundred Horſe. The Two Nations have had ſeveral Encounters and Skirmiſhings, wherein the Loſs and Gain have been equal on Land.

But the *Spaniſh* Affairs go ſo ill at Sea, that thou wilt wonder at the great Loſſes they received there. The *French* have burnt two Gallions upon the Stock, that were a making, and ſix others intirely finiſhed, which had not been yet at Sea. They have further, taken Eleven great Ships, whereof Six were richly loaden for the *Indies*; beſides the Equipage and Munitions of War; with two old Gallions that were of no great Uſe. They further took a prodigious Number of Cannons, which lay upon the Shore, One Hundred whereof were Braſs, all with the Arms of *Auſtria*.

If all this I write be true, as I verily believe

lieve it is: we may ſay that this Prize, where there were more than a Hundred and Fifty Pieces of Ordnance, was no mean Purchaſe.

I ſay nothing of the great quantity of Artillery, mounted upon the Ships and Gallions, for fear of troubling thee with the News of ſo great a Victory, wherein the *French* gained ſo many Veſſels and ſuch great Riches, as will ſuffice to equip a great Fleet.

The Prince beſieges the Place and preſſes it, but the *Spaniards* defend themſelves bravely; and much Blood will be ſhed there.

The Prieſt of *Bordeaux*, which theſe *Infidels* call the *Archbiſhop*, was come thither with Sixty Sail, whereof Forty two are *Men* of *War*, and the reſt Attenders; with ſome Fireſhips filled with Bituminous Matter, which inflames eaſily to burn the Enemies Ships where they can come at them, ſo that there is nothing wanting in the Armies by Sea or Land.

This *Archbiſhop* of *Bordeaux*, makes more noiſe at preſent than the *Pope*; and 'tis credible, that what he has done, will gain him great Favour with his King.

He has, with as much Courage, inveſted Fourteen Galleys, and Four Frigats, which came from the Neighbouring Ports to the relief of *Fontarabia*, with Three thouſand natural *Spaniards*.

He fought Six Hours together with this new Army, which he entirely defeated, having burnt and ſunk all theſe Ships, except one Galley, which was ſtranded and rendered uſeleſs. The *Admiral* of *Spain*, with Eight Hundred Men, was blown up; which was no ſmall Misfortune to the *Spaniards*, who, loſt upon this Occaſion, a great Number of Soldiers and Seamen: And 'tis believed, they will not be able to appear before their Enemies in Sea this great while.

If

If ſo many Loſſes ſuffered by a Party, are not advantageous to the *Grand Signior*, becauſe the other is grown ſo much the ſtronger thereby, he will however gain this Benefit by it. That the *French* and *Spaniſh* being both Enemies to one Nation and Religion, our Affairs will be in greater Security, when of Two Enemies we ſee One ſuppreſſed.

The *French* publiſh by their Joy and continual Feaſtings, the Advantage they receive from theſe Succeſſes: And, theſe *Infidels* have reaſon to rejoice, their Victory having all the Agreements poſſible; it is indeed great, and their Loſs very inconſiderable.

They ſay, there were but Twelve of the Ships of *France* diſordered, and that they loſt not above a Hundred Seamen, and very few Officers. Here hath been made a large Relation of this Victory; and, 'tis engraven in Copper, to the End it may be made publick in all its particulars, and the Memory of it conſerved to future Ages. Since the Loſs of the *Armado*, ſurnamed *The Invincible*, which *Philip* II. ſent into *England*, in the Year 1588. to make War upon a Woman, we have not known that *Spain* ſuffered ſo great a Loſs.

This is the only News I can tell thee at preſent. So many Armies, as are in continual Action, will furniſh Matter enough hereafter to divert thee, by reciting the Follies of theſe *Infidels*, who ſeem to deſtroy themſelves daily, and ruine their Affairs to gratifie Us by their Defeats, and make Us triumph.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1638.

LET.

LETTER XXIII.

To Asis *Bassa.*

IF thou always followest thy Inclination, and thy natural Honesty, thou wilt be indefatigable in faithfully serving the *Sultan*, and thou will not be averse to him that esteems thee, and loves thee.

Read what I write to thee, and publish it when thou hast read it, that the Council may know, that it is resolved at the *Diet* held at *Stockholm*, the Residence of the King of *Sweden*, to continue the War against *Austria*; and, that the Duke of *Weymar*, and the General *Banner*, begin already to Combat the *Imperialists*. Thou wilt see *Spain* and *Germany* attack'd on so many Sides, and by such powerful Enemies, that 'tis credible there may happen such vast Losses to all these *Christians* that the *True Believers* will have occasion to rejoice, and to hope yet the aggrandizing of the Great and Most Mighty King of Kings, *Sultan Amurath*, Master and absolute Soveraign of both Seas, and Vanquisher of all Nations.

This King hath sent an Army into *Picardie*, under the Command of Marshal *Chastillon*, to Besiege St. *Omer*, a very strong Place in *Artois*, belonging to the *Spaniards*; several Villages and Towns of Consideration, being already Burnt and Pillaged.

The faithful Slave *Mahmut* salutes thee, gives thee a friendly Kiss, and wishes thee all Sort of Prosperity.

Paris, 24*th. of the* 6*th. Moon of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

To the Kaimakam.

THE King of *France* hath ſent forth another Army. I have already informed thee, that this Prince hath already Three Armies in Three Parts of *Europe*. There is one in *Piement*, commanded by *Cardinal le Valette*; another wherof Prince *Henry* of *Conde* is *Generaliſſimo*, which they hope will quickly take *Fontarabia*; and, a Third commanded by Marſhal *Chatillion*, which beſieges St. *Omer*.

The Duke of *Longueville* is at the Head of the Fourth, which is entred into *Burgundy*, with deſign to ruine the *French County*, defended by Duke *Charles* of *Lorrain*, one of the Emperor's *Generals*.

So many Armies, and ſo many Captains march againſt the *Spaniards*. This Nation ſufficiently manifeſts her Force; ſhe is attack'd on all Sides, and reſiſts and defends her ſelf on all Sides. This vaſt Extent of Countries, which the *Auſtrians* poſſeſs, though ſeparated from each other, is the Reaſon, that they are always employed in defending themſelves; but, they will be eternally expoſed to loſe without any Appearance of Gain.

Thou knoweſt, that the true Secret of preſerving Union amongſt the Good, is to entertain perpetual Differences amongſt the Bad; and thou wilt ſee, that all the Adventures of this Country will render Us Invincible. What I tell thee is a true Saying. The *French*, at Preſent, are too powerful, with ſo many Troops, ſo many Armies by Sea and Land, which are ſeen in the Provinces of their Enemies.

The

The other *Chriſtians* are in continual Apprehenſions. The Embaſſadors of Princes which reſide in this Town and *Court*, obſerve with great Diligence, ſo many extraordinary Things, but ſay nothing; they do like me, they write and advertiſe their Maſters.

I am afraid, thou wilt take no Pleaſure in the Relations I make thee of the Succeſſes of ſo great a Power; but I ought to let thee know the Truth. Affairs are carried on here with much Art. The Miniſters ſerve with great Fidelity, and are very ſecret. Cardinal *Richlieu* hath an entire Aſcendant over the King's Spirit; and, to ſay Truth, is a Perſon of great Merit. They ſay, he aſpires to true Glory, and will place the Crown, which *Charlemain* wore, as Emperor of the *Weſt*, upon his Maſters Head. If the good Fortune of *France* marches always at this Rate, the Misfortunes of its Enemies muſt be exceſſive.

The manifold Wars which this Monarch undertakes, and *Richlieu* counſels him, do in the mean Time make the People (who bear the Burthen, by the Taxes which they are forced to pay) murmur; beſides their Grief for the Loſs of their Parents and Friends, ſlain in theſe Wars.

The *Cardinal* fears Peace, and apprehends his Enemies may deſtroy him, if they have leiſure to cabal againſt him. Thus he finds his Intereſt in the War, and the Armies ſupport his Authority.

I cannot yet make any certain Judgment of him, nor have a perfect Knowledge of his Manners, no more than of the Extent of his *Genius*; becauſe, the Man hides many Things during his Life with a Dreſs, which will be diſcovered when he dies. We can ſee which are his good Inclinations; and it is not eaſie to penetrate into a Diſcovery of the Vices which he is enclined to.

In

In few Words, he has much contributed to the Peace of *France*, divided by Diversity of Religion. He hath succoured *Italy*, and manifested there the power of the King his Sovereign; has weakned the Empire of *Germany*, by the War he hath carried into her Bosom, by the joint Forces of the Princes of the *North*, and them of *France* at once; and no less weakned the power of the King of *Spain*.

Thou, that knowest every thing that passes and hast Intelligence from all the parts of the World, canst truly judge of Affairs; which makes thee know, and foresee all that may prejudice the formidable Empire of the *Mussulmans*.

Paris, 20th. of the 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXV.

To the Kaimakam

ALL is in peace here, the War being carried on abroad.

The *Court* continues to make Vows for the Queens Health, and happy Delivery. They seem not so much concerned for the King's Welfare as the Queen's; every Body being perswaded, that the Happiness of *France* depends on her safe Delivery.

I writ to *Chiurgi Mubamet*, that he should mention the Queen's being with Child, as a doubtful thing, and which might vanish; but at present, it is most certain; for she will shortly be brought to Bed. She lives in great Repose, for fear of

nursing her self; she scarce stirs out of her Bed-Chamber; and every Body endeavours to please her.

There is News from *Provence*, of the arresting of a King's Son by that Governour. The Prisoner is Brother to *Uladislaus* King of *Poland*.

'Tis said, that the King of *Spain* had made Prince *Casimir* Viceroy of *Portugal*, in recompence of the Troops of *Cossacks* he had formerly raised to defend the County of *Burgundy*. They add, that being embarked at *Genoa*, upon one of the Gallies of that *Republick*, for *Spain*, to take Possession of the said Charge, with a small Train of Domesticks, and Count *Konigsmark*, who called himself *Uladislaus*'s Ambassador, with the Marquis of *Gonzague*, his Kinsman; being arrived in *Provence*, and visiting with Care, all the Ports and Fortresses; this gave no small Cause of Suspicion to the *French*. He staid four days privately in *Marseilles*; but his Galley was arrested at *Bouc*, the last Part of *France*, by Orders of this King.

'Tis not yet known, what obliged *France* to make a Person of this Quality, Prisoner, having nothing to do with *Poland*; and King *Lewis* XIII. having no particular Pique against Prince *Casimir*: But, the Secrets of State being only known to them that govern Kingdoms, I pretend to penetrate no farther, but content my self to write what they do, and what they say. Those, who in the Absence of the *Vizir Azem*, are the Glory of his *Highness*'s Council, are best able to discover the reasons of so extraordinary a Novelty.

The most knowing Persons at Court, say, this Prisoner will suddenly be set at Liberty; and that, having no War that may authorize his Detention, it would be unjust to secure him.

The Event will teach me, who am Ignorant, and them that will divine, that which perhaps no body

body knows at present. May it please the Great God, Maker and Soveraign Moderator of all Things, that the Intelligences and Guelfes which I give, may always be profitable and agreeable; and, that thy Life may be of Eternal Duration, for the Happiness of our Great Emperor and his Empire.

Thou shalt suddenly know, whether Prince *Casimir* be retained longer in Prison, or set at Liberty. I would that King *Uladislaus* were in the fatal Misfortune, in the hands of the *Janizaries*; and, that he, as well as his Kingdom, were Slaves to the Invincible *Sultan*, King of Kings; to whose Power may it please the Divine Goodness, and the Wisest of his *Prophets*, to subject all the Countries of the *Infidels*, and then to place him, with his Wives and all the *Prophets*, in his *Paradise*.

Paris, 20th *of the* 7th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Kaimakam.

HAving given thee an Account of the Imprisonment of *Casimir*, I will relate to thee the Voyage of King *Uladislaus*, his Brother, who is gon a Progress into *Hungary* and *Germany*.

The News here is, That the King of *Poland* was gon to make a Visit to the King of *Hungary*; who, to do him Honour, sent the Chief of his Nobles to receive him upon the Confines of *Moravia*. They write also, That Arch-duke *Leopold* went from *Vienna* to meet him: They embraced like Bre-

Brethren, and returned together with the Queen of *Poland*, and her Sister, back to *Cracow*. 'Tis added, that the people received this Company with great Acclamations, with the Noise of the Cannon, and all the small Shot of the City.

The Day following having dined in the *Imperial* Palace, they went together to *Lutzenburgh*, to visit the Empress *Eleanor*, Widow to the late Emperor of *Germany*.

If *Carcas* hath not informed thee of these particulars, thou wilt receive them from *Mahutes*, who watches incessantly to give true Intelligence, and penetrate as much as may be, into all that occurs, and is done in this great *Court*, which gives motion to all the *Courts* of *Europe*.

Reprove me, if I do not well, and punish me, if the Emperor be not well served, and thou satisfied.

Paris, 15th *of the* 8th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER XXVII.

To Kerker Hassan *Bassa*.

DO not accuse me of being ill advised, or negligent, if I write to thee things that thou knowest already. I am only careful in telling thee what happens here; and my Business is not to enquire, whether thou art better informed another way. When I am ordered to write all that comes to my Knowledge, I do my Duty in doing it, and I ought not to be reprehended for it.

I am

I am told, that the *Sultan*, is gone with an Army, more numerous than all the Leaves on the Trees, to destroy the * *Red* * *Persians*. *Heads*, and conquer *Babylon*. I know that the *Mufti*, the *Grand Vizir*, and all the Grandees of the *Divan* followed him; but am ignorant of what he did in his first Expedition, when he took *Revan*.

An old *English* Merchant, who comes from *Ispahan*, and has served in the Army of the faithful *Mussulmans*, passed this Way in his Return to *England*. He hath been an Eye-witness of the great Actions of *Amurath*. He says, that this mighty Emperor after his taking of *Revan*, left Twelve Thousand Soldiers in Garrison there; with Two Hundred Thousand Crowns in Silver, besides Copper Mony, to pay them.

He saith also, that our Mighty Monarch, being wearied to see so much Blood of the *faithful*, yea, of the *Heretick Mussulmans*, spilt, he had sent the King of *Persia* a Challenge; offering to fight singly in Duel with him, but he would not accept of his Defie.

He tells, how *Amurath* being fallen in the Water, in passing the River *Haret*, was in great Hazzard of being laid up in Expectation of the *Last Judgment Day*, in the *other World*, had it not been for a Young lusty *Solack*, who took him by the Arm, and dragged him out of the River. This Accident was the Prelude of a great good Fortune, which happned to this mighty Prince upon the Bank of another River, called *Mako*, where he had the News of the Birth of a Son born to him in the *Seraglio*, at *Constantinople*, whom they call *Alaaddin*, whose Nativity hath been celebrated with infinite Demonstrations of Joy.

This *Englishman* tells us further, that *Amurath* has taken *Tauris*, and appeared publickly here with all the Marks of a formidable power; that he

had destroyed the King of *Persia's Seraglio*, burnt the publicks Markets, and caused a Million of fine Trees, which renders the loss irreparable, to be cut down.

Let me know, when thou art at leisure, whether this News be true, and do me the Favour to tell me, our great Emperours Success in the Expedition of *Babylon*. The Politicians here, attend the News of it with much Impatience. 'Tis allow'd, that *Amurath* is the most Potent of all Princes, the strongest Man alive; and, that only he can vanquish and ruine the Kings of the Earth.

Two Strangers of differing Nations, and both of *Royal Blood*, are dead in this City. The one is *Don Christopher*, Son of *Don Antonio*, King of *Portugal*; who after he had lived Sixty six Years, without ever attaining the Crown of his Father, died in a *Convent* of *Dervises*, called *Cordeliers*, where he was buried, in the same Place where his Father's Brother had been formerly.

The other Stranger was called *Zaga Christos*, who was the legitimate Successor of the Kingdom of *Æthiopia*; a Young Man of Twenty Five Years, Son to the Empress *Nazarenne*, Widdow of *Jacob*, Emperor of the *Abyssins*, who died in a Village near *Paris*. He quitted his Kingdom, as thou knowest, forced by Civil Wars he arrived in *France*, in the Year 1635. of the *Ægyra* of the *Christians*. After many Adventures, he composed the History of his Travels, which he performed with Troubles and Incommodities which seemed insupportable.

What has he not suffered in traversing many Kingdoms; *Arabia* the *Desart*, *Egypt*, *Asia Minor*, and *Jerusalem*, where he ran the Hazard of being arrested by the *Bassa* that resides there; whom he escaped by retiring by Night to *Nazareth*, amongst the *Christian Dervises*, where he concealed himself five *Moons*.

He

He said here, that an Eunuch of the *Bassa* of *Cairo* had much solicited him to forsake the *Christian* Religion, to which he would never consent; and refused to go to *Constantinople*, to humble himself, by prostrating his Face in the Dust at the *Grand Signior*'s Feet; although the *Bassa* extremely pressed him to it, with very advantageous Offers.

This King has done much Honour to the *Manes* of the dead Prince, whilst perhaps he suffers Everlasting Torments; which neither thou nor I shall suffer, if we always live like Faithful *Mussulmans*, according to the Precepts of the Law, ordained by *Mahomet*, and written in the *Alcoran*.

I shall gladly hear that thy Life is safe, and my Friendship agreeable to thee.

Paris, 20th of the 8th *Moon*, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Kaimakam.

THAT which hath been so long expected, is at length happened: The Queen is brought to Bed of a *Dauphin*; the King is a Father, the Kingdom seems to desire nothing more, and the People witness their Joy by a thousand differing Festivities.

The Men, the Women, the Children, and the Aged, run through the Streets as at *Bacchanals*. They rejoice with their Friends, they go to Church and thank *God*, as if a *Messiah* had been born to them.

All the *Priests* praise *God* in their Temples for such a Present; and the *Monks*, not to content, deafen the people with the noise of their Bells, and do more than the Drums and Trumpets of the Soldiers, and all the Cannon of the Citadel and Arsenal. I did in Company of others, what I should not have dared to perform, if I had been alone, or had not been observed.

Those who affirmed, the Queen would be brought to Bed of a Son, pretend now, they had been advertised by some Divine Revelation, and will pass for *Prophets*; and amongst these, there are many *Religious*. Observe how far their Superstition extends.

The *Court* has dispatched many *Expresses* into all the Provinces of *France*; and others have been sent to all the Embassadors, to give Notice of this Birth to their respective Princes.

A Priest, who is a Bishop, hath baptized this Child, without any Ceremony, in Presence of the Chancellor of *France*, the Princes, Princesses, and Grandees of the Kingdom; the farther Solemnity being reserved for another time.

The King commanded *Te Deum* to be publickly sung; being the Hymn which is usual to all *Christians*, to thank *God* for extraordinary Successes.

Nothing is seen in the Streets of *Paris*, but Bonfires, and Fountains of Wine, which run Day and Night. The People testifie their Joy; and the Fires are so great on all sides, that it looks as if the City were to be reduced to Ashes.

Amongst so many Subjects of Joy, the King has wherewith to afflict him, having been for some Days tormented with a violent *Tertian Ague*; and, it cannot be, but he must have his Spirits agitated with so many Wars at once. He has Armies against *Spain*, in *Flanders*, *Italy*, *Burgundy*, and

and the Empire in *Germany*; without mentioning his Naval Forces, and the Designs and Pretensions which he doth not yet declare. Thou mayest be confident that Leagues will be formed against him, and Conspiracies against his State. The Great Ones of the Kingdom are not asleep; having long since had Designs to humble the Favourites and Ministers, whose Deportments displeased them, and to make themselves Masters of Affairs, and the Government.

I have a piece of News to tell thee; but receive it as coming from a Woman, not *Mahmut*. I seldom send that for assured, which in Appearance is not Truth. What I am going to say, will undoubtedly seem ridiculous.

The Women give out, that the *Dauphin* has Teeth, and the Nurses will witness it. Those who easily believe Wonders, publish this as a most certain Truth. The People, who add Faith to the most Incredible things, raise Stories upon this, and are full of pretended Auguries.

But there being no Law that obliges us to believe that which we find Incredible, thou mayest therefore receive this News as thou pleasest, and look upon it as useless, and excuse me.

They give the King the Title of *Saint*, which they add to that of *Just*, because of his great Piety, in devoting his Son, before he was born, to the *Virgin*, (which the *Christians* say is the *Mother* of their *Messiah*) with his Kingdom, People and Person, which he hath put under the Protection of the *Mother* of his *God*, which he has made appear by Prayers, Processions, and extraordinary Alms.

This Ceremony, is ordinary enough with these *Infidels*; who, by an inexcusable Idolatry, devote their Towns, and dedicate their Temples to Men that are dead, whom they call *Saints*; worship-

ing them afterwards upon their Altars, and invoking them in their Distress.

I have nothing more at present to write to thee, God give thee always the Grace to be just to thy self and others.

Paris, 16th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1638.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain *Bassa*.

THE Birth of the *Dauphin* of *France* hapned this Month, whereof I forthwith advertised the *Kaimakam*. I find my self in a great City, where they feast continually, to testifie the Love they have for the King, the Queen, the Young Prince, and the State.

Joy spreads equally; the most miserable, to whom Fortune has given nothing but Tears, do now divert themselves.

The Women rejoice yet most; and, it seems, this Adventure regards them principally. There is not one of 'em that would not lie in; all the Maids would be Mothers, and the most advanced in Years do not now despair.

It seems here, that God only hears the Prayers of the *French*; for, they believe the Queen had never been with Child, if the People were not Holy. Thus all believe, that they owe it to a Miracle of *Heaven*, not of *Nature*, that the Child is born, and for that reason he is called *Given of God*.

If this be so, thou must conclude, this Prince will be very Great, and much to be redoubted, who hath

hath *God* for his Father, and is Heir of a great Kingdom. To say the truth, *France* was never so flourishing, besides the great Armies they entertain by Sea and Land.

But, that which appears most important to me, is their vanquishing the *Hugonots*, and defeating the Rebels. The Birth of a Successor, does much heighten these Advantages, and causes a great Happiness to this Kingdom. I have my Share in the Feasting, being obliged to do as others; for, to what purpose should I appear afflicted?

Before I relate to thee a bloody Combat of Galleys, which was fought in the Sea of *Genoa*, I will inform thee of a ludicrous one in that of *Marseilles*, which resembled those Spectacles the Ancient *Romans* exhibited with so much Pomp and Magnificence, called *Naumachies*.

The Count of *Alais*, Governor of *Provence*, caused Four Galleys, Two against Two, to combat, first with Cannon, and afterwards with Small Shot; and lastly, to board with Swords and Pikes; which was a fatal Presage for Two Nations, who ran in search of each other through all the Ocean, and exhibited a sad Spectacle by Battles, where a Number of valiant Men were seen to perish.

Five and twenty *Spanish* Galleys appeared on the Coasts of *Provence*, where, it was said, they were come to surprize some Maritime Place. But, the *Count* of *Harcourt*, General of the Armies of the *Levant*, for the King, having given them Chace, some of them retired to the Coasts of *Genoa*; where they were attacked by a like number of those of *France*, which had still followed them since they were seen before *Marseilles*.

It was the First of this Moon, that they fought. Never appeared more Valour; never was Combat more terrible; and, 'tis scarce conceivable what Blood was shed. Thou, who art a great Captain,

Captain, and an excellent Sea-man, maist guess.

These thirty Galleys having begun their Combat with their Cannon and Muskets, the Sea was in a little time coloured with Blood and covered with dead Bodies. Each Galley having singled out his Enemy, the Fight was the more bloody and obstinate. 'Tis said this Battel was seen from the Walls, and tops of Houses in *Genoa*, which were crowded with Spectators; and looked on with the same Concern, as if they had fought for the Empire of *Italy*.

The Victory cost much Blood, which the *French* pretended to; seeing they took six Galleys from their Enemies, amongst which was *The Royal Patron* of *Spain*, *the Captain*, and *the Patron of Sicily*, with Eight Hundred Prisoners; having themselves lost but three Galleys, which were taken by the *Spaniards*. The following Night there arose so violent a Tempest, that the Sea had well nigh swallowed the Victorious and the Vanquished. The *French* lost the *Royal Patron* of *Spain*, which breaking loose, retired into a little Port of the River of *Genoa*, where the Inhabitants of *Arenzano* seizing it, restored it to the *Spaniards*, which they say here, the *French* will not fail to revenge.

I am perswaded that all I write to thee is true, because I have it from disinteressed Hands, and such as know the Truth of what passes.

They add only, that the Galleys of *Spain* having more Slaves and Souldiers, the Victory of the *French*, was by so much the more glorious; and they affirm, that the other had two thousand Foot extraordinary, designed for *Milan*.

God give thee always Victory over thy Enemies, and make thee feared of all the World.

Paris, 24th *of the* 9th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

They do here so highly magnifie their Successes, as also those of the Allies of the Crown of *France*, that I know not what to believe, these Exaggerations being so contrary to the Glory of the *Ottoman*. Having given thee an Account of the Fight betwixt the Galleys of *France* and *Spain*, I will at present inform thee, of the Advantage they say the Galleys of *Malta* have had.

They affirm, that this Squadron has defeated a very great Galley of the *Bassa* of *Tripoli*, loaden with great Store of rich Merchandise. We know well that this Vessel and her Loading are of good Value; but not so great as the *Infidels* publish. They say farther, that they took upon the Coast of *Calabria*, two great Vessels, and a *Polacre*, commanded by *Bicaze*, Admiral of *Tripoli*, who is a *Renegado* of *Marseilles*. They say, there were two hundred *Turks*, three hundred and fifty Prisoners taken, and fifty *Christian* Slaves set at Liberty. If what they say is true, there were also a great many Brass Canon in these Ships. They confess, that the *General* of these Galleys, did all that was to be expected from a Valiant Man, although he had the Gout, and that they lost but Eight Knights.

Thou who knowest the Truth of this Adventure, punish so great a Lye. 'Tis true, that the *Christians* have taken the Vessels in Question; but, it is not true, that their Advantage hath been so great as they make it, seeing there were no Brass Canon, but a few *Christians* delivered; and, they having lost much more than they acknowledge.

Thou art Valiant, thy Employment gives thee the command of the Sea; root out of the World this little Nest of obstinate Pyrates, who breath but by the Goodness of *Amurath*, whose Clemency hinders their Destruction.

Paris, *[illegible] of the* [illegible]oth *Moon, of the Year* 1638.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Captain *Baſſa*.

WHY will thou be more cruel than a Serpent; and give me Poyſon, when I ſend thee ſo good Antidotes, to preſerve thee from the Miſchiefs, with which thou mayeſt be overwhelmed? If thou beeſt not ſatisfied with my Friendſhip, be at leaſt wiſe with the Sincerity wherewith I have given my Advice. Thy proceeding, I muſt confeſs, makes me repent I did not take another courſe; I ſhould thereby, in all probability, have put a ſtop to all thy ill Practices. Had I made known to the *Grand Vizir*, what I wrote to thee from *Vienna*, I ſhould have received Thanks for my Care and Diligence, and thy Chaſtiſement might have been of good Example;

ample: But I tell thee plainly now, that I shall be obliged to accuse thee of Treason, in Case thou continuest thy Commerce with the Emperor of *Germany's* Secretary.

What Interpretation wouldst thou have me give the Correspondence thou holdest with this Minister; when I discover, that he sends thee continually Presents, and receives the same from thee? Be perswaded, every time thou appearest favourable to the *Christians*, that the Pleasures thou dost them, render thee Criminal to the *Mussulmans*. For, in fine, what's the meaning of those *Persian* Horses, those *Hungarian* Slaves which thou sentest, and that quantity of Magnificent Vests which thou presentedst to thy Friend? What wouldst thou have a Man think of that Silver *Hercules*, and Clock enriched with Pearls, which one of the *Faithful* receives from an Enemy of our Holy *Law*? It signifies nothing to answer my Letters with Passion, and Raging: Go to the Tribunal, where these kind of Questions are to be decided; the Judge will tell thee, whether such a Commerce is lawful, even in times of Peace. Thou much exaggeratest the Obligations thou hast to thy Friend at *Vienna*, because he used thee well, when thou wert his Prisoner of War. To this it is easie to answer, That if he behaved himself like a Gentleman, thou oughtest to imitate him, like a good Mahometan. Should be happen to be thy Prisoner, take then thy Revenge, and endeavour to require him.

Again, supposing it should be discovered, that this thy Friend has presented thee with this famous Cypher, composed with such Ingenuity, that it may be fitly called Arts *Master-piece*; what Opinion can the *Mussulmans* have of thy Fidelity? 'Tis known with what Application thou usest it to write into *Germany*, and to decypher the Answers which thou receivest. Are not these sufficient Signs, to

shew

them, that the Dispatches thou writest, and their Answers, are like the *Trojan* Horse, concealing abominable and dangerous Mysteries? Be perswaded, that I had not writ to thee from *Germany*, the Letter which has so greatly offended thee, on simple Conjectures. The Secretary, thy Friend, said one day, he must be a Witch or a Devil that can discover the Artifice of these Characters; that an *Italian*, who was condemned to perpetual Imprisonment, had wrought twenty Years to meliorate this Art, and had brought it to such great perfection, that he never saw any body that could understand his Letters, with the Key it self, which he gave them. 'Tis said, that this Invention is wholly new; and the more admirable, that a Letter of an ordinary style, of domestick Affairs, of Love and Complements, may contain Secrets of the greatest Importance, without using Equivocal Expressions, particular Characters, Figures, supposed Names, Hieroglyficks, Juice of Herbs, or Liquors; it being impossible ever to discover what one designs to hide. He adds, that one may write in *Turkish*, *Arabian*, *French*, or *Italian*, and conceal a Secret, written in any Tongue whatever.

Thy Friend carries it yet farther, and says, he could make use of *Verses* to decypher *Prose*: And this audacious Man affirm'd, one day, in the Emperor's Anti-chamber, that he would put into *French* this horrible Blasphemy, *The Tyrant* Amurath *will soon die*; which is found in the following Verses of an *Italian* Poet, whereof he immediately made a Proof: And these are the *Italian* Verses:

Giace l'Alta Cartago, a pena i Segni
De l'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muiono le città, muiono i Regni
Copre i fasti, e le pompe arena & herba
Ne l'huom di esser mortal parche si
O nostra mente cupida, & superba sdegni.

of it appear, that I am too sharp against thee, I will receive thy Curses without reply. But, if thou knowest I have had just Reasons to write to thee as I have done; Why are thy Answers so full of Injury? Think better on thy Interest, and be always faithful, if thou intendest a long Life.

Paris, 4th of the 10th Moon of the Year 1638.

LETTER II.

To the same.

THE small Success which we always meet with at Sea, obliges me to entertain thee thereon. I shall take no Notice of this to the other Grandees of the *Port*, no not to the *Kaimakam*, to whom I have not written these Three Posts. If thou hast received my two last Letters, thou oughtest to be satisfied with the Care, which the faithful *Mahmut* takes to give thee sound Advice. Consider well all the Circumstances, which are related here, concerning the Sea-Affairs.

The Loss of so many Galleys, great Ships, and other Vessels, made this Year, by the Friends of the Empire, the *True Faithful*, do much lessen the Reputation of the *Ottoman* Greatness.

The Discourses made hereon, by the *Christians*, are so many Invectives against the Honour of *Amurath*, against thine, and that of our Nation. If it be by a Decree of Heaven, that these *Venetian* Pyrates have taken, this Year, all the Galleys of *Affrick*; we must then conclude, That *God* is offended with us, and does not hear our Prayers.

For

For my part, I believe it; but I should not be a good *Mussulman*, should I pretend to understand the Secrets of Providence.

They write from *Marseilles*, That the People of *Tunis*, *Bizerte*, and *Algiers*, are greatly dismayed, at the Loss of their Fifteen Galleys, which General *Capello* has taken from them this Year. Thou knowest how the business has happened; the Infraction of the Treaty is manifest to all the World, as well as the Insultings over the Fortress of the *Grand Signior*. I cannot imagine what Excuses, the *Senators* of this *Republick* can make, for what their Admiral has maliciously done against us, when they shall be obliged to give an Account of their Actions at the Fleet of *Amurath*. I speak to thee with all possible Humility, and thou needest not doubt but I speak with Zeal. I believe 'tis time for thee to oppose, and put a stop, not only to the Pyracies of these People, but the Incursions and continual Enterprizes of the Corsairs of *Malta*, and so many Vessels which infest our Seas, under the Banner of the Duke of *Tuscany*, and other *Infidel* Princes. Thou oughtest to succour those People which are Friends and Tributaries to the *Port*, whose Assistance thou hast often advantageously used; neither dost thou want means for this, having at thy disposal the terrible Forces, entrusted to thee by *Amurath*, and, with these, the magnanimous Courage given to thee by *Nature*.

The *Christians* have vowed to pierce, this Year, into the *Bosphorus*, and put all to Fire and Sword. Above Sixty *French* Knights are determined for *Malta*, to joyn themselves with their Comrades, to cruise our Seas with them. And, thou knowest the Resolution and Courage of this *Militia*, and the Progress they every Day make.

Believe what *Mahmut* tells thee. Thou hast Two Seas to keep, and if it be true, thou hast made

All *Piccinino* to come from *Africk* with so many Galleys, designed to the keeping of the Coasts of *Barbary*, 'tis not to be doubted, but the *Divine Providence* has ordered, (it concerning so greatly *Amurath's* Honour) that the Guilty be pursued, so that not one of them may escape his Vengeance.

All People say here, that *Piccinino* has lost his Army for want of good Conduct. However here are great Rejoicings at our Losses; and, if possible, more in *Italy*, where they feel the Advantage of so considerable a Prize at the same time, together with the Honour of the Victory; and, where we are hated more than in any place else besides. I beseech *God* to chastise these People by thy Hand; and that the Edge of thy Cymiter, in giving Death to our Enemies, may put an end to Slander and Slanderers.

Here's an impudent Fellow, who reports he has seen thee several Times at *Constantinople*. He with great Confidence, affirms, the *Christian* Corsaries will bring thee one Day, laden with Chains, into the *Arsenal* of *Venice*, or that of *Malta*. He grounds his Prediction on that thou art, says he, furious when thou commandest; and that being too forward, thou canst not obey the Orders given thee. He adds, that *Tobacco*, Love of Boys, Wine, and Women, drive thee twice a day into a Condition uncapable of exercising thy Reason. He moreover says thou wantest Courage in a Land-Fight, neither art well skill'd in Sea Combats. I would not write these Vooleries to thee, were I not perswaded that they really are so; and that thou wantest neither Courage nor Experience. I am moreover perswaded of the Malignity of thy Accusers, touching the Debaucheries I mentioned; and it appears to me more pertinent to write thee this, than to the *Grand Vizir*; though I must confess, I am enjoyned to inform the Ministers of the

the Port of whatever Nation, without any Reserve.

'Tis said, that as to what concerns the *Republick* of *Venice*, and *Cataffo* who commands its Navy, that this *General* will be punished for doing too well; that this pusillanimous *State* will be humbled to the kissing the Stirrup of our great Emperor's Horse; but it will justifie the lawfulness of the Prize, which this *General* made, as being no breach of the Treaty with the *Sublime Port*, whence come the Orders by which the World is to be governed; and that, in fine, the Pyrates of *Africk*, are not comprehended in the Treaties of Peace made with his *Highness*.

And it is moreover alledged, that should this *Republick* be obliged to restore those Galleys which she has taken, 'twill appear, they have been lost through several Accidents.

All *Christendom* is perswaded, there's no *Republick* in the World governed with greater Prudence, which will make her avoid all Occasions of Differences with the Port, and seek all Ways of Reconcilement with *Amurath*, to prevent a War which cannot be for her Interest.

I happen'd into a Company of discreet Persons, who blame *Ali Piccinino*'s Conduct; and attribute his Misfortune to his want of Skill and to his Rashness. They affirm, that had he had the Courage of a true Soldier, he would have behaved himself not only in the *Archipelago*, but in the *Adriatick* Sea, like a Captain, and not like a Thief; and, that *God* has given him this Mortification, as a punishment for the Cruelty he shewed to the innocent *Vestals*, whom he made Slaves at *Calabria*, together with a great Multitude of Old Men, and Children, which was an Act no ways suitable to a brave Commander. And, this is the Discourse, caused by the hatred to our Nation, and especially to *Ali*.

The

The Great God, Sovereign Moderator of all Things, keep thee in perfect Judgment, and make thy Valour renowned, and thy Glory proclaimed in all Places, enlightned by the Beams of the Sun.

Paris, 6th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1638.

LETTER III.

To the same.

I wrote to thee Yesterday, what the Sense of the World was of thee; and I write to thee this Day, what mine is.

Although thou askest not my Advice, yet I will give thee such, as, perhaps, thou wilt approve of, and may be useful to thee in due Season.

Wilt thou be revenged of the *Venetians*, and all the *Christians* at once? Enter into the *Adriatick* Seas, with twenty small Galleys; draw near at Night to the Shoar at *Ancona*, and, before the Sun be up, ransack the famous Place of *Loretto*; thou mayest carry away thence as great Booty, as ever the *Consuls* and *Roman Emperors* did elsewhere.

Couldst thou conceive the immense Riches, shut up in a little Chamber, (where the *Christians* affirm, That a Virgin received an Embassador from Heaven, under the Form of an Angel, after whose Words she found she had conceived the *Messias*, whom the *Christians* worship) thou wouldst not defer the executing of what *Mahomet* counsels thee.

'Tis reported in this Kingdom, as if *Piemmino* had such a Design. Why did not this brave Spark

then

[illegible] execute, what he had so well contrived? When he was in *Africk*, he was to ravage all *Italy*; and he had do sooner come on those Coasts, but he lost all the true *African* Courage. He let himself be taken Prisoner; he suffered a mighty Fleet to be lost, and the Shamefulness of his Defeat will for ever blast his Name.

If *Amurath* returns a Conqueror of *Babylon*, which is very likely to happen, and thou takest *Loretto*; it may be said, that the *Ottoman* Empire is arrived at its full Height; *Loretto* being the *Mecha* of the *Christians*.

There is no Season, wherein one sees not arrive an infinite Number of *Pilgrims* from all Parts; who come to offer there their Devotions, with the same Zeal as the *Faithful* go and pray at the Tomb of our *Holy Prophet*: and they often joyn with their Prayers, Offerings of considerable Value. A small Number of Priests of the *Roman* Church, have such Treasures there in their keeping, as cannot be fully valued: Vessels of both Gold and Silver, with Vestures, and Ornaments, and precious Stones, which serve to set forth this Temple, the most magnificent and famous amongst the *Christians*; an infinite Number of Lamps, Crowns and Scepters offered by the greatest Princes of the *Christian* Belief; and, in fine, whatever can be imagined most beautiful, most great, and costly. Thou that knowest not what Fear is, thou canst foresee nothing in this Enterprize which may deter thee. The Priests of this famous Temple sleep all the Night long, and spend the Day in chanting their *Masses*; and the Soldiers designed for the keeping of this Place, are few in Number, and can make but small Resistance: If thou beest persuaded of the Truth of what I write, do more than *Cæsar*; go, conquer, and repose thy self. I have no more to write to thee: I send the *Kaimakam*

kan a Copy of this Letter. I have writ thee whatever has come to my Knowledge, and thou wouldst farther know, what *Mahmut*, under the Habit of *Titus*, has discourſed at *Paris*. I am willing to inform thee, I have anſwered ſome People, who have had the Boldneſs to ſay, *That the* Ottoman *Empire will be ſoon ruined, ſhould it receive ſuch another Blow*; that *if Trees be not wanting in Aſia, the* Mahometans *will not want Ships, nor Galleys; and that they will have as many Soldiers and Seamen, as they pleaſe, if the Women do not happen all of them at once to be Barren.* Thou knoweſt, that after the Battle of *Lepanto*, wherein the Great God, and *our Prophet*, deſign'd to mortifie the *Faithful*; that *Selim*'s Favourite maintained the Glory of his Maſter, in thus ſpeaking to the *Baile* of *Venice*: *There is this difference between the Loſſes which the* Republick *makes, and the Misfortunes which happen to the* Muſſulmans; *that when we took from you the* Iſland of Cyprus, *we cut off One of your Arms; and when you defeated us in Battle, 'twas juſt as if you had cut off our Beards, which will ſoon grow up again: And, if Women and Trees do not fail us, we ſhall ſoon have Ships and Men, but the Loſs of your Arm can never be repaired.*

The *Eternal Lord*, without whom nothing can ſubſiſt, make the Sea always navigable, and without Tempeſts, that the Winds may favour thy Deſigns, and when thou haſt finiſhed all thou oughteſt, for the Glory of the Empire, I pray Heaven make thee Poſſeſſor of the *Infidel*'s Countries, which thou ſhalt ſubdue.

Paris, 7th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimakam.

THis Letter will perhaps prove troublesom to thee, wherein thou wilt find an odd Mixture; however, thou wilt have no cause to complain of me, for whatever I write to thee, shall be put into such Order, that if the *first* News be troublesom to thee, the *last* will prove otherwise. Thou hast received none of my Letters in the last Packets which I sent thee; and, I have found it more to the purpose, to make thee know at Once, though something later, what I could not write but at Three Times; whereby thou wilt be better informed than others, to whom I wrote the first Notices I had. There's nothing like to Patience; as in all other things, so more especially as to what concerns News; the same Post always bringing the last Intelligence.

However I hope thou wilt pardon me, if I wrote only to one Person, who is the Captain *Bassa*, those disagreeable things which I heard, that I might not make a new Recital, which would not please; besides, that he is obliged, as well as the other *Ministers* of the *Port*, to impart to thee the Advices he receives from me.

Thou wilt find by the Copy of the Letter which I have written, that 'tis not without reason I am angry with him. My Design is not to learn thee, what thou knewest probably before me, but what thou maist be ignorant of, and yet oughtest to know.

The *Christians* express continually their Hatred against us, always speaking ill of our Affairs. Although there be no War declared between these *In-*

fidels, and the ever invincible *Sultan*; yet they cease not to be our Enemies; and thou maist know by their Discourse, they are ever laying Designs against us. Thou knowest, the usual Way of the World, is to discourse first of Affairs, and then take their Resolutions: The *French* are generally excepted from this Rule, for they have executed their Designs before they began to speak of them; so lively is their Imagination, and so ready are they to take their Resolutions. They do in affairs of State, what we are wont to do in those of Religion; they decide them by the Sword. They affirm, that Princes, who have Valour, have no juster Tribunal than War; and that their Soldiers are their Lawyers. What Measures then, most Wise *Kaimakam*, can be taken with a Nation which is in continual Activity? The *French* cannot remain at Rest; and when they disturb not their Neighbours, they make War amongst themselves. The Ministers of Foreign Princes, who do, near the matter, what I do; although they have a Character which I have not, are incessantly in Action: They watch, without ceasing, as I do, on what passes; and thou maist assure thy self that the *Divan* shall be fully and certainly advertiz'd of all things.

The *Pope* keeps here, as his Ambassador, a Prelate, called a *Nuncio*. The Emperor of *Germany*, the King of *Spain*, those of *England*, *Swedeland*, *Denmark* and *Poland*; the *Electors*, and several other Princes of the *Empire*, entertain also Embassadors, to observe the Motions of this Prince, who often breaks all their Measures. The States of *Italy* do also the same. There are, in this Part of *Europe*, Princes and *Republicks*: these little Sovereigns, are more jealous than others, of their Interests; and, do more concern themselves in all Affairs which pass. The *Republicks* likewise use greater

greater Precautions in their Conduct, than the *Monarch* do.

The *Republick* of *Venice* has acquired a great Reputation; *France* keeps a good Correspondence with her; the Embassador of that State living here with all the Marks of Grandeur, and the same Prerogatives granted to those of Crowned Heads. Neither *Persia* nor *Muscovy* keep any *Publick* Minister here; yet perhaps they may have some that give *Private* Intelligence to their Masters. As to what concerns the Princes of the *Indies*, they seem not to me, to have any Interest here; so that they have, I believe, no Agent in these Parts, either *publick* or *private*. If the Name of *Spy* be mean, or dishonourable, I know no Body that is called on; for I being unknown, my Reputation therefore runs no hazard. I serve, without being observed. But, to speak plainly, what are the Embassadors and Agents of Princes, but *secret Spies*, as I am, who under a pretence of keeping a Correspondence between their Masters, inform them of what they can discover in the *Courts*, where they are sent.

Thou shalt be sufficiently inform'd by the *Buffa* of the Sea, of *Piccimino*'s Adventure; he will shew thee what I have written. However, there are Sixty Galleys lost; and our greatest Consolation is, that we shall not want means to be revenged. If the *Christians* have cut off one of our Fingers, we ought to pluck out both their Eyes.

'Tis said here, that this *Admiral* is made Prisoner by the *Venetians*; if this be true, his Confinement must be very uneasie to him. But, all People are not agreed, whether he be a Prisoner or no; for some maintain, he is at *Constantinople*, where he justifies himself, with his usual Arrogance; laying all the Fault on the *Renegado*, who commanded the *Admiral* of *Algiers*.

I have recommended to the *Bassa* of the Sea, the Enterprize of *Loretto*. If thou hast leisure to examine the project, thou wilt find, though I am no Captain nor Mariner, what I have hinted is worth regarding. The Knowledge which I have of the World, of the Manner of living of the *Christian* Princes, and Priests of *Rome*; together with the other Notices I have acquired, by the reading of Histories, should make me considered, as a Man that is able to offer at great things; though I have not yet gained much Credit in the World.

The Embassador of *Venice*, residing in this *Court*, says, that their *Republick* will satisfie the *Grand Signior*; affirming, that *Ali* is a Pyrate; that the *Africans* have broken the Peace; and, that the Action of their General *Capello*, is just and heroical; and, that *Amurath* himself will Chastise *Piccinino*. He moreover pretends that the Galleys which were taken, will not be restored, seeing it will be made apparent, they have been lost by different Accidents. I think he says, they have been all sunk before the Isle of *Corfou*, by the *Senate's* Order, to prevent the Expectation of a Surrender, the *Admiral* of *Algiers*, only excepted, which those *Infidels* have brought in Triumph into their *Arsenal*, to preserve the Remembrance of an Event, which they pretend to be very glorious to them. But, these Misfortunes are not extream, nor past Remedy, if *God* continues the Life of our Great Emperor, and thy Health.

Paris, 7th, *of the* 2d *Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER V.

To the same.

THey have at length given over talking of our Losses, but I give not over devising the Means to be revenged of the *Christians*. Remember, that the *Grand Vizir* keeps in Prison a Man fit for great things at this time, who can do the *Nazarenes* considerable Mischiefs, and procure notable Advantage to the *Mussulmans*. If the old *Renegado* of *Dalmatia* be yet alive, he is capable of destroying all Places in the *Mediterranean-Sea*. Advise with him about the Destruction of *Loretto*. There is no *Corsary*, that has done more bold Exploits. He has spent Sixty Years in coursing on the *Archipelago*, and *Adriatick-Sea*; where he has made horrid Devastations, with infinite Prizes. He has likewise, most considerably damnified the *Cossacks*, on the *Black Sea*. He began the Trade at Nine years old in a little Vessel; has been wounded in twenty, or twenty two Occasions, taken Prisoner four times by our Pyrates, and thrice escaped out of their Hands. And not being able to fly the fourth time, nor redeem himself by Mony, he redeem'd himself by his Religion, which he quitted to embrace ours; and since he has been Circumcised, he has brought to *Constantinople* above thirteen thousand Slaves in about thirty years space. He has pass'd full five years in the Cleft of a Rock, along the Banks of the *Adriatick Sea*; which by his Industry he made a sure Place of Retreat. Here 'twas that he hid himself with his Men and Vessel, like a wild Beast in his Den; and 'tis hard to imagine how many Snares he laid during that time, for those of his own Religion. He has been

often pursued, but could never be taken; and his Name became so terrible amongst the *Christians*, that there was no Place but dreaded him. But, in fine, having, as 'tis said, attempted to betray his Master, in delivering into the *Christians* Hands the Five Galleys he commanded; he was sent, by Order from the *Grand Vizir*, into the Castle of *Seven Towers*, although his Crime was not certainly proved. 'Tis about two and fifty *Moons* since he has been there kept Prisoner; and, he is not only very old, but decrepid. The long Penance which a Man has undergone, that has done such *great* things, and who is accused of having done *one ill* one, of which he is not convicted, does plead for some Indulgence.

I shall never go about to sollicit for the Liberty of a Traytor; yet I must say, That Men who have dared to execute great Crimes, are often capable of Heroick Actions. This Man was, and is still, at the end of his Life; perhaps if thou wilt endeavour to procure him some Advantage, and make him hope still greater, he may repair his Fault, by performing something for the good of the *Empire*; or at least, give some good Advice. Thou knowest, the *Ancient Persians* had a Law, whereby their Kings were obliged, *Not to put a Malefactor to Death for One Crime; and private Persons, not to chastise their Domesticks or Slaves for One Fault.* Thou knowest, moreover, that Princes should observe in the Chastisement of their Subjects whether the Services they had rendred, have not been greater than their present failings, and pardon them if their *good* Deeds surpassed their *bad*. These Laws, although no longer observed in *Persia*, yet cease not to be wise Precepts; to which, if thou hast no regard, yet thou wilt have some to the Zeal and Affection of *Mahmut*. And, if thou wilt suffer me to make here a short Digression, in com-

paring

paring the State wherein we are, with that of the Ancients; thou wilt find how much our *Monarchy* surpasses all others. Dost thou believe, Generous *Kaimakam*, that the *Ottoman* Empire is equal, inferior, or superior to that of the *Romans* in *Pompey*'s Time? Let us content our selves with supposing it equal, to speak without Passion, and cut the course of Disputes, which might be made hereupon; and reflect, I pray thee, on the Conduct which *Pompey* held in the War he made against those infinite Number of Pyrates, which infested the Seas of *Italy*, *Africa* and *Asia*. He was made *General* of an Army of Five hundred Sail, with absolute Power to do what he thought fitting, without giving any Account. Thou knowest his Conduct was so prudent, and full of Valour, that embarking with Ten Thousand and Twenty Foot, and Six Thousand Horse, he in Forty days cleared *Lybia*, *Sicily*, *Spain*, *Sardinia*; and in a word, all the Seas which depended on the *Roman* Power, from an infinite number of Pyrates; who had as it were besieged the *Capital* of the *Empire*, by their Incursions, Rapines and Violences.

Now, although the Number of our Enemies be not so great, nor their Strength so considerable; yet 'tis to be feared, lest the *Infidels* be one Day bold enough, (having joined their Forces, which now lie dispersed,) to fall upon us, and shake the vast *Monarchy* of the *Ottomans*, which they now often disturb by frequent Enterprises in several Parts.

We have an infinite Number of Places to preserve. We have several Kingdoms, populous Isles; we command Warlike Nations, and the number of the Empire's Subjects are innumerable, which ought to encourage us to undertake no less than *Pompey* did heretofore, who was called the *Agamemnon* of *Italy* because he commanded a numerous Fleet, as this

Hero of the *Greeks* formerly did. But, it being already Midnight, I am forced to finish this Letter, lest it should be too late for the Post.

I shall inform thee by the first Opportunity, of what has happened in *Italy* and *Germany*, and of several other Things which I thought I ought to give thee Notice of by this *Express*; but, accuse me not of neglect, in not having written all to thee in this Letter, and receive my Excuse, which is just and sincere, and grant me thy Favour.

The great *God* encrease thy Prosperity, and continue thy Health and Credit, in the Dominions of the Invincible *Sultan*, under whose Glorious Reign we live.

Paris, 7th. of the 11th. Moon, of the Year 1638.

LETTER VI.

To the same.

I Pass immediately into *Monferrat* without leaving *France*, to tell thee, That the *Spaniards* have there made themselves Masters of a little Town, which the *French* could not keep for want of Men; and have also demolished the Fortress which guarded the Place, that their Enemies might not have any desire after a Reprizal.

The eldest Son of *Amadeus*, Duke of *Savoy*, is now dead; he was called *Lewis Amadeus*: he was but Seven Years old when declared Sovereign, and was so but few *Moons*. He died four days after the Ceremony of his Baptism. The King of *France* and the Queen of *Spain*, were Godfather and

God-

God-mother to this Prince. Thou wilt ask me perhaps, how this could be, seeing they could not be there present? But thou must know, that these *Nazarenes*, assist often at these Ceremonis by Procuration. The Dutchess of *Savoy* seems to me worthy of Compassion, having lost in one Year, both her Husband and her Son, and a good part of her Estate, and sees what remains to her, exposed to the hazards of War; but she has ever shewed her self a Woman of Courage and Resolution. Her Second Son has been declared his Brother's Heir, and the *States* have chosen her *Regent*, during his Minority.

The reason of the sudden Visit, which the *Elector* of *Saxony* gave the King of *Hungary*, is not yet known: We have had Advice of his Departure from *Dresden*, the Capital Town of his Country, with a great Train of Courtiers, and the three Princes his Sons; and that he went to *Leutmaritz*, where this King expected him; and, 'tis further said, that in the small time they were together, they have had several Conferences, the subject of which is not yet discovered. The King has presented the Duke with a rich Coach, with six stately Horses, sumptuously harnessed; and given Diamonds and Gold Chains to his Courtiers. But thou being nearer the Place of this Conference, and the Port having every where subtle Agents, thou maist sooner get this Secret than I: For, 'tis not to be doubted, but there's something hatching against the *Ottoman* Empire, while *Amurath* is at that Distance, and the chief Forces of his Empire employed elsewhere.

As to what concerns the Progress of the Duke of *Wimar*, who carries on the War in *Alsatia*, there are infinitely different News come from thence, since I wrote to thee; but this is what is most certain. After the taking of *Fribourgh*, this *General* made himself Master of the Campaign about *Bri-*

...; and his Army seizing on all the Posts there-abouts, the *Imperialists* put themselves in a Posture of hindring them: but for three Months Time, they could do nothing but spoil the Corn, and forage in the Country, whereby they wasted their own Subsistence. They have also fruitlessly endeavoured to break down the Bridge, which *Wismar* had Built at *Newenburgen*. Where they met with such Resistance, that they were forced to retire with their Army, which was in great Danger. But the Duke also met with no Success in his Enterprize on *Offenburgh*, through the fault of Fifteen Hundred Musquetteers, *French* and *Germans*, who came not soon enough to plant their Ladders against the Walls, and surprize this Place: And, he has since made different Tryals, which have proved all in vain. An Officer had already entred as far as the Ramparts, with a small Party, which he commanded by means of a false Pass-port; but, being discovered by a Sentinel, he was forced to retreat in Confusion, with the Loss of some of his Men. *Wismar* since defeated two Regiments of *Dragoons*, and two other Regiments of Horse, and seized on the Castle of *Mauberg*; the Garrison of which Place surrendred at Discretion, to a *Swedish* Officer. But I am inform'd, that the two Armies came near one another, on the Banks of the *Rhine*; of which I shall say no more, than what is necessary.

The *Emperor*'s Troops being discovered by *Wismar*'s Van-guard, commanded by *Duncan*, gained an high Ground; on which, fortifying themselves, they sheltred behind a Church and some Houses, before which there was a Battery raised of several Pieces of Cannon to keep the *Swedes* at a Distance, and hinder them from encamping too near. Some *French*, imprudently advancing to discover the Enemy's Posture, within less than Musquet-shot,

were

were almost all kill'd on the Place. By this time the Duke of *Wimar*, seeing he could not draw the *Imperialists* to fight, and it being impossible to force them on the Mountain, where they were intrenched, retired under the Castle of *Manberg*, with his Rear-guard, commanded by the Count *de Gurbian*, a *French* Gentleman. The next Day he joined the rest of the Army, and being informed by a *Moor* that served him, and in whom he put great Confidence, that the *Imperialists* began early in the Morning to retire; he immediately therefore put himself into a Condition to follow them, making his Army to march in Battel-Array. His Horse consisted of Twenty Four Squadrons, and his Foot of Eighs Battalions; besides the Auxiliary Troops, of which he made a Reserved Body.

The *French* affirm, the *Imperialists* were the strongest, as having Four Thousand Men more than the *Suedes*; of which, 'tis hard to know the certainty; but, the Particulars of the Battel, are worth ones writing. 'Twas very bloody, the Fight being obstinately held by both Parties, and the Victory long inclining, sometimes to one side, and sometimes to another: So that the Combatants were ready to retire, weary of striking, and being struck; when Fortune on a sudden, declared her self for the Duke of *Wimar*, who behaved himself in the Fight, like a wise Captain and valiant Soldier. 'Tis certain, the *Imperialists* have lost Two Thousand Men in this Occasion, with several of their Principal Officers: And also, above Fifteen Hundred were made Prisoners; amongst which, there were above Two Hundred Persons considerable on the account of their Birth or Employs. I make no mention of the Number of the Cannon; neither do I reckon the Hundred Colours or Cornets, nor Three Thousand Waggons laden with all sorts of Ammunition, which fell

to

to the Conquerors: but, I greatly value the Box of Writings of Two great Commanders, wherein were found the Inſtructions and ſecret Orders of the King of *Hungary*, and ſome Treaties made with the *Sublime Port*; to which, all the Potentates of the World ſhould pay Homage.

It cannot yet be diſcovered what theſe Treaties contain; yet I ſhall do all that's poſſible in order to it. The Booty has been great; however, *Wimar* ſeems not to ſet much by it, as aiming at ſomething more conſiderable. He remained Two Days in the Field of Battle, the better to aſſure his Enemy of his Conqueſt. He moreover pretends in his Letters to this *Court*, that he had not in this Expedition above Five Hundred Foot, and few Cavalry; which out of a Bravado, he ſays he will reinforce with his Pages. This is that which our Emperors, who are the Maſters of the World, would ſcruple to ſay in the Preſence of their Slaves; ſo far would they be from ſpeaking ſo before an Army, as this Prince did, in the Preſence of a great King. See the Vanity of one of theſe *Infidel* Generals.

In Obedience to the Orders which I received from thee, I here end my Letter; ſo that thou wilt receive a very imperfect Relation, of the Events which I began to relate to thee; and I ſhall continue my *Diſpatch* to Morrow, that thou maiſt the better remember what I have already written to thee, that I may not loſe the Thred of the Hiſtory.

Paris, 24th. *of the laſt Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LETTER VIII.

To the same.

I Find in the *Alcheran*, the *Chapter* which speaks of *Limbo*'s, to be very long; and, I believed I never wrote thee any Letter, wherein there were so many Words: Thou shalt not receive hence-forward any from me, larger than the Hundred and six Verſicles of this Chapter, ſeeing thou enjoyneſt me to be ſhort. I have therefore divided this *Diſpatch* into Two, leſt it ſhould prove tireſom to thee; although I believe thou wouldeſt have found it when entire, not ſo long as the *Chapter* which treats of *Hell*.

Wimar loſt no time, but went and encamped before *Brizac*. He cauſed the Trenches to be opened with great Diligence, and has ſo beſet the *Rhine*, that nothing can paſs without his Leave. This River is conſiderable for its Largeneſs, and Length of its Courſe; carrying Veſſels of great Burthen, which makes it much frequented.

This Captain perceiving the Town wanted Proviſions of all kinds, uſed all imaginable Artifices to ſurprize it, or carry it by Aſſault. It is the Capital of a great Province, where he is Maſter of ſeveral conſiderable Places, and ſeveral ſtrong Caſtles, from whence, one may ſay, the Place was already beſieged.

Things were in this Condition, and there was no other Diſcourſe in the *Swedes* Camp, but of Victories, Loſſes, and Wounds, when the News of the Birth of the *Dauphin* was brought there, which cauſed another Noiſe to be heard. The Horſe and Foot, joyned their Shouts of Joy to the Sounds

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of the Drums, Trumpets, and the Artillery, which was several Times discharged.

The Valour of the Duke of *Weimar*, and that of the Troops which he commands, made not the *Imperialists* to lose their Courage, having recruited their Army with new Troops. General *Lamboy*, a Man of Courage and good Conduct, appeared in the sight of the *Swedes*, having added to his Army five Thousand Men, with the rest of the Troops of Prince *Savelly*, and waited the Country which the Enemy was in Possession of. If thou wouldst know the Situation of the *Swedes* Camp, and, in what manner they made their Trenches, and Circumvallations, I can certainly inform thee, having had some time since a very exact Draught of it. This Camp is Three *German* Miles in Compass, fortified on each side by a Trench Sixteen Foot thick, with a large deep Ditch, a double *Palisado*, and several *Redoubts*. The Lower as well as Upper Parts of the Town, are mightily annoyed by Two Bridges made on the *Rhine*. The Abundance of all sorts of Ammunition, does much hearten the Army. The Commander, although very ill, yet is incessantly watchful, and seems indefatigable. The Soldiers animated by their past Successes, think of nothing but new Conquests, and new Booty, imagining themselves invincible. The Artillery, which is in the Camp, is Fifty Pieces of great Cannon, with which such Batteries have been made, as drive the Besieged to despair. I mention not to thee several small Skirmishes, which continually happen, yet this is what is most considerable: Some Troops of young Soldiers of the *Imperial* Army, having taken several Cattle from the *Swedes*, and made some Prisoners, had Notice of the March of Colonel *Sillard*, who came from *France*, and brought a good Sum of Mony for the Payment of the Troops. They went to meet him, and took

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ir, together with several Young Gentlemen Prisoners, all Men of Note; and, who had also a great deal of Mony about them. At the same time, the Duke of *Lorrain*, a Prince of great Valour, who serves in the *Imperialists* Party, has undertaken to relieve *Brizac*, which he knew was reduced to the utmost Extremity; And, having chosen, for this Design, Forty Companies of Foot for a Convoy of Provisions; and, being on his March, he met with the Duke of *Wimar*. And this is the short of the Story: The Prince was still indisposed, by reason of his late Sickness; yet, this could not hinder him from embracing this Occasion, which he believed to be of great Importance to his Party; he got therefore on Horseback, and marched up to the Duke.

The Combat lasted Five Hours, and *Lorrain* did all that could be expected from a brave and experienced Commander. But, he was constrained to yield to the Duke's Fortune, and retire into a Wood, with what he could save of his Troops; and, the *Suedes* Courage was not a little increased by so great an Advantage, which will certainly be attended with the Surrender of *Brizac*. The Duke of *Wimar* remained Master of the Field, having entirely defeated the *Imperialists* Foot, and put the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Horse into a Horrid Disorder: There lay above Twelve Hundred dead on the Place, and all the Baggage, together with the Ammunition, fell into the Hands of the Conqueror. A Man would think, Illustrious *Kaimakam*, that the *God Mars* has united himself with this Captain: for, notwithstanding the Weakness of his Body, he performs every Day most Heroick Actions, with his valiant Soldiers, who are ready to undertake any thing, when he is at their Head. Whether this happens from his not valuing of Life, or his Thirst after Honour; yet, so it is, That he

That he cannot live without nourishing himself with Victories; and, he begins already to equal the Famous *Gustavus*, under whom he has learn'd his Trade. Yet he has lost, notwithstanding his Diligence, two Forts he built on the *Rhine*, which, if he retakes, 'twill not be without the Cost of much Blood on both Sides. The *Germans* have already lost Sixty Thousand Men there, amongst which there were Four Hundred Drowned.

The Extremities of *Brizac*, of which we have already private Advices, is at present known by all the World. The *Swedes* intercepted, the last *Moon* of *October*, a Letter from the Governor to the King of *Hungary*, wherein he laid open his Condition, and told him plainly, that Places which wanted Men, Victuals, and Ammunition, could not be defended but by a Miracle; adding, that the best Officers and Soldiers were already dead; and those that were alive, were either sick, or lay wounded, and so greatly tired, that they could do no Service; and besides, their Victuals would last but twelve Days. He seemed afterwards to reproach him for letting the time slip, in which he had promised him assistance; and put him in mind, he did not believe he could hold out to the 4*th* of the *Moon* of *September*; being reduced to such Extremities, that he durst not mention particulars, lest his Letter should fall into other Hands. Observe the Imprudence of the Expressions; he dares not write all, and yet he writes more than needs, to discover, that the place will be infallibly taken.

If thou beest impatient to know the Surrender of *Brizac*; thou shalt be satisfied by this *Dispatch*. The Post is now come, which brings News of the taking of this important Place, and he has come hither in three Days. The Place was taken according to the Rules of War, surrendring the ninth of the last *Moon* of this Year, according to the

Christians

Christian Style. The Governor procured very honourable Terms; and truly, he ſuſtained the Siege with all the Vigour and Courage poſſible to the laſt extremity. He is called the Baron *de Reynech*: His Name deſerves a Place in the Letters thou enregiſters; and, that the *Divan* ſhould be inform'd of a Man, who knows ſo well to defend what is intruſted to him, that they may give to Vertue her Due. There went out of *Brizac*, only Four Hundred Foot, and Seventy Horſe, who were all naked, wounded, and almoſt dead with Hunger; they were reduced to thoſe Extremities, that they had already eaten the Fleſh of Horſes, Cats, and Dogs; and ſome were ſaid to have devoured humane Fleſh. As touching the Booty, there are different Diſcourſes; but, 'tis certain, the Conqueror found above Two Hundred Pieces of Cannon in the Place.

But, there is a ſtrange ſtory related of a young Lady, of admirable Beauty, who falling down at the Duke of *Wimar*'s Feet, thus ſpake to him: *Sir, I have but ſome few moments to live, Hunger having reduced me to the Gates of Death; but, I ſhall die deſperate, if you do not revenge me of a baſe Fellow, who has exacted of me a Diamond of great value, which I have been forced to give him for a roaſted Mouſe; I am not angry with him for his taking of me a Pearl-Necklace during the Siege, for four Ounces of Flour; but, I confeſs my Weakneſs, I cannot ſee my ſelf bereaved of what I moſt valued, and die without Satisfaction.* 'Tis ſaid, this Prince could not forbear ſhedding Tears at ſo piteous a Spectacle; this Lady dying almoſt at the ſame inſtant ſhe had done ſpeaking; but, 'tis not known, whether he called this heard-hearted Fellow to an Account for what he had detained.

The Siege of *Brizac* laſted Four *Moons*; almoſt Fourſcore thouſand Men periſhing in the Town, by

by Sickness, Wounds, and Famine. Bonfires are made at *Paris*, for so great an Advantage; and the Duke of *Weimar*'s Prailes are every where celebrated: and, great Commendations are given him in the Letters from the *Court*. Our Empire may have one Day something to fear, from so brave, so experienced, and ambitious a Captain, were he at leisure. But *Germany* is so large a Country, so full of stout Men, and contains so many great Towns, and those so well fortified, as will afford him Work enough, without troubling Us.

'Tis pleasantly said here, That the *Emperor* of *Germany* will no more sleep quietly; for, in losing *Brizac*, they have lost their Pillow on which they rested; and, 'tis thought, *France* may one Day unite this Conquest to her Crown. The great God multiply the Years of thy Life, as the Sand of the Sea, and increase every Day thy Fortune, and continue thy Health.

Paris, 25th *of the last Moon*, *of the Year* 1638.

LETTER VIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Have heard here a confused Discourse of the Disgrace of *Sirdya Bey*; but, thy Letters have satisfied me. Thou seest, Friend, how Things go. He had the Prince's Favour, and yet could not save himself. He had moreover great Riches, and yet was obliged to undergo such great Ignominy. He will

will be more deformed than he was, having now left his Nose and Ears in the Hands of the Common Executioner. *Amurath*, in condemning him to this Punishment, has done an Act of Justice worthy of him: For the honestest Men in the *Empire* have ever wished ill to this proud and insolent *Greek*. This Man, who was but a pitiful Fisherman, and Seller of Oysters, got this intolerable Pride by the prodigious Riches he acquired in this mean Occupation. His great Wealth, made him find the means of obtaining the Favour of the Ministers and Favourites of the Prince; and *his Highness* himself honoured him with his Friendship gave him Offices, and heap'd up Riches on him. Thou shouldest know all I say, but I am astonished thou shouldest write to me, That this Wretch, having been put out from the Government of *Wallachia*, by reason of his insupportable Pride and extream Covetousness, should pretend to re-enter on this Office by means of Mony, trying in some sort to corrupt the Justice of *Amurath*. Observe how many ways, he draws on him the Prince's Indignation: The Emperor must have been more covetous than *Stridya*, had he favoured his Design; but, 'twas the Decree of Heaven that *Stridya* should be punished, and, that our Master should give a terrible Example of his Justice, to terrifie those who use their Riches to commit all sorts of Crimes, and to purchase all manner of infamous Pleasures.

The News of the Fall of this Slave, had in some sort mitigated the great Melancholy I felt, when I received thy Letter; But the Death of *Zagarabasci*, our common Friend, does not a little afflict me; as well as the Marriage of his Son *Caragurli*, made the same day, does astonish me: For, I cannot comprehend how there could well be celebrated in the same day, and at the same House, two such differ-

rent

rent Ceremonies, as is a Funeral and a Wedding.

I find this adventure very ſtrange: and though our Friend indeed was very old, yet I bewail him, as if he had died before his time. He was an honeſt Man, of great Piety, and moderately Rich; and, this is what makes Mortals happy in this world and the other too. But, thou doſt not inform me, whether the exceſſive Joy he had, to ſee his Son married to a *Greek*, rich with the Goods of Fortune, endued with great Vertue, and a *Mute*, has not cauſed his Death. I rather think thou wilt ſay, our Friend *Zagarabaſci* is dead by ſome Exceſs, than yield to what we conteſted about formerly. I always found in this Friend great Marks of Honeſty and Sobriety; and he alſo appeared to me to have great tenderneſs for his Son. I cannot without offending thee, accuſe this old Gentleman of want of Moderation, yet, he is dead with a tranſport of Joy. Thou ſeeſt, I affirmed no impoſſible thing, when I maintained in my Youth, that an extraordinary and unforeſeen Joy, is more likely to kill, than ſudden Grief, though never ſo violent. Didſt thou think it a Matter of ſmall Satisfaction, to a Father, that is a wiſe and ſober Man, to obtain for his Son a Woman that is a *Mute*; for what greater Pleaſure can a Husband have, than to have a Wife that is not talkative? The *Chriſtians* underſtand not the Wiſdom of the *Turks*, when they laugh at our *Sultans*, who find the greateſt part of their Pleaſures, in the Converſation of *Mutes*. Is there any thing more delightful than to hear a Man, that does not *ſpeak*; and to ſee one reaſon on all things, that has no Tongue? Thou knoweſt how many things theſe *Mutes* of the *Seraglio*, do give one to underſtand; and what Eloquence there is in their Signs and Geſtures. Thou remembreſt, that when *Amurath* would give thanks to the Soveraign Moderator

rator of all the World, in that he had escaped Death, when the Lightning fell on his Bed, and burnt to his very Shirt; he seemed to offer him a great Sacrifice, in putting a *Mute* out of the *Seraglio*, which he dearly loved by reason of her Tricks and Gestures. The *Muses* were one day ready to fall together a fighting, because they would not receive amongst them a tenth Companion, sent them by a *Mandamus* from a King of *Italy*: But, when this tenth *Muse* signified to them, *That she was Dumb*, all the Voices were for her. Dear *Melec*, 'tis not without Reason I write thee this. Thou art still young, and designest for Matrimony: Believe *Mahmut*; there are few Women that are Wise; and they say Little that is Good: Think then what those say, who know nothing, and whose number is infinite. When they have talked a whole Day, believe me, they have said nothing. If thou Marriest, follow my Counsel; *Take not a* Mute, *for then thou wilt Marry a* Beast: *Neither abuse one that talketh; for, thou wilt be linked with a* Monster. As to our Friend, he died by a particular Grace from Heaven: Yet I cannot but think still of his Death. How many more extraordinary Accidents wilt thou see, if thou livest to old Age; and especially, if thou livest at *Constantinople*; where are continually beheld strange Adventures, and extraordinary Effects, both of Life and Death, Cruelty and Clemency; as well as of good and bad Fortune? Being in Breath, I could continue still to write to thee; but, I think it's time to end, lest I prove tiresome. And I end, in praying Heaven to keep thee in Health, where-ever thou art.

Paris, 25th of the last Moon, of the Year 1638.

LET.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

PARIS, where I live, is a very healthful City, and so are all the Places thereabout, free from Pestilential Airs; and yet there oft happens sudden Deaths, as well as at *Constantinople*; and, they die here likewise of Joy. I will relate to thee what I have partly seen, and not what I have heard, to happen in *London*, the most ancient, and chiefest City of the Kingdom of *England*: A rich old Man falling sick, and lying on his Death-Bed, sent to his only Son, living at *Paris*, where he spent his time in Pleasures, to come over, that he might, with his Estate, give him his Blessing. Think what News this was to a Young Man, to whom the Life of a Father was troublesome, as being an Obstacle to his Liberty; and, who waited his Death, to take his swing of all the Pleasures, which his corrupt Nature makes him respect as his Sovereign Good. This Young Man intending to get upon Horseback to run where he was called, found himself embarked for a Voyage, which he did not design to make; he fell dead on the place, and I saw him in the same instant, wherein he was living, and healthful, to expire. Were I of the *Sect* of our Philosopher *Musladin Sandi*, I would tell thee, it matters not, whether one dies suddenly, or languish a long time; whether a Man dies in his Bed, or at the Gallows. But, I being none of *Zeno*'s Disciples, and knowing no *Peripatetick*, or Philosopher, amongst so many *Sects* that were in *Greece*, who disputed, Whether Life or Death is to be preferred: So, expect not from me any Arguings on the *Morals* of those *Greeks*, nor yet of the *Persians*.

ſion. But, if Death be ſuch a terrible Thing, endeavour to live in ſuch a manner that it may never affright thee, when it ſhall approach thee, or when thou ſhalt ſee it invade others; expecting it at all Times, and in all Places. Doſt thou know by what Herb, or by what ſecret Magick Charm I do not fear it? 'Tis by the leading of an innocent Life. Here is publiſhed, and that with great Reaſon, the laſt Words of a Man of great Birth, who died when he was very Old, by a Wound he received. He had ſerved divers Kings in Places of the higheſt Truſt; and being mortally wounded in a Battel, mark what he ſaid to thoſe that exhorted him to die like a good Chriſtian, and with the ſame Courage he had ſhewed in Life: His Reply was, *That a Man who had lived well Fourſcore Years, cannot be to ſeek how to die well for a quarter of an hour.* This great Man, who was a famous Soldier, was alſo a true *Philoſopher*; and I might ſay, he was a *Saint*, had he been of *our Religion*. I believe, he was a moſt edifying Spectacle, and the more conſiderable, in as much as the Example he gave of dying well, is more valuable, than that which he gave in ſo many Battels of couragious Fighting. He was called *Anne de Montmorancy, Conſtable* of *France*; whoſe Life I had the Curioſity of Reading, being to be found in the Hiſtory of the *Civil Wars* of that Kingdom.

But, before I end this Letter, let me denote to thee, the Difference there is between the Effects of Grief and Joy. The Meſſenger from *England*, of whom I already ſpake, finding at his Return, the Old Man, whom he had left dying, ſtill alive; he gave him ſuch a ſtrange Stroke, by telling to him the Death of his Son, that Grief having vanquiſhed the Aſſaults of Death, reſtored to this unhappy old Man, that Strength he had loſt in his Health; ſo that coming himſelf, ſome days

after

after, to *Paris*, I saw him bewail the Loss of his only Son.

He that said heretofore, *A man should learn all his Life to die well*, uttered no strange Doctrin. Our Days will last long enough, if we be ready to say, at all times, *We have lived enough*: And, if we love as we ought, our great Emperor, who is Invincible, Holy, and the most just among Men: And, if we observe what a *French* Peasant said to all those that passed before his Door; *Never deny your Assistance, nor never do any Body any Hurt.*

Let thou and I number our Days (as was preached heretofore in the *Seraglio*, to the *white Eunuchs* by the *Persian*, whose Eyes were put out because he saw too clearly.) He always insisted on the *Shortness*, *Uncertainty*, and *Vanity of Human Life*. He said, *'Twas short, considering what we had to do in it; uncertain as to what we shall do in it; and always mix'd with what we have done, and what remains for us to do.* Teach not thy Son *Mehemet* yet, for whom thou hast so much Affection, these Precepts. Children have not that Ripeness of Judgment, as is necessary, to hear Discourses of Death: they are too hard Bits for their Stomachs; and, which indeed Old Men can hardly digest; and which they swallow not without feeling all the Bitterness of them.

I pray *God* keep the *Imperial* City, with those that dwell in it, and shelter it from the Storms which fall on infamous Cities; and I beseech him, thou mayst live without Offence, that thou mayst never fear Death.

Paris, 27th *of the last Moon, of the Year* 1638.

LET-

LETTER X.

To Enguruli Emin Mehemet Cheik, *a Man of the Law.*

WHEN I parted from *Conſtantinople*, I gave thee a Stone of excellent Virtue againſt the Gravel, and thou preſented'ſt me with a Paper, which was to ſecure me againſt all Bodily Evils. Time only can decide which of us Two made the beſt Preſent to his Friend. Thou haſt pretended to teach me in few Words, how to live amongſt the *Infidels*; and I thought in giving thee a Stone, to give thee a Remedy againſt the Diſtemper thou art troubled with. I never turn my ſelf towards the Place where *Mecha* lies, but I remember where thy Amity began, and how far ſince it has been extended towards me. Abſence has not leſſened thy Kindneſs, nor hindred thee from ſending me thy grave Counſels; but I am as yet too young, to ſet about the preparing my ſelf for the *other World*; and too vigorous and healthful, to hearken to thy ſerious and melancholy Diſcourſes.

I wiſh thou wert but at *Paris*, where thou wouldeſt ſee a great Number of People, who ſell a moſt precious Thing, to purchaſe a vain and fantaſtick *Title*: How many with great Earneſtneſs ſue for *Placeat's* from the King, that they may ſeek their Deaths? Perhaps thou never thoughteſt there were any ſuch kind of People. What doſt thou think then of the Soldiery in General; are they any others than Martyrs of Ambition, to whom one would think Life is a Burthen? 'Tis a ſad Spectacle, to ſee how many Dead lie in the

Streets; or carried on the Shoulders of their Friends or Kinſmen to their Graves: Yet this is ſo common a thing in *Paris*, that the People make no Wonder of it.

This way of Living obliges me to do as the reſt. I begin to conſider, That what happens to another, may happen to me; there's no avoiding ones *Deſtiny*. This Preface is only to bring in a Story of this King's Goodneſs, which ought to be an Example to all Princes. The *French* have need of freſh Soldiers to fill up ſo many Troops as they continually entertain: Not long ſince then, there came a Man, full of Years, and overwhelm'd with Deſpair, who deſired to be Liſted in this Prince's Service. To obtain what he deſired, he told the King, *That he was the Father of Twelve Children, Seven of which were Daughters, who were Marriageable; that he could no longer live, being not able to maintain ſuch a great Family; and, that being ignorant, as yet how to die, he would learn it in the King's Service.* The Prince having appointed him to wait upon him one Day privately in his Cloſet, thus ſpake to him: *Thy Deſpair makes thee deſirous to be liſted amongſt my Soldiers; and Charity obliges me to retain thee amongſt the Citizens. Thoſe that are Fools when they enter into Troops, commonly come out wiſer; becauſe they learn ſeveral things of which they were before ignorant: but as to thy part, what Time haſt thou to learn, who art ready to fall dead at the ſame moment thou entereſt into the School? Yet I receive thee; take this Sword; go and combat thy Folly; and take this Purſe to ſuccour thy Family, and be cured; but if thou art wiſe, ſay not from whom thou haſt received thy Cure.* I know not what Sum was in the Purſe, no more than I do of what Metal the Sword was. But I have this Story from an Officer of the King's Cloſet, with whom I have

have that ſtrict Converſe, that he told me this Paſſage as ſoon as ever it happened.

I'll tell thee, if thou wilt, ſome of the principal Paſſages of my Life; for I conceal nothing from the *Miniſters*, and the moſt Venerable *Mufti*, who knows all that I do: I adore the Sovereign Maſter of the Univerſe; and have a great Veneration for his *Holy Prophet*: I never defiled my Hands in Blood, neither have I ever violated any Man's Bed: I eaſily forgive my Enemies, and hate above all things the Crime of Slandering. If this be not ſufficient to merit Salvation, I do not know what is. Theſe are all my Virtues; as to other Qualifications, I have none. I have no Knack at Thieving; my Talents lie not that way; were I qualified, I might, as moſt do, deviſe means to put my Art in Practice. But living according to theſe afore-mentioned Maxims, I doubt not but I ſhall find Entrance into that *Paradiſe*, where faithful Souls will enjoy a perfect Happineſs, and ſet their Feet on the Necks of the Enemies of our *Holy Law*; where, they ſhall ſuffer neither Hunger, Thirſt or Nakedneſs; free from the parching Heats of the Sun, and the pinching Sharpneſs of the Colds, cauſed by the *Moon*; where, under the agreeable Shade of Trees, they ſhall gather the preciouſeſt Fruit, ſtanding, ſitting or lying; and drink in Cups of Gold or Emerald, the moſt delicious Liquors, which ſpring from a clear Fountain; and be ſerved with inconceivable Magnificence. In this Divine Place, they ſhall be more beautiful and ſhining than the Stars in the Firmament, whoſe Brightneſs enlightens the Darkeſt Night; their Robes ſhall be of fineſt Silk, of a Colour more green and pleaſing to the Eye, than the Herbs which ſpring up in *May*: and ſhall further receive from the Hands of *God*, a potion, more ſweet and delicious, than can be imagined,

as a Recompence for the Good they have done, during their Abode amongſt Men. Thou knoweſt, 'tis impoſſible for me to go on Pilgrimage to *Mecha*, ſeeing I am obliged to abide at *Paris*. Thou knoweſt alſo, I cannot give my ſelf to Contemplation, being forced to lead an active Life; for I muſt not remain among the *Derviſes*, who paſs their Days in Solitude; ſerving in *France*, as I muſt do, our Puiſſant and Invincible Emperor. Thou ſeeſt here what my Condition will bear; accuſe me not therefore for neglecting the pious Advices thou giveſt me. I forget not ſo much Death, as I forget that I muſt die.

Be informed of this from me, There's not a Town in the World, where People do learn better to live ill, than at *Paris*; neither is there any Place where they are better taught to die. I need not tell thee, here are publick *Academies* (as were heretofore amongſt the *Egyptians*) wherein dead Bodies lie expoſed to publick View, to make Men remember the indiſpenſible Neceſſity of dying. But I may tell thee, there's no Day, wherein in this great Town, a great quantity of Fools do not teach Wiſer than themſelves, Things they have been ever ignorant of; for the Gibbets and Scaffolds, ſet up for the Puniſhment of the Guilty, hinder the Deſtruction of a great many People, whoſe Innocency is preſerved by theſe kind of Spectacles. Here the Poor, who had heretofore plentiful Subſiſtences, teach good Husbandry; the Proud, Humility; the debauched with Women, Chaſtity.

I believe, there is no Part of the World, where there are more Thieves and Pick-Pockets, and who do their Work with greater Art and Subtilty; they exerciſe their Craft in all Places, in the Churches, as well as the Streets, Markets, and Bridges; ſo that our People of the *Morea*, who are thought by us to be ſuch great Maſters in this

this Science, are mere Aſſes to them. Adieu.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XI.

To Cara Hali, *the Phyſician.*

I Know not whether what I thought I ſaw laſt Night in my Bed, be the effect of a Dream, or of a real Viſion. I was awakned by a great Earthquake, which made me riſe affrighted out of my Bed. But, informing my ſelf by ſome People, I found 'twas but a Dream.

My Adventure, has renewed the Remembrance of one, which proved of ſad Conſequence to one Part of *Italy*. Phyſicians are at a loſs to find out the Cauſes of theſe horrible Fires, which are vomitted up at certain times by Mount *Gibel*, *Stromboli*, and *Veſuvius*; Mountains in *Sicily*, not far from *Naples*, whoſe Roots ſeem to ſpring from *Hell*; whence ariſe often filthy Exhalations, Smoaks and Sulphur, with Flames which caſt up Stones and Aſhes to the Clouds.

'Tis known, I believe at *Conſtantinople*, That towards the Beginning of the *Moon* of *February*, there was loſt near *Naples* a little Iſland, that had Four miles in Compaſs. It's related as a Thing certain, That after this Iſle was ſuddenly ſwallowed down into the Sea, the Fire which it included not finding its uſual Vent, there was opened ſome Days after, a new Way along the Coaſts of *Calabria*, near *Meſſina*. There did it appear, having firſt cauſed an horrible Earthquake, which

overthrew a great Pile of Building, which the *Chriſtians* call a *Steeple*, that belonged to a principal Church; which buried under its Ruins a vaſt Number of People, whoſe Devotion had at that Time brought thither. Some Towns of the Kingdom of *Naples* ſuffered by this Earthquake, with great Multitudes of People, and Herds of Cattle, which were miſerably loſt in the Fire, by the Smoak and Heaps of Aſhes. And, amongſt thoſe that have been ſmothered to death, are reckoned ſeveral *Lords* of thoſe Countries, who are Maſters but of few Subjects, and yet bear the Title of *Princes*.

My dear Friend, *Cara Hali*, theſe are dreadful Effects of Nature, whoſe Cauſes will not be found out by us. Certainly, theſe Countries of *Italy*, muſt be far from *Paradiſe*, ſeeing theſe Mouths of *Hell* (if it be true, as many People ſay, they are in theſe Mountains) do frequently ruine by theſe Irruptions *Calabria* and *Sicily*. *Naturaliſts* affirm, That theſe Mountains nouriſh Sulphurous Matter in their Bowels, which is eaſily inflamed, and iſſues out with more or leſs Vehemency, and more or leſs Frequency, according as the Matter is more or leſs diſpoſed; and the Subterranean Winds kindle and eject theſe Fires, and open the Maſs of Earth, under which they are ſhut up. But the Opinion of certain *Philoſophers*, who maintain, That meer Chance produces theſe extraordinary Events, appears to me very ridiculous; affirming, That one Stone ſtriking another, produces a Spark, whence happen theſe great Inflammations: Nay, they proceed farther, and would perſwade us, That a lighted Lamp, left by Chance, by thoſe who ſearched into the Bowels of theſe Mountains, to diſcover the Secrets of Nature, might make theſe Flames; which lighting on a combuſtible Matter, and meeting with nothing

that

that is contrary to 'em to extinguiſh them, do cauſe theſe ſurpriſing Effects. They alſo ſay, That Lightning ſtriking fiercely on ſome one of the Coaſts of theſe Mountains, may do the ſame thing; as the Stones ſtriking one againſt another, or the Lamp left lighted.

Theſe Opinions would not appear ſo ridiculous, were it poſſible to make any Demonſtration of 'em: But theſe Events being all extraordinary, and in a manner prodigious, I ſhall willingly ſuffer thee to believe, that 'tis a Work of Nature, or Hell, or Chance alone, which cauſes the perpetual Motions of theſe Fires, which are ſo terrible, and ſo greatly damnify one of the fineſt Countries in the World, as *Greece* is, and this Iſland which is the Delight and Nurſe of almoſt all the Provinces ſituated on the Banks of the *Mediterranean-Sea.*

We find alſo in *Ireland* theſe Mountains of Fire, yet with this Difference, that their Flames do no Hurt, which make 'em no ways dreadful to the Inhabitants. I think too I have heard my Father ſay, That being in Company with certain *Arabians* in our *Lycia*, he ſaw theſe Kind of Fires come out of the Earth, but they broke out gently, and cauſed no Damage.

I am now perſwaded of one Thing, which I would never believe before; which is, That Old *Pliny*, intending to relate to the Emperor *Titus*, and leave to Poſterity a Relation of the Effects of *Veſuvius*, and a perfect Diſcovery of the Cauſes of ſo many prodigious Effects, he therefore went himſelf on the Place; becauſe that in his Time, this famous Mountain had caſt out an horrible Quantity of Fire, Stones and Aſhes, with ſo great Violence, and ſuch terrible Noiſe, that the Effects of it were felt in *Syria*, *Africk*, and eſpecially in *Ægypt*. But the Curioſity of this wretched Philoſopher

loſopher having coſt him his Life, the *Romans* expect ſtill with his Return, the Diſcovery of the ſecret Cauſes of ſo many prodigious Effects. Take care of thine own Health, and let not any of thy Patients miſcarry through thy Neglect, or Raſhneſs. Continue to love me, though I am at a great Diſtance from thee: Write to me ſometimes; and believe, that I am not able to conform my ſelf to the way of living of Strangers amongſt whom I reſide I ſhall be always a good *Muſſulman*, and a Faithful Friend.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

THY Decree is very cruel, to ſeparate me, without having committed any Crime, from the Communion of the *Faithful*.

I have read the Holy Anſwer thou haſt made me, with great Veneration; but this has not been without many Tears. Thou haſt not untyed the Knot of the Difficulties which perplex me, but made it indiſſoluble. So that I only live in the Certainty of having no Certitude; and my Soul which is encompaſſed with Fear, will be in Dread till Death.

If I do what thou propoſeſt, how ſhall I be ſure of not failing, ſeeing I do not underſtand what I ought to do? I am ſo dull, that I cannot diſtinguiſh

guiſh, Whether thou exhorteſt me to do what I have ever done, or whether thou forbiddeſt me what I asked of thee.

I entreated thee to let me know, Whether I might live amongſt the *Chriſtians*, and do in Appearance, what they do effectually in the Obſervance of the Ceremonies of their Religion: And thou anſwereſt me, That the *Circumciſed*, or *Faithful*, ſhould have no Doubt in his Law, and needs no other Precepts to obſerve it, than the Law it ſelf. Moreover, That the true *Muſſulmans* muſt be willing to loſe his Eſtate, his Life, and Honour in the *Sultan*'s Service; That the *Chriſtians* are Enemies to the *True God*, the Emperor, and Religion; and, that, in fine, one ought to ſacrifice all Things not to betray this *God*, who is our chief Maſter. Tell me, I entreat thee on my bended Knees, Cannot a Man be a true *Mahometan*, without hating eternally the Followers of *Jeſus*? And in living amongſt them ſecretly a *True Muſſulman*, muſt one ſhew ones ſelf to be of another Religion or pretend to be of theirs? Thou wilt tell me, the *Alcoran* ſpeaks with great Clearneſs, yet how many obſcure Paſſages do we find in the Words of our *Holy Prophet*, wherein we need thy Expoſitions?

I have no Belief for *Tagot*, neither will I give Credit to the *Devil*; my *Law* expreſly forbids it; for, I belive in one only *True God*, who knew the Intention of our *holy Lawgiver*, and ſees what we cannot diſcover. And, the *Prophet* cries out, That he that has ſuch Principles, leans on the ſtrongeſt Prop he can ever meet with; there being nothing which is able to overthrow it.

Diſperſe, Reverend Sir, as much as thou canſt, the Darkneſs of my Spirit. I conjure thee by the Almighty Father, who can make live Fleſh come on the dry Bones of the Aſs, which died an hundred Years paſt.

I do not diſcontinue here my uſual Prayers, which I make in the Manner they are preſcribed me by the *Law*, with my Face always turn'd to the Side of *Mecha*. When I faſt, I eat only at Night, and I continue my Repaſt till *Aurora* advancing the Day, gives me Light enough to diſtinguiſh black Thread from white. And I paſs over the Day, without taking any Nouriſhment, till the Darkneſs be ſo great, that I cannot ſee the Eye of a Needle. 'Tis true, I give no Alms to the Poor, becauſe I doubt, Whether it be lawful to do good to thoſe, who continually move Heaven againſt us.

The *Biſhops* here are in great Veneration. They have not an abſolute Authority, becauſe they depend on the *Roman* Prelate, and the King: Yet their Juriſdiction is very large, the Kingdom being full of Churches, and theſe Churches frequented by Millions of People. They wear about their Necks a Golden Croſs. They live in publick, good lives; are obliged to know all the Points of their Law; they muſt be Doctors, are obliged to Celibacy, to be Sober, Hoſpitable, Prudent, Irreprehenſible, without coveting others Goods; they muſt never be drunk, or ſhed Human Blood. Their Habit is a long Veſt reaching to the Ground, of black Silk or Violet. They go little on Foot, but are carried in Coaches, to avoid the Wearieſomneſs which would oppreſs them, in a Town which ſeems the greateſt in the World; which thou wouldeſt do too perhaps, wert thou deſigned to be their *Sovereign Prelate*.

The great Arbiter of the World, favour by his Mercy, or by an Effect of his Juſtice, the inconceiveable Honour of ſuffering thee to ſweep during thy Life, his moſt Holy and only Temple of *Mecha*, in the Company of *Iſmael*, and *Abraham*,

him, that thou mayſt keep it clean, without any Filth of what Kind ſoever.

Paris, 10th *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1639.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimakam.

THE *French* Armies are at preſent in *Winter*-Quarters, and the *Court* is buſied in contriving what they ſhall do in the *Spring*. I do not believe I write thee any falſe News; for it is to be believed, that the Sharpneſs of the Winter will hinder any Thing from being undertaken before that Time.

The Eyes of all the *Court* are fixed on Three Objects, the King, the *Dauphin* his Son, and Cardinal *Richlieu*; but they more carefully obſerve the latter, than the former. This Man has made himſelf Creatures, by his Benefits; the Thankfulneſs for which, and the Hopes of new ones, has bound them to his Intereſts. Yet 'tis to be believed, he has more Enemies by means of the great Credit he is in with his Prince, and the Occaſions he finds to increaſe it. His Anti-chamber is always full of Attendants, who aſpire to Employs, of ſuch as are in Offices, and ſeveral other Perſons who are deſirous to be Witneſſes of his Actions. Thoſe who threaten him in ſecret, do but increaſe his Courage, and make him more carefully ſtand on his Guard; and thoſe who have moſt Experience of the World, affirm, this *Cardinal* knows too much to be ſurpriſed.

Hear

Hear the Recital of one of the leaſt of his Actions, whereby thou maiſt figure the greateſt, and give them the due Price they deſerve. For Three Years together, was obſerved in this *Cardinal*'s Anti-chamber, a Man who was not far advanced in Years, and as aſſiduous to make his Court, as he was modeſt in his Diſcourſe; very reſerved and patient; and which is very rare at *Court*, was never heard to complain. The *Cardinal* who pretends to read the Souls of Men, and who is inferior to none perhaps in this Art, cauſed this Perſon who had ſo long attended, to be called to him, and thus ſpake to him: *I know who thou art, and how long time thou haſt ſpent in obſerving me; although thou outwardly appeareſt a* French-man, *thy great Patience aſſures me thou art of another Climate; get thee to* Rome, *and wait but half the time in the* Pope's *Anti-chamber as thou haſt done in mine, and I doubt not but thou wilt penetrate into the moſt hidden Secrets. Part then immediately for* Italy, *and obſerve the Actions and Motions of the Wiſeſt and moſt Diſſimulative* Court *in the Univerſe; diſcover not thy ſelf to any Body: ſend me an Account every Week what thou canſt diſcover; and in this manner thou wilt be uſeful to me, and avoid Idleneſs. My* Secretary *will give thee a Cypher, and my* Treaſurer *has order to give thee what's neceſſary for thy Voyage, as well as to keep thee when thou art at* Rome.

The *Cardinal* ſtudies to extend the Bounds of the Kingdom, and for that purpoſe conſults thoſe who can any ways advance his Projects: eſpecially, the King being now certain of a Succeſſor, by the Birth of the *Dauphin*, who ſeems very likely to live long. All Hands are employed at *Thoulon* and *Marſeilles* for the fitting out of Galleys and other Veſſels; and 'tis thought, the chief Deſigns of this Miniſter are on the Coaſts of

Italy.

Italy. I am told he was heard to ſay, That the *Romans* could never have conquered all the World, as they did, had they not before been Maſters of *Italy*; That *Hannibal* had the ſame Deſign, and after *Hannibal*, Pope *Alexander* VI. intended to ſee whether ſuch a Deſign would take Effect; but, his Pride and Cruelty made all his Projects prove abortive, and that he could meet with greater Succeſs than *Hannibal*, could he be ſo happy as to obtain one Thing. And here he ended his Diſcourſe.

He ſo greatly minds whatever paſſes in the *Royal* Family and Kingdom, that he can diſcover, as he pretends, all the Thoughts, yea and the very Dreams of the Grandees, Governors of Provinces, and thoſe that command in Places.

He ſays, he has learnt ſeveral uſeful Things in the Relation given us of the Government of the *Chineſes*, having from them the Way of diſcovering the moſt difficult Matters, without its appearing he does any Thing for this Purpoſe. And this is the Method of governing he obſerves in this Kingdom, wherein are ſo many reſtleſs Spirits.

He maintains, near all People who are in any conſiderable Offices, Perſons that depend only on him, and who are known to no body elſe; who in all Places wear mean Cloaths, and inceſſantly watch over the Actions of the Officers and give him notice of whatever paſſes. He makes uſe of theſe kind of People about his Maſter's Embaſſadors in foreign *Courts*. He always carries a Book about with him, which he calls *Richlieu*'s Soul; which Book contains the Deſigns, the Intereſts, the ſecret Practices, and Inclinations of all the Princes, who hold a Correſpondence, and have any Tyes with *France*, and on whom *France* has any Pretenſions. The moſt skilful *Aſtrologers* in *Europe*,

rope, have alſo ſent him the Horoſcopes of all the Kings, and great Men, with their Judgments touching the Term of their Lives, and what they may probably undertake in all Times. This *Cardinal* ſaid on another Time, That he kept a great many Courtiers, yet he could well enough ſpare them; That he knew what paſſed in remote Places, as ſoon as what was done near him: He once affirmed, he knew in leſs than Two Hours, That the King of *England* had ſigned the Warrant for the Execution of . . . . . If this Particular be true, this *Miniſter* muſt be more than a Man. Thoſe who are his moſt devoted Creatures affirm he has in a private Place in his Cloſet, a certain Mathematical Figure, in the Circumference of which, are written all the Letters of the Alphabet, armed with a Dart, which marks the Letters, which are alſo marked by their Correſpondents: And it appears, that this Dart ripens by the Sympathy of a Stone, which thoſe who give and receive his Advices, keep always at hand, which hath been ſeparated from another, which the *Cardinal* has always by him; and 'tis affirmed, that with ſuch an Inſtrument, he gives and receives immediately Advices. This great Man, who knows all theſe Reports, only laughs at them; yet he ſays with a ſerious Air, That *God* has given him Two Angels, one White and another Black, to inform him of both good and bad Matters, and that with their Aſſiſtance he ſhall overthrow the Cabals of his Enemies. He ſent ſome Days paſt a Man to the Galleys, that was accuſed for cutting in pieces the King's Picture; but having been better inform'd, and knowing 'twas his, he told thoſe about him, That this Man ſhould be pardoned, becauſe he had done no Hurt to the Original. Here are Theaters and Feaſts preparing to entertain the People, in Honour of the King

and

and *Cardinal*; and 'tis whiſpered, that the Queen is again with Child.

Heaven preſerve thee ever from the *Sultan*'s Anger, and all other Misfortunes which may ſowre the Comforts of thy Life.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIV.

To Egri Boynou, *the White* Eunuch.

IF thou goeſt into *Pruſſia* in *Bithynia*, as thou writeſt, above all things remember to prepare thy ſelf not to live long, and never to inform the young *Sultan Muſtapha* of the Misfortune of the Grandſon to *Solyman the Great*, and Son to poor *Bajazet*, whom his Grandfather cauſed to be ſtrangled in his Infancy. This unhappy Place makes me fearful of thy Life, as well as that of the Prince's, the Care of whoſe Education is committed to thee. I cannot forbear weeping, every time I call to mind what paſſed between the Victim and the Executioner. Thou thy ſelf toldeſt me, That this unhappy Child embraced and kiſſed ſeveral times him that was to give the Fatal Stroke, even in the moment when he was putting about his Neck the Silken String which was to ſtrangle him. All *Aſia* is informed of the reſt of the Hiſtory; and 'tis known, That this Child altho ſtrangled, yet triumphed at his Death over his Murtherer: For, being ſoftned by the Careſſes of this Infant, whom he was about deſtroying, he dropt down in a Swoon; and *Bajazet*'s Son had by this Occaſion eſcaped

ſcaped Death, had not the other Executioner, more cruel than the former, done the Work.

Although thou doſt not certainly know, who is *Muſtapha*'s Father; yet thou maiſt well preſume he is the Emperor's Son. Thy Age and Prudence ſo long experienced, and the Office of *Chief* of all the *Eunuchs* of the *Empire*, which thou haſt ſo long enjoyed, leaves no place of doubting, but that thy Pupil is of *Royal* Blood. Arm thy ſelf then with Courage, and ſtudy to perform well thy Duty in this Solitary Place: Nothing is ſo troubleſome as the Inſtructing of Children, when they will be taught as Maſters by their Slaves, and will not ſubmit to Rules, like private Perſons.

Thou maiſt be ſure, I ſhall render thee all the Service I am able, ſeeing I conſider thee as a Friend that is extream dear to me: But why doſt thou ſeek amongſt the *Chriſtians*, an illuſtrious Subject, which may ſerve for a Model to form a Child born in the Religion of the *Muſſulmans?*

Did I not know thy Wiſdom, I ſhould think thou art very ſimple, in ſearching after Examples amongſt the Enemies of our *holy Law*, to propoſe them to be followed by the *Ottoman* Children. Thou haſt choſen for this purpoſe *Henry* of *France*, termed *the Great*; and art thou ignorant, that this ſo famous a King, was the moſt implacable Enemy of the *Empire?* be it known to thee, That this Prince undertook the boldeſt and dangerouſeſt Deſign as was ever imagined, to deſtroy the *Monarchy* of the *Muſſulmans*; and might probably have ſucceeded, had not Heaven, by an unforeſeen Stroke, ſnatched him from the Earth, to appear before the Tribunal of the *True God*, who judges Kings as well as other Men. But leſt thou ſhould'ſt imagin, I make this pretence to excuſe my ſelf from ſatisfying thee in what thou deſireſt, receive at leaſt one Part of what thou expecteſt.

Thou

Thou wouldſt have me ſend thee the Hiſtory of this Prince; content thy ſelf with a ſhort Extract of it, otherwiſe I muſt be forced to ſend thee a large Volume. However, make not uſe of his Example in all Things; the Way of Living, the Laws and Cuſtoms of the *French*, do not ſuit with the *Turkiſh* Way of Regiment. If thou wilt make thy Pupil accompliſhed, form him on the Model of ſome one of thoſe *Hero's* which the *Eaſt* has given us. *Muſtapha* will read with greater Profit, the Hiſtory of *Alexander* and *Pyrrhus*, than that of *Charlemain* and *Henry*; and, ſhould one wonder at the Defaults of the King of *Macedonia*'s Son, and at the ſmall Fortune of the other? Pray ſhew me what Men there ever were, who had at the ſame time the Frailties of human Nature, and the Perfections of the Divinity.

And if thou wilt ſearch into *Perſia* and *Egypt*, thou wilt find a *Cyrus*, and an *Artaxerxes*, *Ptolemy*, *Pſammeticus*, *Campſon* and *Tomombeis*, all great Princes, whoſe Actions honour Antiquity. And how many *Hero's* wilt thou find in our *Greece*, if thou wilt take no Notice of thoſe whom *Rome* has ſent into the World? But not to go out of the *Ottoman* Family, thou knoweſt very well, that we *Turks* have for proverbial Speeches, *The Modeſty of* Solyman; *The good Mein of* Alis; *The Juſtice of* Nonquirevan; *The Majeſty of* Oſman; *The Gravity of* Humer; and *the Juſtice of* Abubekir; not to mention the Courage and Magnanimity of *Amurath*, who is, at this Day, more valorous than any of his common Soldiers; whether he be in his *Seraglio* of *Conſtantinople*, or in his Tents before *Babylon*.

Ten Days ago I received thy Letter, and I have employed a great deal of that Time, in collecting what thou haſt deſired of me; and to ſpeak truly, thy Commands have ſuppli'd me with matter wherewithal

withal to divert me. Thou wilt be without doubt ſurprized, that two Men who long ſerved this King in mean Employs, have diſcovered ſeveral Particulars of his Life with which the *French* themſelves, perhaps, are not acquainted. My Sentiment has ever been, That 'tis more neceſſary to know the Manners and Cuſtoms of Men, than to know the Number of Places they have beſieged or taken; and to be informed of their Good Qualities and bad ones, than to learn the manner of their Encampments, and the number of the Battles which they have won or loſt. All Hiſtories contain the Actions of Men, and the Principal is, to know theſe Men, to inſtruct others; for Hiſtories do generally rather divert, than inſtruct Men. Theſe will teach thee better what thou art to learn, than the *Hiſtorians* themſelves. *Chriſtian* Authors are, at preſent, like the Elements, always in War, and ever contrary to one another, and never agreeing.

Theſe two above-mentioned Friends, who are now very old Men, have ſerved King *Henry* above Thirty Years, and ever held a ſtrict Correſpondency with one another; One was his Barber; and the others Buſineſs was to divert him with reading to him, when he was going to Reſt.

That which is related of *Henry*'s coming into the World without weeping, is certainly a Fable; but it is certain, the Queen of *Navarr*, his Mother, ſung a French Song, in the Time of his Birth; whereby this Princeſs ſeemed to ſhew other Women that 'tis poſſible to be brought to Bed without Crying out. The firſt Milk which this Royal Babe drank, was an *Ambroſia*, which the *Gods* of our Friend, the Poet *Oglou*, never taſted. His Father made him drink in a Golden Cup, of the ſtrongeſt Wine that could be gotten, wherein he put and ſqueezed a Clove of Garlick, which he thought proper to ſtrengthen his Temperament,

and

and render him more vigorous. He was afterwards bred up like *Cyrus*; ſpending his firſt Days in Woods, and oftentimes in the Company of Shepherds. He went always with his Head bare, whether expoſed to the ſcorching Heats of the Summers Sun, or during Winter, to the Rain, and moſt rigorous Froſts, Snow and Hail. It ſeems as if he had began his Life in Priſon; being confined to the Fields, diſtant from all Converſe, clad in coarſe Hair-coath, to accuſtom his Body to Fatigues, and ſouple his Spirit to the Accidents of Fortune.

He was but Nine Years old, when he loſt his Father *Anthony*, King of *Navarr*. The Death of this Prince may ſerve for a Leſſon to *Muſtapha*; for, having received his Death's Wound, at the Siege of a conſiderable Place, he made the Wall of the Chamber, where he lay, to be broken down, that he might be carried into his own Bed, dying, as it were in Triumph, into the Town: miſerable Ambition of Great Men, who ſtrip not themſelves of it till Death ſtrips them of their Lives. Seven Years after the Death of *Anthony*, the Young *Henry* was declared Head, and Defender of the *Hugonot* Party; and when Eighteen Years old, he was in a conſiderable Fight; but 'tis not well known, whether he himſelf was engaged. Fortune was ſo contrary to him in the Beginning, that having loſt a Battle, he was obliged to fly for Six Months, together with the reſt of his Army; and to traverſe almoſt throughout all the Provinces of the Kingdom, without taking any Reſt, for fear of being ſurprized. Thou haſt never read, I believe, of any Captain that made a Flight of that durance, before him. The Queen his Mother, being a Woman of a Maſculine Courage, and Firmneſs of Mind, died Poiſon'd by a Pair of Gloves. At Nineteen Year of Age, he married the King's Siſter, who then

then Reigned, named *Charles* IX. and never an Wedding was ſolemnized with ſuch Bloody Tragedies. 'Tis hard to believe what an infinite Number of *Hugonots* was then maſſacred; the Deſign was ſecretly laid, during the Celebration of the Wedding, and executed ſix Days after, at full Noon. 'Tis ſaid, that in one Day, all *France* was died with the Blood of theſe poor People; there being at leaſt an Hundred Thouſand of them ſlain; amongſt which were Twenty *Lords* of great Conſideration, with the Great *Admiral* of the Kingdom; and, at the feweſt, Four Thouſand Soldiers maſſacred in *Paris*. *Henry* did not periſh on that unhappy Day, but he was very near Death; and the King having called him, thus ſpake to him, with an angry Tone, and fierce Countenance: Henry, *thou art alive, becauſe I would ſpare thee; but I will not ſpare thee if thou perſiſteſt in thy* Hereſy: *Chuſe one of theſe Two Things; either the* Maſs, *or* Death. If thou knoweſt not what the *Maſs* is, I will ſhew thee in another Letter. This Prince choſe to go to *Maſs*, rather than to loſe his Life; and therefore publickly abjured the Religion he profeſſed. Theſe Two old Men affirm, That *Nero* or *Caligula's* Court, were never corrupted as that of *France* was then. No People were more in Faſhion, than Buffoons, and never did the worſt ſort of Debaucheries ſo abound; Sorceries, Empoyſonings, Aſſaſſinations, and all other Sorts of Crimes, were permitted in ſuch a manner, that all the Laws and good Order ſeemed to be overthrown. 'Tis not known, whether the King of *Navarr* took up his former Religion through Policy or ſome Corruption he ſaw amongſt the *Catholicks*; however he return'd ſome Time after to *Calviniſm*, whereunto he was ſo obſtinately addicted, that having lived ſeveral Years in this *Sect*, he was forced to offer great Violence to himſelf, to enjoy peaceably the King-

dom

dom of *France*, and accommodate himſelf with the *Pope* of *Rome*, and to make again publick profeſſion of the *Roman* Religion.

Never any Prince more loved Women than he did. This Paſſion prevailed over him all the Days of his Life, and there were Two different Natures obſervable in his Perſon; *An invincible Courage in the Field; and ſuch a Paſſion for Women, as made him be often ſeen to Weep amongſt them.* He has had greater Weakneſſes than *Hercules*, and he gloried in them. He chalenged the braveſt Man in all *France*, the Duke of *Guiſe*, to a ſingle Fight; but the King interpoſed his Authority to hinder the Combat.

This King performed an Action during his Youth, which our *Derviſes* would have certainly ſet down in their *Regiſters* as greatly remarkable. On a certain Day wherein he was to fight a pitched Battel, being on Horſeback in the midſt of his Army, he made publick Reparation to a young Woman, whom he had deflowred, and ſpake in theſe terms: *I have forced this Woman you ſee here, and uſed Threats, when Entreaties would not bring her to my Luſt. Let all that hear me, deteſt the bad Example I have given. And as for your part whom I have thus wronged, chuſe an Husband, and receive from me ſuch a Portion, as may ſeem in ſome ſort, an Amends for the Injury I have done you.*

It ſeems, as if this ſo laudable an Action was approved of by Heaven: for having immediately hereupon given Battel, he overthrew a mighty Army with a few Troops.

The Ladies who bore *Henry* no Ill-Will, for his Tenderneſs to their Sex, greatly intereſſed themſelves in the Affairs of War, wherein this Prince was always Head of the *Hugonot* Party: and they gave Occaſion to a Proverb, which laſted a great while

while. There being ſome, who were for making a Peace, and others for War; This War was called *The Ladies War*. This Prince had been in ſo many Fights, that I believe one may truly ſay in this particular, never any Prince came near him: For, who ever in one Day was in two Battles, and came off victorious?

King *Charles* IX. dying during this Time, the *Queen-Mother* ſent for her other Son in great diligence, who had been elected ſome *Moons* before King of *Poland*, by the Death of *Sigiſmond Auguſtus*. 'Tis ſaid, that *Charles*'s Succeſſor having been advertiſed of the Death of the King his Brother, fled in the Night from *Cracovia*, only with Two Perſons who were his Confidents, and retired to *Venice*; and 'tis ſaid, That the *Courtiſans* of this famous City, aſſured the *Crown* to our *Henry*: for, having been infected with this Diſtemper, which the *French* call the *Neapolitan Diſeaſe*, and other Nations the *French Pox*; he became incapable of having Children, to perpetuate the *Crown* in the Branch of *Valois*.

After his Death, which was violent, and perpetrated by a *Chriſtian Derviſe*, *Henry* III. dying without an Heir, and his Throne being ſought by different Pretenders; *Henry*, to whom alone his Birth had given Right, became Maſter of it by his Patience: His Fatigues in War, and his Courage made him vanquiſh all Obſtacles. He maintained his Right with an unparallell'd Valour, and carried himſelf with the greateſt Prudence; yet, his greateſt Succeſſes, are owing to the Greatneſs of his Heart. He met ſometimes with Diſadvantage, but oftner came out Conqueror from all Engagements; and 'tis obſervable, he was the prouder after the Battels won, becauſe he had before appeared extraordinary familiar with the Soldiers who had helped him to win them. He was wont

to

to be often in his Stables to ſee his Horſes, and often ſlept amongſt theſe Creatures, whom he termed his moſt faithful Courtiers. How difficult ſoever the way was which was to lead him to the Throne, he would not be diſheartned; theſe Difficulties ſerving only to encreaſe his Courage. He ſaw the *Spaniards* confederated with his Enemies; yet he alone, without any other aſſiſtance, but of ſome few faithful Troops, ſate down before *Paris*, which was the moſt famous Siege ſince that of *Jeruſalem* by *Titus*. He reduced the Inhabitants of this Capital of the Kingdom, to live on the moſt abject Meats one can imagine, after they had conſumed the Rats, Mice, Dogs and Cats, which were for ſome time the richeſt Delicacies the beſt People of the Town could meet with. But, he was for all this (after he had given ſeveral Aſſaults) forced to raiſe the Siege, and accommodate himſelf with the *Prince*, who commands all the *Prieſts* amongſt the *Catholicks*; and he again renounced *Calviniſm* wherewith he was infected, and which ſerved as a Pretence to his Enemies. He was crowned in the ſame manner his other Predeceſſors had been before him. He began to govern his Kingdom, ruined by ſo many Wars, Pillages and Concuſſions made by all Sorts of People, and ſo repaired it by his good Government, that he was ſoon in a Condition to embelliſh it. He built ſeveral magnificent Bridges, raiſed ſtately Edifices, and forgot nothing which might re-eſtabliſh thoſe good Orders which the Licentiouſneſs of the Times had overthrown.

But, what this King deſigned againſt us, as ſoon as he was ſetled on the Throne, will appear at the ſame time to thee both dreadful and admirable. As ſoon as ever he had made a general Peace with his Enemies, he laid the Foundations of the moſt Heroick Deſign that ever Man invented, wherein he ſhewed himſelf not inferior to the firſt of the *Cæſars*, nor the Conqueror of *Aſia*. He

He undertook to overthrow all the *Monarchies* of the World, to give a new Face to all the Affairs of it, and to deſtroy in a ſhort time the Empire of the *Ottomans*. But, before he began ſuch a great Enterprize, he was for paying all the Debts of the *Crown*, and his own in particular, which amounted all together to near an Hundred Millions, and 'twas a prodigious thing to find ſo much Money, without ſelling the Kingdom, or engaging the People; yet it is true, that he got this Money, and paid thoſe Debts with it.

He was for dividing *Chriſtendom* into fifteen equal Dominations, five of which ſhould obey Kings that were ſo by *Succeſſion*, and ſix to be ſubject to Kings that were *Elective*, and the four remaining ſhould be *Republicks*.

By this Diviſion, he left the *Pope* the Countries belonging to the *Church*, and added thereunto the Kingdom of *Naples*, with the Homage of *Sicily*, and the greateſt part of *Italy* modelled into a *Republick*; with Obligation to give the *Pope* every year a golden *Crucifix*, and Four Thouſand *Sequins*. Only *Veniee* was left in the Condition 'twas in, with its Laws and Cuſtoms. But there were allotted to this *Republick*, Kingdoms and Iſles, which were to be taken from us in the *Archipelago*, with an Homage to the *Roman* Prelate, of an Embaſſy to kiſs his Feet; and at the end of every Twenty five Years, a ſmall Statue of Gold, repreſenting St. *Peter*, whom they term *God's Vicar on Earth*.

Flanders ſhould make a *Republick* with the reſt of the *Low-Countries*, which would be a loſs for the *Spaniards*; and to this *Republick*, ſhould be added ſome of the neighbouring *States*.

The *Franche County*, *Alſatia*, *Tirol*, and *Trante*, were added to the *Democratical* State of the *Swiſſes*, with the Homage every Fifteen Years of an Hunting Dog, with a golden Collar about his

his Neck fastned to a Chain of Gold, which this *Republick* should present to the Emperor of *Germany*.

This Emperor should be obliged to renounce the aggrandizing of his Family, and only dispose of vacant *Fiefs*, the Investiture of which he should not bestow on any of his Kindred; and there should be a Law inviolably observed in the *Empire*, That never two Princes of the same Race, should enjoy successively the *Imperial* Crown.

The *Dutchy* of *Milan* should be added to the other Provinces belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*, together with the Title of *King of Lombardy*.

The Kingdom of *Hungary* should be enlarged with the Principalities of *Transylvania*, *Walachia*, and *Moldavia*: And the King who was to be *Elective*, should be chosen by the Suffrages of the *Pope*, the Emperor of *Germany*, the King of *France*, *England*, *Spain*, *Swedeland*, *Poland* and *Denmark*, and *Bohemia* should be submitted to the same Laws.

France, *England*, *Spain*, *Poland*, *Swedeland*, and *Denmark*, should not change their Form of Government; when for the general Affairs, these Kingdoms were to be subject to the Universal *Republick*, of which the *Pope* was to be the *Head*.

Things thus established, *Henry* was to be the Umpire of all *Christendom*, to decide all Differences which might happen between the aforesaid Princes and States, with Fifteen Persons chosen from amongst the most famous for Learning and Arms, which could be found among these Fifteen Nominations; and besides these, there was to be established a *great Council*, consisting of Sixty other Persons, for all the Differences which might happen in all the *Kingdoms* and *Republicks*, between those who govern'd them; and this Great Assembly should make their Residence in the Capital City, *Rome*.

Every State was to be obliged to furnish a certain Number of Troops, and Sum of Money to make War againſt the *Turks*; and, the Buſineſs of *Poland* and *Swedeland* ſhould be, to make War together againſt the *Moſcouites* and *Tartars*. There were afterwards Three *Generals* to be choſen by common Conſent for the conquering of *Aſia*, One for the Sea, and Two for the Land: and Three Hundred Thouſand Foot entertained, with One Hundred and fifty Thouſand Horſe, and Four Hundred Pieces of Cannon; and the Naval Army was to conſiſt of an Hundred and Fifty Veſſels, and one Hundred Galleys; and a Fund was to be raiſed for this, of an Hundred Millions of Gold.

This Treaſure was to be put into the *Pope*'s Hands; the Iſle of *Malta* was to be the Store-houſe of all things belonging to the Sea, the Port of *Meſſina* the Arſenal for the Galleys, and the City of *Metz* one of the principal Magazines for the Land-Forces.

All the *Chriſtian* Princes, were to be obliged to leſſen their ordinary Expences, and to contribute to this great Deſign according to their Ability.

There were to have been ſeveral Spies in *Conſtantinople* in the Habit of *Greeks*, who were perfectly skilled in the *Eaſtern* Languages, to obſerve the Motions of our Empire; And beſides theſe, Forty reſolute Men, who were at a certain Time and Signal, to ſet Fire to the *Seraglio* and Arſenal, and ſeveral other Quarters of the Town.

There was found in this *Hero*'s Cloſet after his Death, a *Memorial* written with his own Hand, wherein he had already markt Twelve Embaſſadors for ſeveral Places in *Chriſtendom*, for the negotiating of ſo great an Affair; and, the *Pope*, *Republick* of *Venice* and Duke of *Savoy*, had been already acquainted with it.

In the mean time, this King had an Army already

already of Forty Thousand Foot, with Eight Thousand Horse; and he was, under Pretence of visiting the Frontiers of *Flanders*, thence to begin the Execution of his Project; affirming, That as to his own part, he had no other Pretension, but the Glory of delivering *Christianity* from the Tyranny of these *Barbarians*.

'Tis said, he applied himself for Ten Years together, in searching the Means to make his Project take; he gave great Pensions to the *Cardinals* at *Rome*, and in *Germany* to several Officers; and, he had in *France*, besides the Troops I have already mentioned, Four Thousand Gentlemen, who were so devoted to him, that they were ready to mount on Horseback on the least Order from him.

He had already Fifteen Millions in the *Bastile*; and he that had the Superintendency of his Treasure, promised to add thereunto in less than Three Years, Forty more Millions, without touching the ordinary Revenues.

I have no knowledge of the Manner how he would divide the Estates of the *Sultan*. But *Henry* was assassinated, just as he was ready to leave *Paris*, to begin so great a Work; being killed in his Coach in the Arms of his most faithful Courtiers: And the Fatal Stroke which carried him out of the World, delivered the Empire of the *true Believers*. This Empire whose Throne is so high, that it reaches up to the *First Heaven*, whence it scares the *Infidels*, and secures the good *Musulmans* from the Insults of the *Christians*.

One of these old Men I mentioned, has assured me, he heard the King speak these following Words some Days before his Death: *I shall never go out of this Town; I know not what withholds me; I shall never accomplish what I design, never see the Destruction of* Constantinople; *for, I am told*

by Aſtrologers, *I ſhall be kill'd in a Coach. I muſt then always go on Foot, and never ſtir out of* Paris.

Such was the End of this Prince, ſo highly venerated by the *French*. He was really a Man of great Courage, and great Penetration; and ſo much the greater, in that he regarded the Deſtruction of the *Ottoman* Empire, as one of the difficulteſt Things in the World. And truly, no other Prince did that Honour to *Mahomet*, nor his Succeſſors. But yet not finding his own Forces ſufficient to invade and deſtroy the *Turkiſh* Empire, he invented a Chymerical Project to find Poſſibility in a Thing which ever appeared impoſſible.

In the very Moment I am Writing, I have received certain News of my Ruin. If I be not taken off this Time at *Paris*, I ſhall be perhaps more fortunate than ever, and more ſucceſsfully and fully ſerve our Great Emperor, whoſe Clemency is equal to his Grandeur, and who is above all the Powers on Earth. Cardinal *Richlieu* has ſent for me to come to him; I therefore finiſh this Letter in haſte, which perhaps will be the laſt I write, being greatly afraid I am diſcovered. If my Fear be vain, I ſhall learn thee in another Letter, the moſt remarkable Events of *Henry*'s Life. In the mean time, I am reſolved, and diſpoſed, to ſuffer the Martyrdom. If I dye, my dear *Egry*, we ſhall ſee one another in the *other World*; if it be true, that we ſhall have Eyes there, and remember what has paſt here below. Pray the Great *God* for *Mahmut*, and take Care of thy Health.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the Camp under* Babylon.

CArdinal *Richlieu* made me come in his Presence, and yet I am alive; he has not attempted any thing againſt either Life or Liberty; but has done me the ſame Honour, as to other foreign *Churchmen*; for, he believes I am of *Moldavia*, calling me *Titus*, not knowing any more of me than what I told him. It ſeems on the contrary, as if he intended me Kindneſſes, ſuppoſing me a bitter Enemy to the *Turks*; and perhaps, I ſhall receive ſome Preſent from him: for, having ſerved him already as an Interpreter, I ſhall tell thee Invincible *Vizir*, what has paſt between him and me, without any Fear of being tedious to thee. I ſerve thee faithfully, and write to thee as oft as my Duty requires.

As ſoon as I was in his Cloſet, he thus ſpoke to me; *Titus, What doſt thou do in* Paris; *What Buſineſs haſt thou in this Town*; *and what is really thy Country?* I anſwered him, *That I was a poor Clerk of* Moldavia, *and came to ſtudy Divinity and be a Prieſt*; that *I knew no better Place to become Wiſe and Learned*, and that *I would willingly ſacrifice all Things to render him Service.* He afterwards askt me, *Whether I was acquainted with any of the* Eaſtern *Languages*; and, *Whether I had ever been at* Conſtantinople? *I have been*, replied I, *in this great Town when I was a Child*, and *that my Father and Mother were then in Slavery. My Father is dead, and my Mother is Married again to a* Chriſtian Greek; *I underſtand* Arabic *and* Turkiſh, *and am perfectly ſkill'd in the School-*Greek. *What do*

you mean by School-Greek? replied the *Cardinal*: *It is different from the Vulgar* Greek, answered I, *which is so corrupted, that learned People will not give themselves the Trouble to understand it.* He afterwards bade me go into a little Closet, where I should find one of his Secretaries, who would need my Help; where I had no sooner entered, but the Secretary presented me with a *Turkish* Manuscript, to turn into *Latin* or *Italian*, if I could not do it into *French*. I immediately translated it into *Latin*, and will now inform thee (wise Minister, and Governor of the Great Empire of the *true Faithful*) of the Contents of it.

The *Christian Dervises*, called in *France Cordeliers*, keep, as thou knowest, in *Jerusalem*, the Sepulchre of their *Messias*, by a Privilege which *Zelim* the Conqueror of *Palestine* granted them. These *Religious*, have neither Peace nor Truce with the *Greek Christians*, and they have such Differences together, as are of ill Consequence to all; they persecute one another without ceasing, and spread abroad most bitter *Satyrs* against each other. Each Party makes ill Reports to his *Superior* of that which is opposite, and mixes among some Truths, a great many Lyes and absurd Stories. But it appears to me, That the *Greeks*, who naturally love Cabals, and have the Reputation of great Romancers, are more dexterous than their adverse Party to do Mischief.

The *Christian Dervises*, have represented a great many things to this *Cardinal*, to authorise their Pretensions against the *Greeks*, by Means of the *French* Embassador. They not only reproach the *Greeks* with several Injustices and Violences, but accuse the *Cadi's* of Cruelty and Tyranny; and the Souldiers which guard *Jerusalem*, of insupportable Exactions. Thou shouldest be throughly informed, whether these Complaints be on just Grounds: for,

they

they affirm, their Patience is beyond the Cruelty of the Officers thou employeſt; yet, that they can no longer ſuffer the Inſolencies which are now put on them, and are on the Point of hazarding all by a Stroak of Deſpair. It does not belong to me, to be Advocate in the behalf of thoſe who are ſubmitted to thy Authority, and eſpecially of thoſe who ought to bear the Yoke of the *Mahometans*; but, 'tis the Duty of *Mahmut*, thy Creature, to inform thee of the true Circumſtances of affairs which come to his Knowledge. Yet, if the Oppreſſion of the *Deruiſes* be ſo great as they make it, thou that art the true Light which enlightens the Empire of the *Faithful*, and ſcatterest the Darkneſs of it, thou wilt not permit thoſe that live under the publick Faith to be oppreſt; and that Four wretched *Greeks* ſhall be the Cauſe of ſuch Diſorders as may happen in *Paleſtine*, the Complaints of which have reached the Ears of the greateſt Princes in *Europe*, and to whom ſuch things may give falſe *Idea's*, of the Government of thoſe who are choſen by *God* to command all the World. Invincible *Baſſa*, I have diſcovered the true Circumſtances of this Affair, in the *Turkiſh* Manuſcript which Cardinal *Richlieu*'s Secretary has put into my Hands. I have fully diſcovered the falſe Reaſonings of the *Armenians* and *Greeks*, who by common Conſent, have offered ſeveral Things to the moſt Venerable *Mufti*, which I am ſure thou wilt not approve of; for they make moſt wretched Excuſes, to colour over their Perfidiouſneſs. They ſay, the *Romaniſts* ought to be ill uſed, on purpoſe to get rid of them from *Paleſtine*, being, like the *Jews*, bitter Enemies in their Hearts to the Welfare of the *Empire*: That the Time of the Privileges granted by *Zelim* and his Succeſſors is expired, and that moreover, 'tis a great Imprudence to ſuffer Pilgrims to come over from diſtant Countries, who

under Pretence of visiting the *Holy Sepulchre*, and other Places, which Superstition has consecrated in *Palestine*, come to espy the Actions of the *Turks*, examine the Form of their Government, visit their Places, and measure the Roads and Ports which they possess on the Seas, which may prove of dismal Consequence to the Honour and Interest of the *Ottoman* Empire. I cannot inform thee, how this *Memoir* came into *Richlieu's* Hands, but it was either sold or intercepted at *Constantinople*, where it was addressed. However, I must not forget to tell thee one Remark which this Minister made, whence thou maist guess, whether he reasoned like a wise and prudent Man: *Were I*, says he, *the* Sultan's *chief Minister, I should have added Privilege to Privilege, to the* Monks Cordeliers, *not only because Justice requires it, but by reason of the Advantage which might redound thereby to the* Turks. *I would make the Ways to* Jerusalem *easie to all People; I would lessen the Tribute; the Pilgrims should be well used; the* Christians *in general, as well as the* Cordeliers; *and I would severely punish the Officers and Soldiers who guard* Palestine, *and the* Sacred Places, *if they did otherwise.* And then turning himself towards me, *Does it not appear to thee*, says he, *that the best way to enlarge a Kingdom, is, to procure it an Advantage which increases the Number of its Subjects? 'Tis not enough that the Prince shews the Ornaments of his Principality, he must shew also the Prince, otherwise he will be like the* Philosopher *who was brought into* Herod's *Presence; I do not see*, says the King, *any Thing else but the Beard and Cloak of a* Philosopher. *If the* Turks *do as the* Scythians, *when they made themselves Masters of* Athens, *they will do better; for they would not burn the Books which were gathered together in this Famous Town, alledging, that those who applied themselves to Study, were not wont to do any great Hurt. If the* Christians

ans *meditate on Death, in visiting and honouring the Sepulchres*; *the* Mussulmans *should consider, that if they make War against them, they have only to do with contrite and penitent Persons, who will therefore be the more easily defeated.*

And this is a Faithful and exact Account of the Conversation I had with this Chief Minister of State. Suffer now that I add, as a Note of the Justice of the *Christians* Pretensions, what some Particulars of this Kingdom have given me to understand, touching the Justice and Antiquity of the Privileges of the *Religious Christians* at *Jerusalem*. They make appear, That for above Three Hundred Years, these Places do belong to the *Roman Catholicks*; That, *Robert d'Angou* bought them of the *Soldan* of *Ægypt*, and made thereof a Present to the *Roman Church*, and put them in Possession, not only of the *Holy Sepulchre*, but of *Calvary*, of *Bethlehem*, and their Dependencies; which Settlement lasted till *Zelim* I. who therein confirmed the *Religious Christians*, with an Augmentation of Privileges, as soon as ever he had conquered *Ægypt* and *Palestine*.

Francis I. King of *France*, having made an Alliance with *Solyman* II. he inserted in his *Treaty* an Article, which confirmed the aforesaid Privileges, which were since solemnly renewed, till *Amurath's* Time, who is now on the Throne of the *Mussulmans* (an happy Emperor, and Master of the Universe, for whose Sake alone the Sun enlightens the Earth) and confirms what his Predecessors had done in favour of the *Christian Roman Dervises*, whom he has maintained, without any regard to the vain Pretension of the *Greeks* and *Armenians*, in their lawful Possession of *Calvary*, the *Grotto of Bethlehem*, and the Two little Mountains thereunto belonging, and granted to them the keeping of the *Stone* on which their *Saviour Christ* was embalmed, as

well as that of the Two ſmall *Domes* covered with Lead, under which is the *Holy Sepulchre*.

Thy humble Slave *Mahmut*, has an unpleaſant Task impoſed on him by this *French* Miniſter. He deſired me to give him ſome *Memoir* in general of what I know, and bade me not wonder at his Curioſity; it being his Maxim, to make Friendſhip with all Strangers of Merit, whereby he has learnt ſeveral important Matters, and diſcovered Secrets of great Importance; and, that it lay in my power to oblige him greatly in giving him an exact Account of the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire, and where they lay moſt open to be attackt. I anſwer'd him very modeſtly, That my Buſineſs being only to ſay my *Breviary*, he could not expect any great Capacity from me in theſe Matters. He ſmilingly bade me try what I could do in that Matter; yet however, he would not lay any thing upon me which might make me uneaſie; adding, That tho' he were a *Cardinal* and a *Prieſt*, yet he knew ſomething more than Divinity, and that ſeveral *Roman* Prelates, had made War with great Succeſs from St. *Peter's* Chair. In fine, I could not but promiſe to gratifie him; and thou ſhalt know, in due time, how I diſcharged my ſelf; for, I ſhall rather part with my Life, than act contrary to my Allegiance. However, I muſt avoid giving him Cauſe to ſuſpect me, and acquaint thee alone with the Conferences I have had with him.

The *Holy Prophet* multiply thy *Line*, that the Empire may not want *Miniſters* of thy Lineage; and the *Great God* ſo aſſiſt thy Valour, that thou maiſt ſee the Empire of *Amurath* without Bounds.

Paris, 25th *of the* 2d *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

THE Winter is so far advanced, that the King's Armies lie quiet. It's no Fable, That the *Dauphin* was born with some Teeth, and that no Nurse dare present him the Teat, for fear of being bit with them. 'Tis said also, That there being no Woman to be found about the *Court* which can endure the suckling of him, there is a certain Peasant, a very healthful and hardy Woman, that has undertaken that Employment.

Here are four Posts arrived at the same Time; one comes from *Rome*, the rest from the Armies; but, what News they bring, is not yet known; 'tis thought that he which comes from *Germany*, brings News of *Alsatia* and *Brisac*. The King of *France* is very well; here are great Preparations at *Court* for the *Carnival*, in which Time the *Christians* play a Thousand mad Pranks.

'Tis commonly said, the Queen is with Child again. Here are also many Reports of the *Grand Signior*'s Expedition, both in Prints and News-Letters; and several Prognosticks are made on his Enterprize on *Babylon*.

I shall inform thee by the first Opportunity, what is said here further of our Ever Victorious Emperor; and of thee also, who art his Chief Minister, and the Right Arm of his Empire: and at the same time tell thee, what News come from the *Northern* Parts, of which I suppose the *Kaimakan* has given thee some Notice, as well as of the most considerable Events of the War of *Alsatia*. The *Immortal Being*, award thee the taking of *Babylon* and all *Persia*, as a Reward of thy Fidelity and Valour,

lour, and Pains thou haſt taken in ſerving faithfully thy Maſter; and give thee the Good Fortune, of leading triumphantly in Chains the Sovereign of this Empire, that he may be humbled to the kiſſing of the Stirrop of the Invincible *Amurath*'s Horſe.

Paris, 11th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XVII.

To Bekir Baſſa, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand Signior.

Eliachim the *Jew*, whom thou thoughteſt ſo wiſe, and vertuous a Man, concealed his ill Qualities at *Conſtantinople*, to diſcover 'em more advantageouſly at *Paris*. It was not his fault, that my Affairs were not intirely ruined. The Villain gave Marks of his Treachery, in the very Moment he ſaw me receive the Money from *Carcoa* of *Vienna*, upon thy Order. I wrote to thee, I thought this man would be faithful in inſtructing me in the Things which were neceſſary for me to know, and that I would be upon my Guard in thoſe Things wherein he might do me miſchief. Thou maiſt eaſily imagine, how I am vexed at preſent; for I can neither accuſe him, nor draw from him a juſt Revenge. He made me believe, That a Lawyer's Son at *Paris*, a young man of great Hopes, having received ſome Diſpleaſure from his Relations, was reſolved to be Circumciſed, and embrace the *Mahometan* Religion; and that he would not loſe ſo happy an Occaſion of doing me Service; and therefore had contrived to hide this young Man, in a cloſe

close Cellar, underneath the House where I lodge, without discovering to him the Place where he should be. He added, he had promised him Money, and to procure him a considerable Employ in *Constantinople*; and that he had, in fine, fill'd him with all the Hopes which are wont to be given to those that through Fickleness, or Temporal Advantages, forsake the Religion of their Fathers, to profess another. He also assured me, I should have no trouble by this Business, having taken all necessary care, to transport his Convert immediately to *Tunis* or *Algiers*, and from thence to *Constantinople*. I yielded to the Reasons he alledged, and this young man was brought in the Night to the House where I lay, and hid without my seeing him. But, the next Day was not opened, without a strange *Scene* in the House. I was astonished to see a Woman in a great Rage stand before me, demanding Satisfaction for violating her Daughter, and taking away her Life; charging me, with having forcibly carried her away, and then murthered her; and she made me all these Reproaches, in the Company of a great many Officers of Justice.

Think then the Confusion I was in; the more I denied the Crime, the more fiercely they charged it on me. I was threatned with Death, if I did not confess it, and give the Satisfaction required of me; and at the same time, this sly *Jezabel* gave a Sign to one of the Rogues her Companions, to go down to such a Place, and bring up her Daughter, who was found alive, in man's Cloaths, and melted into Tears. It signified nothing, to alledge Reasons, to prove my Innocency; so that I was forced at last to throw out to these hungry Wretches, all the money I had; and they withdrew not, till they had abused and reviled me, in a most bitter manner. They got from me about an Hundred and Eighty Four Sequins of Gold, and

and about an Hundred Piaſters of Silver. *Eliachim* has the Confidence to affirm, he knew nothing of the Cheat; and thinks to juſtifie himſelf in ſaying, That if he who is a *Jew* was deceived by this young Man, who pretended to become a *Turk*, there were a Thouſand *French* People, who had been cheated in like Manner. I ſhall not here mention what I alledged to him to make him own his Perfidiouſneſs, this being fruitleſs. On the other Hand, reflecting on the Employ I had, and my preſent Circumſtances; it appeared to me neceſſary, to diſſemble this truth, and to wait for ſome favourable Occaſion, to ſend this Villain out of *Paris*, and to lay ſome Snare for him at *Conſtantinople*. I give thee notice of this Event, for Two Reaſons; that I may have more Money, and provide for my Safety; believing my ſelf in great Danger as long as I live where ſuch a Fellow comes. I ſhall not mention the Intereſts of *Mahmut*'s Life; for, I ſhall ever think it well ſpent, ſhould it be loſt in the *Sultan*'s Service, who is the only Prop of the Univerſe.

Thou wilt not want Opportunities, wherein thou maiſt draw out of *Eliachim*'s Purſe the Money he has robbed me of; neither wilt thou want Means, to remove from me ſo dangerous a Companion. Thou ſhouldeſt know, what the *Chriſtians*, who are always irreconcilable Enemies to the *Jews*, ſay of them. They affirm, That theſe infamous Wretches, are the Slaves of all Nations, excepting *Turkey*; and eſpecially in *Conſtantinople*, where they are Maſters, they are at the ſame time, careſſed and curſt. In the midſt of Abundance, they appear always miſerable; and yet they lay Hands on all others Properties. They add, that they be Vagabonds like *Ulyſſes*, yet in whatever Place they are, they find a Country like *Homer*; That they are all perfidious, and, in Publick, affect to appear Religious,

Religious; but live in grievous Diſorder and Luxury in their own Houſes, ſticking at no ſort of Crimes; bragging, that tho it be not permitted them to purchaſe Lands, yet they have found means to get into their Hands, a great part of the Gold in *Europe*. The *Chriſtians* alſo ſay, their Number muſt needs be great, ſeeing they never go to War; and there are none amongſt them that do not marry. They are, ſay they, ever Cowards and Paltroons, where there's any Danger or Pains; but bold, when they foreſee any certain Gain in the Markets they make. They never ſpeak the Truth, but when 'tis to deceive; they are ever Lyars, and there's no Impiety or Sacrilege at which they will ſcruple; and theſe ſame *Chriſtians* affirm, they will commit one time or other, ſome horrid Crime in our great *Imperial* City; being the *Turks* concealed Enemies, tho they put great Confidence in them; and that we are willing to be deceived by them. I have written to *Careoa*, to ſend me ſpeedily ſome Aſſiſtance; and I have been forced to borrow Money of this ſame *Eliachim*, that Traitor who has brought me into the Condition I am in. He could not deny me, though he pleads (like a Rogue as he is) extream Poverty.

This Trick which has been put upon me, will oblige me henceforward to keep a *Vallet*, but I will take one ſo little, that no Man ſhall reproach me with chooſing *much* of an *ill* Thing. Abandon not the poor *Mahmut*, who prays *God* that he would give thee all ſorts of Proſperities, and make thee live in perfect Health! and wiſhes, that all the Monarchs of the *Infidel* Nations, may become Slaves to the *Sultan*, who ſhall be ever Invincible! and that their Riches may increaſe the Treaſure thou guardeſt.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To Carcoa, *at* Vienna.

I Have received the Money thou didſt ſend me, and immediately loſt it; yet without my Fault. *Behir* the Treaſurer, has been informed by my Letters, of the Loſs I ſuſtained, and of another Affair which is not neceſſary for thee to know: I alſo writ to him, I expected a ſpeedy Supply from thee; for I ſhould demand it of thee. The *Grand Signior*'s Intereſt requires, that thou doſt not oblige me to give thee any other Reaſon, and that thou deferreſt not to ſend me, as ſoon as may be, a ſufficient Sum of Money. I can only inform thee, that in the Attempt which was made on me, I loſt only what I can recover. My Life is in Safety, and by a Miracle my Affairs are in the ſame Condition; for, no Body has, as yet, diſcovered who I am. If thou writeſt any thing to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, be ſure be careful, and do not truſt him more than needs.

Send without loſs of Time to the *Port* the Packet I addreſs'd to thee, and let me not languiſh in *Paris* in the Expectation of Money. 'Tis true, Gold is a rare Commodity, becauſe every Body deſires it. In this great Town of *Paris*, *one may ſooner find an hundred* Saints, *than one Liberal Perſon*. The *French* ſay, it belongs only to Sots to be free of their Money; that a Man ſhould ſuccour his Friend with good Counſel, and there's no need of any thing elſe. Learn, *Carcoa*, to have no need of other Peoples Help, and have a care of being too free. Men that are accuſtomed to receive good Turns, are generally wont to reckon them as Debts.

The

The Vanity of that *Philoſopher*, who died with Miſery, is a great Example of Mens Inſolency. When *Pericles* would give him ſome Succour, to prolong his Life; he had the Audaciouſneſs to ſay to him, *Thou carrieſt Oyl, O* Pericles, *becauſe thou haſt need of a Lamp.*

The Sovereign Moderator of all Things, keep thee from falling into Neceſſity; this is the beſt Wiſh the poor *Muſlmen* can make for thee, in the low Eſtate he finds himſelf.

Paris, 15th. of the 1ſt. Moon, of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

Birkabeb's Father, was a Rich Man in *Arabia*, and his Virtue was equal to his Riches. He had Nineteen Children, who all died of the ſame Diſtemper, when they arrived to ſome Years. Never Family was more united, and regular. *Birkabeb* was naturally of a quiet, ſoft Temper, but ſo holy a Man, and at laſt died ſo poor, that a Thief coming into his Camber one Night to ſteal, and finding nothing, he called him to him, whilſt he was going away, and gave him his Bed, as not being willing he ſhould depart empty handed, and loſe his Labour. Being forced after this to lie on the Floor, he received Aſſiſtance from Heaven by the Hands of his Wife; and ſcarce were Twenty *Moons* paſt ſince this Adventure, but there happened another more ſtrange than the former; for, he became on a ſuddain very Rich; *and, at the ſame*

same Instant ceased to be Wise. He had a Wife of as haughty a Disposition, and noisy Humour, as his was quiet and humble. This Woman kept the Flocks, and with a florid Youthfulness, was endued with great Beauty; and 'tis not known by what Accident, a Prince of the Race of the *Sophy* of *Persia*, who fled from his Sovereigns displeasure, met with her. 'Tis certain, that having recommended himself to her, and intreated her to save his Life, and not discover him, she led him into a very thick Wood, which was never frequented; where the Prince lived for Fourteen Years concealed. But, growing at length tired with this sort of Life, he perswaded this Woman to go to *Ispahan* disguised in Mans Apparel, and find *Arsamus*, who had been his Governor, and was a faithful and wise Man; who would give her Money and Jewels, and a Water, which would so disguise his Countenance, that his nearest Friends could not know him; by which means he might hold on his Way to *Rhodes*, as he had determined. This Woman soon arrived at *Ispahan*, with the Prince's Tokens; which were some strange Characters, and a Ring, which he usually wore; which *Arsamus* knowing, he intrusted her with a considerable Sum, and several Diamonds, together with a little Golden Pot, wherein was this Water before mentioned. This Messenger returning in less than Forty Days Time, found the Prince dead in the *Grotto* where he withdrew, with a Paper in his Hand, wherein he intreated the first, which Chance should bring thither, to bury his Body at the foot of a fair Oak near by; and also intreated the Party which had his Ring, to carry it to the *Sophy*, and beg Pardon for the Offence he had given him. *Birkabeh's* Wife then discovered to him all that had happned; led him into the Wood; shewed him the dead Prince, the Letter, the Ring, and the precious

Stones

Stones; and only reserved to her self the Secret of the Water, which she would not intrust him with. Having after this resolved to go to the *Sophy*, they went together, by whom they were well received, and laden with Riches. *Birkabeb* took up his Abode at *Ispahan*, tarrying there Four Years, and there led a voluptuous and dishoneſt Life. Whilſt his Wife leaving him, ran away with a Young *Perſian*, and made ſeveral different Voyages into *Aſia*, under ſeveral Figures; and by means of the Water which ſhe had received of *Arſamus*, ſhe deceived her Husband, and as many Lovers as ſhe pleaſed.

The unhappy *Birkabeb* being by his Wife's Lewdneſs become again Poor, reſolved at laſt to return into his own Country, where he died in his Houſe full of Years, and in ſuch Repute for Holineſs, that the common Report is, he wrought divers Miracles. He left Four Sons, of which I knew only *Ababer*, who is he thou mentioneſt in thy Letter. And this is all I can tell thee of *Birkabeb*, of his Son, and Grandſon *Ababer*, whom I look upon as a very honeſt Man, and in whom I believe thou mayſt put Confidence; yet, with this Reflection, That he which is honeſt now, may ceaſe to be ſo. Salute this Perſon from me, and continue to love me; anſwer my firſt Letter, if thou haſt not done it; and this laſt alſo, if it be not too troubleſom to thee. Farewell.

Paris, 15th *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTERS

LETTER XX.

To Egri Boynou, *the White* Eunuch.

I Am still alive, and in Health; my Fear has proved vain, and I have escaped the *Cardinal's* Hands without any Danger; which will make me hope the same good Fortune, should he ever send for me again. But thou shalt not know his Business with me, that being a Secret I am obliged to conceal.

Thou hast, I hope, received the long Letter I wrote thee, containing several Particulars of *Henry* IV's Life. I send thee now several of his Sayings, which may be termed Sentences. Read them with Attention, they are as pleasant as profitable for *Mustapha's* Use; who will find this great King, to have had an Invincible Courage in Adversity, and great Clemency and Generosity, when he was in his Prosperity; he was Valour it self amongst the Soldiers, Wise and Pleasant amongst his Courtiers, Terrible in Battels, Easie and Free amongst the Ladies, full of Heat when any Action offered it self, and Courteous and Affable to all sorts of People.

Henry died in the same Manner as most of our *Sultans*, that is to say, a Violent Death. He had lived Fifty Seven Years and some Months, and reigned about Twenty Years. Several of his Courtiers named him, like the First *Cæsar*, *All Womens Husband*; because 'twas believed, he never saw any that he fancied, but he obtained her. He had Fourteen Children, Six by the Queen, and the others by Four of his Mistresses. She who was called the *Beautiful Gabrielle*, of the Family of *Estree*, seemed to have more Power on his Heart than

than all others; he often carried her about with him in his Army, and to the Places he beſieged in Perſon. *Henry* was wont to ſay, 'Twas as difficult to know how to Love well, to prepare a Feaſt, and to dance at the ſame time agreeably, as to draw up an Army for Battel, conſiſting of ſeveral Nations.

And when he was more advanced in Years, he ſaid, He loved Dancing, for it made him appear Young. He loved Play, for it ſhewed he could be angry; and Ladies, becauſe he ſaid he believed a Man ought to love all the Days of his Life.

He was ſo impatient at Play, when he loſt, that he ſeemed to be as much concerned at the Loſs of an Hundred Crowns, as at the taking of a City from him.

He often diſguiſed himſelf like a Peaſant, to approach his Miſtreſſes, without being known; and he has often carried on this Humour to that Degree, as to drive Aſſes laden with Fruit, and ſometimes carry a Truſs of Hay on his Shoulders.

When he was peaceably ſetled in his Kingdom he ſaid to thoſe who were his greateſt Intimates, That he that grew weary at Difficulties, did not deſerve thoſe Things which might be acquired without Trouble. I ſaw my ſelf a King, ſaid he, without having a Kingdom, an Huſband without a Wife, a Captain without Soldiers, and Liberal without having any thing to give. I have had in fine a Kingdom, Children in lawful Marriage, my Troops are numerous, and I can diſpoſe of ſeveral Millions.

This Prince has been Wounded ſeveral Times, has received Three Wounds in the Wars, and Three others on his Throne, in the Calms of Peace. The Actions which have gained him moſt Glory, have been, the winning of Four Battles whence he came out Conqueror, having very few Troops,

Troops, and his Enemy having very numerous Armies; the general Peace he gave to *Europe*; the Reconciliation of the *Venetians* with the *Latin* Church, which had Excommunicated them; and the great Project I ſpake to thee about in my foregoing Letter.

The *Pope's Nuntio* having one Day asked him how long he had made War, his Anſwer was, All the Days of his Life; and my Armies have never had any other *General* but my ſelf. He was ſeen once for Forty Hours together on Horſeback, and he led at that time an unhappy Life, yet he bore up with invincible Courage, which made his Soldiers call him the *King of Iron*. At the ſame time he held a Morſel of courſe Bread in one Hand, he would with the other form on the Ground the Deſign of an Entrenchment; and when he would ſhew his Friends the fineſt Gallery of his Palace, he would at the ſame time, lead them down into his Stables to ſee his Horſes. He was wont to ſay, That *a King who would reign happily, muſt not do all things which he may.* He had ſuch a Greatneſs of Mind, and was ſo merciful, that he pardoned thoſe who conſpired againſt his Life. He ſhewed oft to thoſe that were about him, a Soldier that was a Stranger, and had wounded him in a Battel; whom he recompenſed for doing his Duty, and made him one of his Guards.

Though he was not Learned, yet he read Books of his Religion, and took a ſingular Pleaſure in Hiſtory, and converſing with learned Men. Hearing one Night the *Annals* of *France*, and being almoſt half a ſleep in his Bed, he bade his Reader continue his reading, for he would ſleep no more that Night.

Having laid Siege to a moſt important Place, in a moſt cold Seaſon, he ſlipt one Night wrapt up in his Cloak to the Places where the Labourers were

at

at Work, and heard a Soldier there curſing both *God* and him; yet without concerning himſelf any further, he whiſper'd in this Soldier's Ear, *God hears thee, and the King too, for all thou knoweſt; if thou canſt not Work, hold thy Peace, and be gone.* The Night following, the King ſetting to work himſelf, to excite others; he cauſed this Soldier to be called to him, and thus ſpake to him, *Help me to remove this Earth, and do not ſwear, for now the King hears thee.*

To correct the Vices, the Injuſtices and Violences of others, he did not uſe Leſſons, but gave Examples. And one day, that he heard one of his Captains in a Rage, for that his Creditors had ſeized on all he had, to his Horſe and Sword; he thus ſpake to him: *I that am thy Sovereign have paid my Debts, and ſold all that I am worth for that End; and thou that art my Subject, ought to do the ſame thing, without murmuring:* And then taking him apart, he gave him ſome Jewels to help him out.

He often ſhewed the *Marſhal de Biron* to his Friends, and thus ſpake to them about this Captain; *This Man knows to Act, as well as Talk; and I have a great Love for him.* Yet he ſometime after cauſed him to be put to Death, having three times pardoned his Diſloyalty. This Captain having continued his Plots againſt his Life, and againſt the State; yet remembring he had loved him, he would ſpare one part of the ſhame of his Puniſhment, and therefore ordered he ſhould be executed in Priſon.

A Scholar, Two *Monks*, and a Fool, attempted at ſeveral Times to kill him; and, as I have already told thee, he was ſeveral Times wounded, and at laſt, received a Mortal Stroke. A Woman that had undertaken to Poiſon him, was burnt alive; and this fooliſh Creature ſaid at her Death, thinking

thinking to leſſen her Crime, *That having foreſeen the King was to have been Stabb'd to Death by the Hand of a Ruffian, ſhe would therefore procure him a more eaſie and honourable Death.*

Henry extreamly loved Hunting, and one Day being in purſuit of a Stag, and far diſtant from his Company, a great *Spectrum* appeared to him with a black and terrible Countenance, with all the Equipage of a Hunter, having a Leaſh of Dogs, and ſaid theſe Words to him in a diſmal Tone; *Expect me, and hear me, repent and amend thy Life; doſt thou underſtand me?* Thou maiſt eaſily believe, this *Viſion* did not a little diſturb him. Yet he was more troubled, at what a Peaſant one day told him, who ſpake to him with great Freedom; and his Diſcourſe gave him that Diſturbance, which he could never get rid of. This Man talk'd to the Prince often with great Familiarity, when he found him in the Field; and one day held this Diſcourſe to him: *We are here Two Men; thou art a Great King, and I a Poor Peaſant; yet I am perhaps a Better Man, becauſe I am more Innocent; I have ſaid all the Good I can of thy Perſon to my Friends, being ſenſible of thy Juſtice, thy Bounty and Liberality. But all theſe Vertues are horribly ſullied by a grievous Vice, which God will never forgive thee, unleſs thou leaveſt it off; thou committeſt, Great Prince, continual Adulteries.*

'Tis certain, this Prince acknowledged to ſome of his Confidents, That he had that day heard in particular a Preacher, who without any Skill in *Theology* and *Rhetorick*, had more moved him, than all the Doctors of the *Sorbonne* put together could do. This *Sorbonne* is a *College* at *Paris*, famous for *Learned Divines*.

This Prince put a pleaſant Trick on his *Confeſſor*, who often urged him to forſake his Miſtreſſes, and content himſelf with the Embraces of his Wife:

Wife: He ordered a Cook, who was wont to dreſs this *Doctor*'s Victuals, to give him nothing every Meal but Patridges; which ſo greatly tired him, that he could not forbear complaining to the King himſelf, that this Cook was ſo wilful and humourſome, that he would let him have nothing but Patridges; ſo that he grew ſo weary with that kind of Food, as made him Sick at the Thoughts of it; the Prince only anſwered him; *Always the Queen, always Partridges.*

He loved Learned Men, and was a great Patron of them, yet he ſaid, That Neceſſity obliged him to follow Arms; but had he been left to his own Inclination, he ſhould have choſen to have been a Scholar.

He had no great Eſteem for *Phyſicians*, as believing theſe Kind of People wiſh ill to Men; being of *Tiberius*'s Mind, who thought that a Man of Thirty Years of Age, needed them not.

But on the contrary, he moſt eſteemed *Hiſtorians*, and gave Penſions to ſeveral of them in *Germany*, *Italy*, and other Places; ſaying oft, That if any one could find the Books of *Titus Livy*, which are wanting, and thoſe of *Tacitus*, that he would willingly beſtow on him the ſame Gift of Three Cities, which *Xerxes* made to a *Greek* Captain, the one for Bread, the Second for Wine, and the Third for Cloathing. And therefore there are above Fifty Authors, who have written his Hiſtory. He envied *Auguſtus* by reaſon of the Happineſs of having ſo many Learned Men in his Reign; and, that he more eſteemed *Mecænas*, living a peaceable Citizen at *Rome*, than *Alexander*, triumphing over all *Aſia*; and, That *Mecænas*'s patronizing and recompenſing Illuſtrious Men that excelled in *Rome* in all Arts,

had rendred his Name Immortal, together with that of his Sovereign.

He bewailed the great Pains he had taken, to obtain the Command of others, and for his having learnt nothing himſelf; affirming, It had been better for him to have learnt to command himſelf. He was alſo wont to ſay, That a Wiſe Prince ought never to refuſe a Peace, unleſs it be found more prejudicial than War.

Being one Day converſing with the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, he began to walk very-faſt, and perceiving the Aſtoniſhment of this Miniſter; *You ſee*, ſays he, *That I can ſtill mount on Horſeback, and march on Foot too if it be neceſſary, and that the Gout has not deprived me of the uſe of my Legs.* His Valour was ſo admirable, that a Grandee of *Spain*, being at a Ceremony, wherein the Sword of this Prince was carried naked before him, he ſtopt openly him that carried it, and kiſs'd it, ſaying, He did this Honour to the Sword of the Firſt and Chiefeſt Captain of the World.

A *Chymiſt*, one Day preſented him with a Receipt to change Lead into Gold; to whom he anſwered, in making a great empty Coffer to be brought to him; *When thou haſt filled this Coffer with the Metal thou talkeſt of, come to me, and I will give thee as much Lead as thou will have.*

Being at *Fountain-Bleau*, a Place famous ſince ſeveral Ages, and ſhewing all the Buildings there to a Foreign Prince, who told him, when he had ſhewed him the Chapel, *That he had lodged God in too narrow a Compaſs*: He anſwered, *That God was better lodged in the Heart, than in great Edifices of Stone.*

When he drew the Deſigns againſt the *Muſſulmans*, which I mentioned in my other Letter, he

he did an Action of Generosity very beneficial to the *Moors*, who were driven out of *Spain*; permitting above Fifty Thousand Men, who had past the *Pirenees*, to embark themselves in the Ports of *Provence*, and *Languedoc*, to retire into *Africk*. I cannot call to Mind that Time, without bewailing the Loss of a Million of Persons, who perished by diverse Accidents and Miseries.

After a Battle, wherein *Henry* ran a great Hazard; he said, *He had often fought for Victory, but at this Time he fought for his Life.*

He had used more Boots than Shooes, and he vaunted he had been less Time in Bed, than the Duke of *Magenne* had been at Table; this latter commanding then the Army of the *League*.

This King desired to be thought a real Father to his Subjects; he therefore applyed himself in searching the Means of redressing the infamous Abuses of the Barr; but, he advanced not much in the Business, whatever Care he used; it being impossible for him to bridle the Covetousness of the *Lawyers*, and to hinder the Length of Suits, or correct the Injustice of *Judges*, to leave nothing to be done by his Successors. He seemed to be much troubled many times, when he spake of these kind of Things, in that there were in *Paris* more Courts and Lawyers, than in all the vast Empire of the *Turks*; his Design being, after the Example of the *Mussulmans*, to make all Suits, which were everlasting, by the Knavery of the *Lawyers*, to be decided in Three Days. And he therefore designed also to burn the Books of all those, who had written infinite Commentaries on this Subject; which served only to ruin the People, and caused often Times amongst Relations, Friends, and Neighbours, such Broils, as may be said to do more Mischief

than a Civil War. He affirmed, That in imitating herein the *Turks*, he ſhould uſe his Subjects as his real Children, and hinder them from devouring one another; That he would cauſe ſharp Nails and Raſors to be faſtened to the Seats where the Judges ſate, that thoſe who ſuffered themſelves to be corrupted, might ſit thereon; and indeed, in this particular, I cannot but wonder at the *Chriſtians* Blindneſs.

We ſee oftentimes decided in one only Campaign, the Differences of Two great States; but a Suit in Law for Twenty Sequins ſhall often laſt a Mans whole Life, and perhaps be entailed on his Heirs.

But hear a remarkable Example of the Sincerity of his Sovereign. There were who would have perſwaded him to have apprehended the Duke of *Savoy*, who came to *Paris* to terminate ſome Differences he had with him. He anſwered, thoſe that adviſed him with this, *That* Francis I. *one of his Predeceſſors had learnt him, A Prince was more obliged to do what he had promiſed, than to obtain what he deſired; that 'twas in his power to have apprehended a Prince far more conſiderable, but would not do it; ſuffering the Emperor* Charles V. *to paſs out of his Kingdom, who had come therein on his Word; after this,* added he, *ſhall* Henry *give ſuch an Example to Princes? If the Duke of* Savoy *has often broke his Word with me, it does not therefore follow I muſt imitate him; Crimes can never be authoriſed by Examples.* The ſame Duke of *Savoy* having asked him, *What Revenue he drew from his Kingdom?* He anſwered him in theſe Terms, *I draw as much as I will, becauſe I make my ſelf beloved; whence it is, that my Subjects count all our Eſtates are common.*

He anſwered very pleaſantly, to a Prince's Envoy,

voy, who came with a Complement of Condoleance for the Death of his Son, who had Been dead near a Year; *That he was no longer grieved at that Loss, seeing* God *had given him Two more since.*

A Captain of great Reputation having said, *That the Kings Liberalities, tho several Times reiterated, could not oblige him to love him*; *Henry* sent him Word, *He would heap so many Favours on him, that he would force him at last.*

He often used this Proverb, *That more Flies are taken with a Drop of Honey, than a Tun of Vinegar.*

A *Monk* entertaining him one Day about Military Affairs; *Open your* Breviary, *Father*, said he, *and shew me, where you learn'd these fine Lessons.*

One Day a Taylor presenting him with a Book of *Politicks*, he said to the *Chancellor*, who was there present: Monsieur Chancellor, *cut me out a Suit of Cloaths, here's a Taylor who understands your Trade, and tells me how I shall govern my Kingdom.*

One Day when the *Pope*'s *Nuncio*, was at a great Feast, where there were between Twenty and Thirty Ladies of great Beauty, he told this Prelate, *He had been in several Battels; but never found himself in so great danger before.*

Nothing seems more agreeable, than the Answer he made to the *Provost* of the Merchants of *Paris*, who was urgent with him to consent to an Impost, which was to be laid on the Fountains of the Town, to furnish the Expence of Forty Deputies of the *Switzers*, who came into *France* to renew their ancient Alliance with this Kingdom; and his Answer was, That this Magistrate should find some other Expedient, than to change Water into Wine; which was a Miracle that never any Body wrought but *Jesus Christ*, who is, as thou knoweſt, the *Christian*'s *Saviour*; and for thy further Instruction, 'tis necessary for thee to know,

The *Switzers* love Wine above all things in the World, and that not without Reaſon.

This Prince went to the Wars at the Age of Fifteen, and at Seventeen killed an Enemy, and in the Year following, he ſaved the Life of one of his Captains, and had his Horſe killed under him. He was in Five Battles, and in more than an Hundred Combats, and at the Siege of above Two Hundred Places. He ſuſtained Seven different Wars, in which his Enemies acknowledged, That he had Fifty Five Armies upon him at ſeveral Times, and in different Places; and always obtained ſome conſiderable Advantage.

Thoſe that have given him the Term of *Great*, have given him his true Name. He was highly eſteemed by all Nations, and thou knoweſt very well, that our *Sultans*, though the mightieſt Monarchs in the Univerſe, have admired this great Prince's Fortune and Valour.

Above Fifty *Hiſtorians* have written his Life; above Five Hundred *Poets* have publiſhed his Praiſes.

I will leave thee at preſent, the Liberty of comparing this King with thoſe, whom thou wilt chooſe from amongſt the *Hero's*.

If *Mahomet* XI. has not done more than him he may be compared to him in Warlike Actions, with this Difference, That King *Henry* Conquered the *Gauls* who were of his Patrimony, and *Mahomet* Conquered Twelve Kingdoms and an Empire, becauſe he was perſwaded, that all the Earth belonged to him. *Henry* ſubdued the City of *Paris*, and *Mahomet* made himſelf Maſter of *Conſtantinople*.

The King of *France* left an infinite Number of Marks behind him of his *Grandure*, on Marble, and in the Writings of Famous Authors; and *Mahomet* left only on his Tomb, thoſe which ſhewed

ſhewed what he had deſigned to execute, but never could do it; which was, to take *Rhodes*, and ſubdue proud *Italy*.

We muſt alſo acknowledge, there was never found in any *Mahometan* Prince, the admirable Clemency of *Henry*; ſhewing himſelf herein greater, than in vanquiſhing his Enemies. Contrary to *Mahomet*, who ſhewed only great Kindneſs to an Ox, whom he cauſed to be carefully fed, becauſe he would never forſake the Tomb of his Maſter, whom this Prince had killed; abiding always by it, and expreſſing his Sorrow by horrible Bellowings. In all other Occaſions, he was very cruel; far from the Humour of this *French* King, who heapt Benefits on thoſe, who drew Blood of him. *Mahomet*, by a barbarous Cruelty, cauſed the Bellies of Twenty of his innocent Pages to be ript open, to diſcover him that had eaten a Melon in his Garden.

Henry was a great Lover of Ladies, and an extream Admirer of that Sex; and *Mahomet* jealous of the too great Beauty of his Miſtriſs, cut off her Head himſelf in a full *Divan*. And farther, if *Mahomet* gave in the *Eaſt* a great Example of Juſtice, in putting his own Son to Death, for deflowring the Daughter of the *Baſſa Achmat* in a Bath; *Henry* gave a greater in his own Perſon, in repairing at the Head of his Army, the Outrage offered to a young Girl, from whom he could not fear any vexatious Conſequences.

Be ſure, however, to be ſilent in theſe Judgments I make, and ſhew thy ſelf diſcreet, if thou intendeſt to hold any Correſpondence with me.

Imitate the Bees; gather from ſo many Flowers preſented thee, what appears to thee ſweeteſt, and moſt proper to form *Muſtapha*'s Mind, and ſupple his Spirit like Wax.

I could relate to thee more Things touching this *Henry*, but there's no Neceſſity of writing all; that thou maiſt have ſpace to imagine, what ſuch a Prince might have done, who had re-eſtabliſhed his Fortune by his Valour alone.

Let me know of thy Departure; and when thou ſhalt arrive at the Place of thy Retreat, forget not thy faithful Friend *Mahmut*, who wiſhes thou maiſt prove an happy Tutor to the Son of a Prince, and a faithful Miniſter of a wiſe Emperor.

Paris, 18th, *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

The End of the Second Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Muſlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

SCARCE had I finiſht my Letter to *Egri Boynou*, when News came from the Coaſts of *Provence*, of ſo extraordinary and ſcandalous an Event, that I cannot but inform thee, who art a wiſe and experienced Perſon, of it; and becauſe I would have thee ſet it down in the Sacred Regiſter-Books of the Empire, of which thou haſt the Charge.

Aſam Baſſa, a Corſary of *Algiers*, dyed at the Age of 40 Years, the Relation of whoſe Death was

attended with such horrid Circumstances, that even the Enemies of the *Alcoran* do detest them.

'Tis said, That being sensible he was near his End he caused two young *Christian* Slaves to be strangled, who were nobly descended, and for whose Ransom great Sums of Money might have been expected, without alledging any Reason for his Cruelty; nay, after he had confessed he had no cause of Complaint against them, having observed from certain Tokens in their Countenances, that they were of a sweet Disposition, and inclined by Nature to be Faithful. When he was laying out, there was found a kind of fine Scarf about him, with these Words embroidered on it in Letters of Gold; Assam Bassa *will have the handsomest of his Slaves to be buried alive with him, being desirous of good Company in his Voyage into the other World.*

The Report of so terrible an Adventure, has increased the hatred of the *French* against us, and that in so excessive a manner, that I am forced to keep my self concealed, lest I should by my Zeal discover my self, being not able to endure the Blasphemies of our Enemies. There's no question, but this cruel Monster is kept by the *Black Angels* in the other World.

God grant, that so horrid a Crime may not corrupt the rest of *Africk*. However, may I be so free as to counsel you, Let the Body of this Impious Wretch *Assam* be dug up, and burnt, and his Ashes thrown into the Sea, to drown the Memory of him.

Mahmut salutes thee from the Town of the Universe, the fullest of Noise, and wishes thee at *Constantinople*, or who ever else thou art, a long sequel of happy Years, and after Death the enjoyment of the *bliss of our hundred twenty four thousand Prophets.*

Paris, 18th. *of the* 3d. *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the Camp under* Babylon.

BEfore I give thee an Account, Great and Magnanimous *Vizir*, of whatever I have done to ſatisfie the Curioſity of Cardinal *Richlieu*, I am obliged to tell thee how I ſpend my leiſure Hours.

'Tis impoſſible I ſhould obſerve exactly the Motions of this Court, without following it, and holding a Correſpondence with People of all ſorts, as Tradeſmen, Soldiers, Scholars, Sea-men, Politicians, and even Muſicians.

The Court conſiſts of all theſe Profeſſions, and there are ſome particular Perſons who are Maſters of all theſe Sciences, of which number is Cardinal *Richlieu*. He is not content with this his Knowledge, but ſeeks ſtill for further Light in the Commerce of all Perſons of Merit, who arrive here; neglecting nothing which may enrich this Kingdom with new diſcoveries in Arts and Sciences, out of love to his Country, and deſire to render his Miniſtry more famous.

Thou ſeeſt by this, Invincible *Baſſa*, that to keep company with Courtiers, who have ſo many different Qualities, a Man muſt have ſome for his ſhare that he may ſay ſomething in his Turn, and not be always a bare Hearer of other People's Diſcourſe.

For this purpoſe, the particular Study to which I applied my ſelf, whilſt I was a Slave in *Sicily*, does much help me, though not ſufficiently. 'Twas Books I read in this Iſland, not Men. Now, knowing my Buſineſs required much Diſſimulation, an Awakened Mind, an Eſpecial Prudence, Eloquence and Learning to ſpeak properly in Occaſions, great

Reading

Reading to obtain the Knowledge of Ancient and Modern Things, a Refined Policy to discover or conceal ones self, and to counterfeit sometimes a mighty honest Man; nothing, I say, appeared to me more conducing to this purpose, than the turning over Histories. And therefore I have earnestly applyed my self to this Work. And, because few Books are not sufficient, and a great many breed confusion, I have happily got Admission into the Acquaintance of an Ancient Learned Man, whose Study consists of none but choice Books, and has travelled over most Parts of the World, not like *Apollonius*, to learn the Language of Birds and Beasts, but to know the Customs, Laws, Virtues and Defects of Nations. I was first for informing my self of all the Prodigies, which the *God* of the *Jews* has done, in favour of that ungrateful People. I afterwards enquired into the Life and Doctrine of the *Messias*, whom the *Christians* Worship. I also lookt into what had been done considerable at *Athens* and *Sparta*, *Thebes*, *Rome* and *Carthage*, and carefully remark'd what Divinities were adored in those so famous Places, and found that the Great Philosophers and Captains, who made such a Noise about their Religions, had at Bottom none at all. Having run over what the *Christians* call the *Old* and *New Testament*, the Histories of *Josephus*, *Xenophon*, *Polybius*, *Thucydides*, *Livius* and *Tacitus*; my greatest Application has been, and shall be for the future, to read and meditate on the Works of the Great *Plutarch*, especially his Lives of Illustrious *Greeks* and *Romans*, related by him with so great Exactness. And thus far have I arrived in this short Space, and here I have stopt. I have learnt by the reading of *Plutarch*, to amuse the Cardinal *Richlieu*, to whom I offered my self two Days ago; and have put into his Hands the following Discourse made after the manner of *Christians*,

stians, and have ſtript my ſelf, if a Man may ſo ſpeak, of the Manner and Style of the *Turks*, as I have done of their Habits, the better to diſguiſe *Titus*, the Faithful Slave of the Great *Amurath*.

Great Cardinal, and Moſt Sage Miniſter of the Greateſt of *Chriſtian* Kings.

Titus *of* Moldavia *is come to wait on you according to your Commands, not to entertain you with the Riches of* Aſia, *nor in what manner by the Wiſdom of your Counſels, and Forces of the King your Sovereign, you may deſtroy the mighty* Turkiſh *Empire, of whom you have no reaſon to complain; but to tell you, what ſeems moſt agreeable to the Greatneſs of your* Genius. *Know then Sage Moderator of the* French *Monarch, that I ſhall not offer any thing which may make you hate me, and repent of believing me, ſeeing, what I propoſe, is an eaſie Enterprize, and full of Glory. Thy King has a Son, who will one Day inherit the Greatneſs and Authority of his Father; you know not the Temper and Diſpoſitions which this Heir may have, being as yet ſo much a Child, that a Man cannot gather any thing certain of this matter. But, a Prince that has been ſo long look'd for, requires extraordinary Deſigns to be laid for him, and great Preparations made betimes, to raiſe a Palace that may be worthy to entertain him.*

I would propose to you a Palace, I say, of miraculous Architecture, the like was never seen or imagined, and which you may with your own Hands rear up in Paris, *which must be of a square Form, whose Corners shall regard* Europe, Asia, Africa *and* America, *and whose Richness shall draw all Nations to it. You will not need Stone, Sand, Wood nor Iron for this Work. The Architects which you shall employ, shall have the Secret, with their Pen, Ink, and Paper to raise this Edifice, which shall be of a more lasting Durance than the* Pantheon *of* Agrippa, *and whereon, as on the Temple of* Solomon, *there should be no noise of Hammers.*

Think not, Wise Minister, they are Chimera's *which* Titus *has in his Head. Hear then the Design of this Majestical Palace, whose Foundations are already laid by* Plutarch, *with Materials more precious than Gold or Rubies. Thou knowest the Happiness this Philosopher had, of rendring immortal the Actions of so many Great Men, of whom perhaps there might have been no Mention, had* Plutarch *lay silent. Men, now read in the most remote Provinces of the* Indies, *written on Leaves and Barks of Trees, the Lives of* Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, Pompey *and* Xerxes. *Amongst the*

the Solitary's of the most Desart Parts of Arabia, and amongst the Dervises, who dwell at Medina, are found written in Arabian Characters, the Histories of Numa, Aristides, Cato, Lycurgus, and Epaminondas. The Spaniards and Portugueses, have rendred this Author so famous in China and Japan, that these Barbarians not contented with having translated into their Languages all the Lives of the Greeks and Romans, they have ordered (if I mistake not) that every Five Years new Copies be made, to the end they may be eternally preserved. I have seen my self at Constantinople above an hundred Volumes in Silken Paper, wherein the Works of this Famous Greek are read with Veneration by the greatest Captains, Lawyers, and Divines; and these Works are enriched with most curious Notes in Arabick, in Persian, and the Turkish Language, by the express Orders of the Sultans, who make them be preserved as Illustrious Monuments of the Ancient Greek Eloquence. You are not ignorant of the Esteem which Solyman the Great had of Pompey, Cæsar, Pyrrhus, and Alexander, and that he never undertook any Military Enterprize, till he had consulted these great Masters in the Art of War; being wont to say, he knew not whether Alexander

ander *or* Pyrrhus, *had shewed more Valour in Engagements, than* Plutarch *had shewed Wit and Judgment in describing them. But in a Voyage I made into* Germany, *what did not an old* Rabin *tell me, in shewing me the Lives of Illustrious Men of this Incomparable Author, translated into Hebrew, which he carried ever about with him? He assured me, that the Curious of his Religion set such a value on them, that there are above Ten Thousand Manuscript Copies dispersed in the Synagogues, both in the* Eastern *and* Western *Parts.*

Men, Women, and Children know of what Account this Famous Author is, in all our Europe. *He now speaks all Languages: The* English, *the* Spaniards, Italians, Germans Polanders *and* Hollanders *have naturalized him among them. And you know very well, Sir, that in this Kingdom of* France, *the Learned not content with having him Translated into their Idiom, they carefully adorn their Libraries with this Author in his own natural Tongue, and have Collected the* Latin, Italian, *and* Spanish *Versions of him.*

But 'tis now Sixteen Hundred Years since Plutarch *keeps silence; so many Men famous for their Knowledge, and so many great Captains who have lived since, are un-

unknown to the World, because they have met with no Plutarch *to know them. And this is the ſtately Building which I offer you to finiſh, who are ſo great a Lover of Glory: for* God *has given you a Mind with a neceſſary Power to finiſh what* Plutarch *has ſo profitably begun. Raiſe up immediately by your Authority, on the precious Foundation, which this Incomparable Philoſopher has laid, the Walls and Roof of this vaſt Building. Order Lodgings to be made ready for all the* Hero's, *who could not enter into this firſt Edifice; I mean, thoſe Illuſtrious Dead, whoſe Lives have not been carefully Collected. and who ſhould honour* Europe, Aſia, *and* Africa *where they were born, and the New World will yield you wherewith to fill this Palace with* Atabalippa's *and* Montezuma's.

Hereby wilt thou be the Reſtorer of thoſe Ruins, which Time has made; and in raiſing the Statues of ſo many Excellent Perſons in Civil Adminiſtrations, in War and in good Letters, you will raiſe up an infinite Number throughout the World, as the firſt Emperor of the Romans *did. 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſay, there are a great many Authors that have written, ſince* Plutarch *the Actions of ſeveral Great Commanders, Kings and Great Miniſters, whoſe Vertues were*

eminently

eminently conſpicuous, both in Peace and War. I hope I ſhall not give juſt offence in ſaying, That few of theſe Writers, have obſerved Plutarch's *excellent Method; for, either they appear obſcure by reaſon of their great Conciſeneſs, or the Facts are ordinarily confounded in General Hiſtories, or written by intereſſed or paſſionate Pens, who diſguiſe the Truth, and impoſe Fabulous Relations on the World. For a Proof of this, be pleaſed to examin particular Events, related in the Lives of* Froncis I. *King of* France, *and of the Emperor* Charles V. *and you will find there are thoſe who aſſure us, that* Charles *dyed a Saint, and that ſcarcely was he expired, when* Flower-de-Luces were ſeen to ſpring up in his Chamber, which yielded a moſt admirable Scent: *Whilſt others affirm, That this Hero dyed an Heretick, by the Aſſiſtance of his Confeſſor, who had embraced the* Lutheran *Doctrin. And, how many Romances are made of* Francis I.? *Has it not been ſaid, That he fought a Duel with this Emperor, and that this Prince paſſing through* France, *the King by a Motive of Generoſity (beyond all Precedent) offered him his Kingdom? That* Charles *had one day ſat on* Francis's *Throne, and condemned a Malefactor, and afterwards repriev'd him as a Mark of his Authority? And has it not been*

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moreover ſaid, That Francis *took* Charles *in a Battel? How many falſe Relations have been made of* Andrew Doria, *and* Barbaroſſa, *Two famous Sea-Captains, the one a* Chriſtian, *and the other a* Muſſulman, *and both of them Chief Admirals of Two mighty Emperors,* Charles V. *and* Solyman? *Has it not been confidently affirmed, That* Barbaroſſa *being in the* Archipelago, *gave a Viſit in the Diſguiſe of a* Monk *to* Doria? *That in an Iſland where this Interview was made, they had ſworn, one on the* Goſpel, *the other on the* Alcoran, *to help one another to conſerve their Authority which their Employs gave them at Sea; and, to make themſelves more neceſſary to their Soveraigns, they were always to avoid a deciſive Combat, that they might not ruin one another? That they had moreover both ſigned this Treaty with their own Blood? Has there not been added to this Fable, That the* Turkiſh *Admiral ſent to* Doria *a* Moor, *who pretended to be a Fugitive from the* Ottoman *Army, and wore two Pearls of an ineſtimable Price in his Ears, and, that in Exchange,* Doria *had aſſured* Barbaroſſa *not to interrupt him, whenever he pleaſed to invade any of the Coaſts of* Italy?

It is time, that under thy Auſpicious Conduct, the Lives of Great Perſonages be clear-

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ed from those false Relations which corrupt them, and be orderly inserted into the Books of the most excellent Plutarch, *with such a kind of* Title:

Here's the Rest of the Lives of Illustrious Men, from the Emperor Trajan, to Lewis the Just; of those that have excelled in Arms, Learning, Affairs of State, and of those who have held the first Rank in the Church in all Parts of the World; and these Histories have been Collected by a College of the Learnedest Men in Europe, consisting of Spaniards, French, Italians, and Germans, under the Auspicious Conduct of his Eminency, Cardinal Richlieu.

I would have three Persons of each Nation to attend this Work, and who should make their Abode in Paris, *as being the principal City in* France. *And, I propose* Spaniards, Italians, Germans, *and* French, *as the most polished Nations, and who have furnished the World with the most able Men. Now, every Nation having its particular Way of Speaking and Acting, the Edifice will be the more agreeable, and each Architect will have greater Room to shew his Skill. Those who shall read these Works, will find in the Softness of the* French *Style* where-

wherewithal to mollifie the too ſevere Gravity of the Spaniſh-*Eloquence. The Sincerity of the* Germans *ever attended, with ſome kind of Dryneſs, will appear without Rudeneſs with the Flowers and good Senſe of the* Italian *Writers. And, as all the World will be intereſſed in this Magnificent Deſign; ſo we muſt not doubt but the wiſeſt of all the States will take care in the choice of theſe Subjects which they will propoſe. And, in fine, if thou wilt have the chief Men in the World, thou needeſt not want the Secret of raiſing up* Plutarch's. *Be not weary of giving Marks of thy Liberality; for, if thou wilt have* Titus Livy's, *become* Mecænas.

It doth not belong to me, to ſay in what manner 'tis neceſſary on this occaſion, to ſeparate them of ſeveral Nations, and to diſtribute theſe Employs: Thou art equitable and prudent, ſo that this Work being begun, the End will have a Succeſs anſwerable to its Beginning. I ſhall only put thee in Mind, that thou wilt not a little contribute to render thy Immortality more Glorious, if thou remembreſt the Turks, *thy ſworn Enemies; being perſwaded, thou may'ſt find amongſt the* Ottoman *Emperors,* Baſſa's *and* Vizir's *wherewithal to enrich the New* Plutarch. *Let not the Greatneſs of the Work diſcourage thee; how great ſoever it be, thy Wit and Cou-*

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rage are above it, and thou wilt not want Ancient and Modern Authors to assist thee. Suetonius *will furnish thee with the Lives of the* Cæsars, *which may be left entire as they are.* Diogenes Laertius *gives as good an account of many of the Philosophers. You'll receive Advantage from the Works of* Æmilius Probus, Paulus Jovius, *and several others, who have acquired Immortal Reputation by the Books which they have given the Publick. You will find a Draught already made of the History of Two Hundred and Twenty Eight Emperors, from* Julius Cæsar *to* Ferdinand III. *and* Ibrahim I. *the one Emperor of* Germany, *and the other of* Turky; *which thou shalt cause to be carefully examined by the College, to clear up such things as are obscure, adding what is wanting, and entrenching Events of which there is no sufficient proof, and which seem fabulous; and, in a Word, for drawing up particular Lives which are to be met with in general Histories, which have been the Method of most Writers of late Ages.*

I would have also Plutarch's *Manner followed, of comparing the Illustrious Men of one Nation with those of another; where the discreet* Writer *having weighed the Reasons which make for the one and the other, pronounces a Sentence which does both delight and instruct the Reader.*

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The most important Instruction then which can be given, being the Secret of knowing Men perfectly, who seek with so great Care to hide themselves; the true means for this, is the choice of Matter, that the Reader may not lose his Time, study in vain, but gather the Fruit which all Men of sense search for, which is, to know what is Good, that they may follow it, and Evil to avoid it. On this ground you will be easily perswaded, there's greater Pleasure to behold the Firmness of Scipio, *who passes with one only Gally to find out* Sifax, *than there is in considering him, when he gives Battle to* Hannibal *in the Plains of* Rama. *We are more edified in seeing this young General a Conqueror, and yet so continent, as to send the finest Woman in the World, who was his Prisoner, to* Lucius, *the* Spanish *Prince her Husband, without touching her; than in the Relation of an hundred Sieges of Places, where, the Effects which the Soldiers Fury produces, Hunger and Thirst, and the effusion of Human Blood, yields Horror instead of Diversion. In like manner, Sir, you will acknowledge, That a Prince, or Captain will be more instructed by seeing* Francis, *who lived like a King, though in Prison at* Madrid, *who caresses and recompenses Learned Men all the World over; and*

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in seeing Fabricius, *who refuses and despises the greatest Honours which are offered him with immense Riches, and who snatches away the Poyson from the Mouth of the greatest Enemy of the* Roman *People; than all the Combats and most bloody Battles fought by* Pyrrhus, Charles V. *and the great* Tamerlane.

I have made you this long Discourse, as a Mark of my Obedience; and Titus *of* Moldavia *at the Feet of your Eminency, supplicates you to consider, That when by your Negotiations, Councils and Armies which receive your Orders, you shall have added new Kingdoms to that which your Master holds; when for the benefit of Trade and Navigation, you shall have joined all the Seas together; and when, in a Word, you shall raise Bridges in* Paris, *Pyramids with more Palaces than were built by the* Cæsars, *and all the Kings of* Egypt: *These Pyles will not be Immortal, but subject to the Injuries of Time; whereas, on the contrary, if you send for the Twelve Architects which I mentioned to raise the stately Palace afore-cited, all the World will bless the Name of* Armand *Cardinal* de Richlieu, *Restorer of the Republick of Learning almost ruined; and who, like another* Archimides, *hath known by the Examples of*

of the Vertue of Illuſtrious Men, ſnatcht away by Death out of the World, to combat and deſtroy the Vices and Ignorances of the Living.

If thou approveſt not, Magnanimous *Vizir*, what I offered to the King of *France*'s Miniſter, puniſh me not for a Fault which was not deſigned, having on the contrary imagin'd to do thee a very agreeable piece of Service. I thought I could not take a better courſe to conceal thy Slave *Mahmut*, and to divert this *Cardinal* from ſome Projects, which I am informed he deſigns againſt the *Turkiſh* Empire. Should he undertake the Great Work I ſet before him, thou ſeeſt the *Sultans* will have ſome Share in it; and he will, I ſay again, have by this means, not to mention any thing elſe, his Hands ſo full of Buſineſs, that he will not have the leaſt Time or Ability to moleſt us.

I ſupplicate thee, proſtrate at thy Feet, to call to mind, the general Diſlike of what happened to *Athens*, when 'twas ſackt and taken, ſuch prodigious Numbers of Books being burnt, in all Arts and Sciences, which had been a collecting ſeveral Ages, and preſerved with ſuch great Care; and ſo much the more, in as much as one may be aſſured, there's nothing to be feared from thoſe that make Learning their whole Buſineſs, who are aways averſe to War, as finding their reckoning only in the Tranquillity of a well eſtabliſhed Peace.

Thou ſhalt receive by the firſt Opportunity, whatever I can diſcover of Importance for thee to know, either for the Good of the Empire in which thou holdeſt ſo great Rank, or to ſatisfied thy Curioſity, provided the Proffs hinder not the paſſage of Couriers, as they will aſſuredly retard the Progreſs of the Armies, which are conſtrained to lie ſtill during this rigorous Seaſon.

God give thee an entire Victory over the Enemies of the Mighty *Amurath*, and make thee the Conqueror of all Nations.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER III.

To Lubano Abufel-Saad, *an* Egyptian Knight.

THe King, some days past, was present at a Ball, where there was a great number of Persons of Quality of both Sexes. Cardinal *Richlieu*, who never loses the sight of this Prince, was there also. 'Twas observed, that at the end of this Divertisement, the *Cardinal* would have went out before every Body, but dared not; and indeed, could not get through the Croud, which made him so impatient, as was remarkt by all, even the King himself, who taking him a little apart, very seriously bid him pass on, seeing *he was Master*. Now, what did this Minister do in this Astonishment, but answer nothing; and taking a *Flambeau* out of the Hands of one of the Pages, he carried it himself before the King, with a Countenance that shewed neither Despite nor Confusion. Those that took notice of the Name of *Master*, which the King had given him, interpreted it in his Favour; and there were them who thought, that in abasing himself *so low*, he plainly shewed the design he had of raising himself the *higher*; however, every one thereupon, spake what he thought most proper.

I give

I give thee an Account of this Paſſage, remembring what thou didſt in the preſence of thy Maſter, throwing thy ſelf out at a Window, to take up a little Note, which *Amurath* had by chance let fall; which Action of thine, being known in this Country, this of the *Cardinal* was compared with it; yet with this difference, That the *Cardinal* without riſing from the Ground, has made a greater leap than thou. *God* preſerve thee from falling into a *Precipice*, if thou beeſt Fool enough, to leap a ſecond time.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER IV.

To Mehemet, *Page-Eunuch.*

THou haſt recovered from a great Sickneſs, and I expect one. I have had, for ſome Days, a Faintneſs, which does extreamly depreſs me, but by the Grace of God, I need not yet the Phyſician. The Letter which I received from thee this *Moon*, has given me ſome eaſe in my Indiſpoſedneſs, which is no new Thing with me, being neceſſitated to live ſo far from my Friends, Country, yea, and Religion too. And though it may ſeem difficult to be a Saint, in paſſing ones Days in a Prophane Place, yet think not my Piety grows luke-warm, or my Friendſhip diminiſhed; ſeeing I have made a *Moſque* of my Heart, where Friends are ever preſent. Be then perſwaded, 'tis impoſſible for *Mahmut* to become Unfaithful, and loſe the Affection he has for his Friends; for he never ceaſes

ceaſes to love, where he has once begun. 'Tis true indeed, that I call my ſelf *Titus* at preſent, and am cloathed in an odd ſort of Dreſs; yet that is no Hindrance of my Affections to my Religion, my Country, and my Friends.

The Ancient *Greeks* have written a great deal about Friendſhip, and the Duties of a Friend: but there remains ſtill behind, more than what they have ſaid, as there remains more to do than they have done. The Word *Friend* is a common Name, and appropriated by moſt People; but where wilt thou find a Man that gives Proofs of a true and unfeigned Friendſhip? I think I am no Hypocrite; be thou as true to me at *Conſtantinople*, and inform me what paſſes in the *Seraglio*, and how it goes with our Friends and Relations in all Parts.

I ſhall give thee no Account of the Tranſactions of the *Infidels*, amongſt which I live, being tired with writing them to the *Grand Vizir* and the *Kaimakan*. Imitate me not herein, for thou aboundeſt with Leaſure; let me then hear from thee every *Moon*.

I have had ſeveral Fits of Laughter, at the pleaſant Adventure of the Chamber-Maid to the Old Slave, with the Eunuch *Melec Aubi*. Bleſſings on the Heart of *Mahomet*, I believe the *Holy Prophet* will laugh himſelf in his *Paradiſe*, when the Angel his Meſſenger, who brings him News from this World, ſhall give him an Account of what theſe Two Perſons have ridiculouſly done in Honour of him. Could there ever be a greater Simplicity, than to eat every Night a Verſicle of the *Alcoran*, written on a piece of *China* Sattin? Whence did this Eunuch, thy Comrade, learn this ſtrange Superſtition? and by what Spirit did he authoriſe that of this Slave, in taking the Pains to write theſe Verſicles with his own Hand? And when could they imagine both of them, they ſhould make

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an end of this Feaſt, ſeeing the whole *Alcoran* could not be eaten in leſs than Six Thouſand Forty three Days, the Book containing ſo many Verſicles? Pray let me know what is done to them. They deſerve not in my poor Judgment, an over rigorous Puniſhment, their Crime being only a ridiculous Devotion. The Great and Venerable *Mufti*, will ſoon decide the Buſineſs; yet I would fain know the Manner.

I ſhall now impart to thee an Account of a Viſit which I gave a *Solitary* in my Travels into *Germany*, who ſpent his Days far from the Commerce of the World, in a little Hermitage, about Fifteen Miles diſtance from *Vienna*. This Man, who is now very Old, has paſt Forty Years of his Life in great Auſterity, doing every thing our Famous *Santons* are celebrated for; and thou ſhalt know what moved him to this ſevere Penance, and to retire after this manner. 'Tis ſaid, That in his Youth, having been threatned for ſome Misdemeanour with Impriſonment, he hid himſelf in the Houſe of a Faithful Friend, lying in a Barrel covered over with Straw, where was brought him privately his Diet. Whilſt he thus lay concealed in the Veſſel, a certain Perſon went up into the Garret his Priſon, with his Hoſts Sifter; when theſe Two Perſons thinking themſelves alone, came to ſuch Familiarities as much ſcandalized this new *Diogenes*, who ſaw all that paſt, through the Crevices of this Tub; and being not able to contain his Reſentments, he thus paſſionately brake out, *God ſees you, you Wretches, and Man too.* In a Word, his Indignation was ſo great, that the Tub or Barrel was overthrown; with the Noiſe of which, and his ſcrambling up, the Two Lovers were ſo affrighted, that the Gallant for haſt broke his Neck down Stars, and the Nymph lay dead in a Swoon on the place. This ſtrange Surprize to all, eſpecially the Sight of ſo

Filthy and Tragical a Spectacle, ſo affected this young Man, as made him retire from the World into the Solitude, where he now remains. He lives only on Bread and Water; and the Averſion which he has conceived on this occaſion, to Women, is ſo great, that there is none dares appear before him. There where Two who had the Curioſity of ſeeing this *Hermit*, in Mens Cloaths, but they ſoon repented of their Viſit; for this *Solitary* full of Rage and Indignation, thus welcomed them; *Get you gone, you Dæmons, fallen from Heaven for Mens Deſtruction; I know very well what you are, and cannot behold you without Horrour.* He makes excellent Exhortations to young Men who viſit him, and having ſhewed them the Care they ought to take to live with Purity, and rule their Paſſions, to which corrupt Nature renders them ſubject; he alſo exhorts them to hold a Glaſs before their Faces when ſeized with Anger, or when carried forth to the Commiſſion of any Brutiſh or unſeemly Action.

My Letter is longer than I intended; receive, as a Mark of my Friendſhip, the long time I have entertained my ſelf with thee, when I thought at firſt to ſpeak all in two Words. Give this Letter, directed to thee, into *Zelim*'s own Hands; it contains things which concern his Life. As to what remains, Love ever thy Faithful *Mahmut*, whilſt I ſhall pray the Sovereign of the Greateſt Monarchs, as well as other Men, that he would, after this Life, give us Eternal Felicity, and the Grace to appear Innocent before his Dreadful Tribunal, at which all Men ſhall be Judged.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon,*
of the Year 1639.

LETTER

LETTER V.

To Zelim *of* Rhodes, *Captain of a Gally.*

MEhemet, Page of the *Seraglio*, will deliver, or cauſe to be delivered to thee, this Letter, which is written to thee by *Mahmut*, Slave and faithful Miniſter of the Great *Sultan*, the Invincible and Happy *Amurath*, who commands me to ſerve him in theſe Parts. There is no neceſſity of my ſending the Picture of a Man, who ſets forth from *Legborn* for *Conſtantinople*, with a deſign to kill thee. Thou mayſt eaſily know him, ſeeing he has been Six Years a Slave in thy Gally. *Adonai* the *Jew* ſent me this Advice from *Genoa*, ſo important for thy Life; adding, he ſet out with his Brother, being reſolved to periſh, or be revenged of a great Injury which thou haſt done him.

He has filled *Italy* with Diſcourſes of thy Cruelties. He affirms, That having tried all Ways to make him a *Turk*, ſeeing neither Preſents nor Promiſes could perſwade him, thou haſt made him ſuffer the moſt cruel Torments a Man can undergo; and, that being laid faſt aſleep, by a Potion which thou cauſedſt him to take, thou haſte made him be caſtrated. The Weapons he bears to rid himſelf of thee, will ſtrike thee without Noiſe, ſo that thou needeſt be much on thy Guard. He hides that which is to do the Buſineſs, in a little Prayer-Book. Revenge, which does uſually make Men induſtrious, has put him upon concealing in this Manual, a little poiſoned Steel Dart, which is incloſed with ſuch great Art in the Leather that covers it, that 'tis ſhot thence as from a Bow, and ſtrikes with ſuch Violence and Swiftneſs, that the Stroke can't be avoided, nor ſcarcely felt by him that receives it,

it cauſing not one drop of Blood to follow, nor Wound to be ſeen; ſo delicately tempered is the Mortal Weapon, that the Man muſt unavoidably die, whom it hits.

I do not doubt, but this revengeful Spirit, will cunningly conceal himſelf, ſo that twill be hard to diſcover him. But having had this Advice, it belongs to thee to take care of thy ſelf. And in the mean time, correct this cruel and ſevere Temper of thine. Thou commandeſt a Gally mann'd with Slaves, who live at thy Charge; thou reckoneſt amongſt thy Riches Three Hundred *Chriſtians*, who dreſs thy Gardens, and ſerve thee at Sea; and thou haſt never remembred, they are Men which may ſave, or take away thy Life; and that ranging the Seas as thou doſt, 'tis poſſible thou mayſt meet with the ſame Fortune, and be made a Slave thy ſelf. Thou haſt never conſidered, that Death is more ſupportable than Slavery, and that thoſe that deſpiſe their own Lives, are Maſters of thine. *God* preſerve thee, and incline thine Heart to uſe gently thy Slaves, who are ſo uſeful to thee. Follow my Advice; thou haſt Three Hundred Enemies in thine Houſe, do what in thee lies to gain their Love. Learn this of a Famous *Roman*, who made his Slaves born in his Houſe, to be nurſt with the ſame Milk his Children were. If thou art not for ſuch an Indulgence, at leaſt ceaſe to be Cruel, otherwiſe thou wilt be more a Slave than thoſe that ſerve thee. If thou wilt not ſpare theſe People in Love to them, pity their Condition, and ſpare them in Love to thy ſelf; whereby thou wilt live in ſo great Tranquillity, as cannot be imagined. The *Holy Prophet* guard thee from the Danger threatned thee, and deſtroy this raſh *Chriſtian*, who would aſſaſſinate thee.

Paris, 28th. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

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LETTER VI.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the Camp before* Babylon.

THere are various Diſcourſes here of the *Grand Signior*'s War-like Preparations. And 'tis common for People to confound here, the Ancient *Babylon*, with *Suſa* and *Bagdat*; but this is no great matter. 'Tis certain, all the *Infidels* Wiſhes are in thy Favour; for they deſire to ſee thee Conqueror, not only of *Babylon*, but all the *Eaſt*; that *Amurath* may be the longer in his Return to *Greece*, and chuſe a Place far diſtant from the Seat of his Empire. 'Tis diſcourſed in this *Court*, as if the Invincible *Sultan* carries along with him to this War, Four Hundred Thouſand Foot, an Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Horſe, and Two Hundred *Baſſa*'s, and moreover Twelve Princes Tributary to the *Port*. 'Tis alſo ſaid, *Bagdat* is a Place not to be won by Force; that a River, the ſwifteſt in the World, runs through the midſt of it; and, that the Place has an Hundred Gates of Braſs, and its Walls, which are very high, be defended by Three Hundred Pieces of Cannon; That the *Perſian* Forces are great enough to tire out the *Ottoman* Army, and that the Example of *Chah Abbas*, Father to the *Sophy*, who now reigns over the *Perſians*, will encreaſe their Valour and Obſtinacy, to ſuffer the greateſt Extremities, rather than to think of a Surrender. The raſh Reſolution of this King *Abbas*, in the laſt Siege of this great City, is ſo cried up, and magnified here, that ſcarce is there any Room left for the Praiſes of *Amurath*. This Prince's paſſing and repaſſing more than once, in a Bark, in the Sight of Two Hundred Thouſand *Turks*, to ad-

vertize, in Perſon, the beſieged of the Condition of Affairs, and to give them a freſh Courage, aſſuring them they ſhould be ſoon ſuccoured, and having at the ſame time about him wherewith to hinder him from falling alive or dead into the Hands of his Enemies; was an Action which they think is above all *Elogium's*, and appears to them greater than Story could ever parallel. 'Tis ſaid, That this King carried in his Bark Two great Stones faſtened to one and the ſame Cord, to put them on his Neck to ſink himſelf into the River, which was of an unfathomable Depth, in caſe he was diſcovered. To which they add, That *Amurath*, who can never have his Fill of Blood, will recompenſe thy Services in the ſame manner he did thy Predeceſſors.

Theſe *Infidels*, hold moreover other Diſcourſes, which are very impertinent, confounding ſuch things as are true, with falſe; as they do the Juſtice and Liberality of the Generous and ever Invincible *Sultan*, with the Cruelty and Avarice wherewith they reproach him. 'Tis ſaid likewiſe, That the Sequins which he diſtributed the Day whereon he was proclaimed Emperour, were not by one Half of the Value which was ſet upon them; That he cauſed *Mebemet*, *Baſſa* of *Caire*, to be ſtrangled, for no other Reaſon but to become Maſter of his Wealth. 'Tis further added, That this Prince having had advice that a Gally was taken, having Seventy Five conſiderable Officers belonging to the *Port* on Board, whilſt he was diverting himſelf in a Pleaſure-Houſe at the Entrance into *Aſia*, he ſaid by way of Jeſt, *Let's drink the Health of theſe Stout Blades.* 'Tis moreover ſaid, That having given his Word, and promiſed a ſecure Paſſage to the brave *Facardin*, an *Arabian* Prince, he cauſed him to be ſtabb'd in a Thouſand places in his Sight. But what do not they ſay of his deſtroying the *Mufti*, and *Cyril*, the

Greek

Greek Patriarch? In fine, they ſet forth *Amurath* as a Sacrilegious Wretch, that diſpiſes his own Religion, an Heretick and Enemy to our *Holy Prophet*. They relate the particulars of *Cyril*'s Death, which makes me doubt there be Traitors at the *Port*, who advertiſe the *Infidels* of the moſt Secret Matters which paſs there. Some ſay, his *Eloquence* rendred him ſuſpected to *Amurath*, and that he ſaid theſe Words when he was led to the Caſtle of Seven Towers, *Could I ſpeak but once to our great Emperor, he will be forced to love me, or repent.* And 'tis ſaid, That having voyaged into *England*, he had learnt Magick there. Many People believed he would introduce Novelties in Religion, and for this End held ſtrict Correſpondences with the Latiniſed *Monks*; and 'tis known here, that when his Sentence was pronounced, he ſaid, *He would riſe again to torment the Emperor, and perplex his Affairs.* The *French* having blamed what I now mentioned, do extreamly praiſe the Moderation of *Amurath*, when he took the *Perſian* Spy, who ſlid into his Camp in *Turkiſh* Habit, and crouded amongſt the *True Faithful*; for he careſſed him, and ſent him back with Rich Preſents. They alſo admire the Patience of this Prince, in only condemning to the Gallies the Thirty *Indian* Pilgrims, who occaſioned his Fall from his Horſe in the Capital City of his Kingdom: For the Horſe was affrighted at the Apparel of theſe Men, and the ſtrange Figure they made, when they threw themſelves on the Ground to beg Money of him; but they at the ſame time charge this Emperor with Brutiſhneſs, for killing with his own Hand immediately the Horſe that threw him down. The Diſcourſes of this Nature, however injurious they are, be not of great Importance. But if I be not miſtaken, there is ſomething carrying on againſt us with the *Republick* of *Venice*. I obſerve, its Embaſſador ſince the

the Loſs we have made of Fifteen Gallies at *Valentia*, has frequent and ſecret Conferences with the King and Cardinal *de Richlieu*. As 'tis not doubted but that the *Ottoman* Empire will be revenged of ſo deep an Injury, ſo 'tis alſo judged, that the *Venetians* will uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to unite into a Confederacy the *Chriſtian* Princes; and 'tis to be feared, leſt they take the Time, when the Emperor is employed in the Siege of *Babylon*, to form ſome Enterprize, or put themſelves into a Condition wherein they cannot be attacked. I ſhall carefully obſerve all the Motions of the *Venetian* Ambaſſador, and if need requires, diſpatch an expreſs Meſſenger to the *Kaimakan*. I adore thy Grandure, buried in the Duſt of thy Feet.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

THE Courier not parting till the Morrow, I make uſe of this ſhort Time to write again to thee. *Brizac*, as I have already given Advice, was taken by the Forces of *France* and *Swedeland*; and the Duke of *Wimar*, who commands the Army, brags, that being become Maſter of this Place, which has always been beſieged in Vain, he ſhall take ſeveral others, there being none which henceforward can reſiſt him.

The Mareſchal *de Bannier*, one of the Generals of the *Swediſh* Armies, wearied out the *Imperialiſts* in *Pomerania* with continual Alarms. He took *Gratz*, a conſiderable Place, and has beaten *Galas*, one of the Empe-

Emperor of *Germany*'s Generals. But Fortune having chang'd her Countenance, has favoured the Emperor againſt the Troops of the *Palatin*, who is taken Priſoner with Prince *Rupert* his Brother, having been like to be drowned in the River of *Weſer*, whereinto he was drawn in his Coach by his Horſes, who took Fright at the noiſe of the Cannon: And theſe unfortunate Princes, have loſt in this Occaſion, with their Liberty, whatever was moſt precious to them. The *Swedes* have in the mean time encreaſed their Strength, by the Conjunction of new Troops. They make frequent Incurſions on the *Imperialiſts*, and 'tis thought this War will laſt a conſiderable Time, by the great Preparations which are made on all Hands, and eſpecially by the *French*, to whom it ſeems important that it ſhould not end ſpeedily.

There is News from *Italy*, That a Diſcovery has been made in *Piemont*, of new Cabals of the Princes of the Houſe of *Savoy*, who deſigned to put by the Dutcheſs from her Regency, and make themſelves Maſters of the Government, during the Minority of the Young Duke. There is a *Cardinal* of this Name, an Ambitious Man, a great Lover of War, and given to Liberality. He would fain have the Chief Share in the Government, and be the Maſter of his Nephews Fortune. This *Cardinal* lay concealed in the *State* of *Genoa*, being cloathed in an Habit little becoming his Character, and whence he ſent his Orders, for the Execution of whatever he had concerted with his Partiſans; but the Conſpiracy got Wind, and proved a Bloody Tragedy to his Accomplices. 'Tis ſaid, that this Prince having Twice diſguiſed himſelf in the Habit of a Peaſant, had entred with a Bag of Fruit on his Back, into one of the moſt conſiderable Towns of *Piemont*, to give by his Preſence more Heat to his Party; and that with a greater Boldneſs he had entred into

Turin,

Turin, in the Habit of a *Capuchin*, with a long thick Beard, and abode there Two Days; not with design of ridding himself of the Prince, or his Mother, but to become Master both of one and the other, to govern the *State* alone. But the Conspiracy having been discovered, and the Accomplices seized; Fourscore of them were put to Death by the Common Hangman, and he escaped by a new Stratagem. A Secretary of State of *Savoy* is to be reckoned amongst this Number. Another *Cardinal*, who commands the Army of *France*, sent to the Assistance of the Duke and Dutchess, had also put to Death the Governour of *Casal*, accused of Treason, though he was not fully convicted of it.

'Tis written from *Rome*, That two Embassadors from the King of *Hungary*, who is lately Elected Emperor of *Germany*, had made a magnificent Entrance into that great City, clad after the *Hungarian* Manner with Vests, called here *a la barbaresque*; That they had above an Hundred Horse, whose Harness were of Gold, and their Shooes of Silver; and 'twas especially observed, that all the Foreign Ministers in that *Court*, had sent their Retinue to accompany them in their Entrance, that it might appear more Magnificent; and, that these Two Embassadors of the New Emperor, being arrived in the Presence of the *Infidel*'s *Mufti*, whom they call the *Pope*, they told him, their Prince would continue to render him the Obedience which his Father *Ferdinand*, now deceased, paid him, and that he recommended to his *Holiness*, his Person, his House, and his State, as a New Emperor, elected by the Suffrages of the Princes Electors of the Empire.

Observe, Magnanimous *Vizir*, the Authority of this *Mufti*: those who are so audacious, as to resist the *Musulmans*, will yet abase themselves at *his* Feet, which they really kiss before they open their Mouths to speak to him. The greatest *Christian* Princes

Princes are wont to chuſe from amongſt the moſt conſiderable Perſons of their State, the Embaſſadors which they ſend with great Expence, to pay their Homage to this Supream *Head* of their Church. Moreover, theſe Embaſſadors of the New *Cæſar*, have aſſured the *Pope*, as from him, that he will never ceaſe to make War with the Enemies of the *Chriſtian* Faith; and 'tis ſaid, they received this Anſwer:

That, *he ever reſpected the King of* Hungary, *the late Elected Emperor, as his Son, to whom he would never be wanting in Counſel, and all other neceſſary Aſſiſtances*; and exhorted him, *to employ his Victorious Arms againſt the Enemies of the Croſs*; and that, *on his ſide, he would employ the Succors of his Prayers, that the* Church *ſhould open her Treaſures by granting Indulgencies*; and that, *he would beſides this, give Supplies of Men and Money.*

People who are idle, amuſe themſelves with Diſcourſes on future Events, and thoſe that conſult the Stars to penetrate into what is to come, have made a Marriage between the *Dauphin* of *France*, a Prince born ſome Months ſince, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*, lately come into the World. 'Tis true, that at the Moment this Princeſs ſaw the Light, the King of *Spain* and the Grandees of the Kingdom, tryed who ſhould out-do one another in Feaſtings, to ſolemnize this Birth: And the like was done in *France*, for that of the *Dauphin*; both being accompanied with extraordinary Magnificence, and prodigious Liberalities.

The *Catholick* King has given the Quality of Grandee to the Duke of *Modena*, who was Godfather to the *Infanta*, and has declared him *Generaliſſimo* of the Four Seas, with a Penſion of Twenty Thouſand Sequins of Gold. He has moreover made magnificent Preſents to the Dutcheſs his Wife, eſteemed at an Hundred Thouſand Crowns; and beſides,

beſides, made Knights of the Order of St. *James*, ſeveral Gentlemen of this Prince's *Court*.

The *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, has alſo given ſeveral ſplendid Entertainments in his Houſe and State, for the Marriage conſummated with the Duke of *Saxony's* Son; and whilſt I am writing, I am told, there is a Son born to this King of *Hungary*, now Emperor of *Germany*. But whilſt theſe Rejoycings are in ſeveral Parts of *Europe*, an unforeſeen Tempeſt has ruined whole Countries in *Germany*; the Damage done thereby in *Franconia*, and near *Francfort*, is incredible: And it lackt but little, but this ſame King of *Hungary*, now mentioned, being at the hunting of a Boar, had been ſlain through a Whirlwind; which having pulled up a great Oak by the Roots, of prodigious Greatneſs, fell ſo near this Prince, that he received ſome ſlight Hurt by a Branch of it.

I pray Heavens, that all the Wiſdom of our *Holy Prophet*, and the Bleſſing of the *Great God* be always upon thee, and in thee, and ever augment thy Strength and good Fortune, to the Ruine of theſe *Perſian* Hereticks, whoſe Country I hope will be ſubjected by thy Sword to our Dread Emperor.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER VIII.

To Bedredin, *Superiour of the* Derviſes, *in the Convent of* Cogni *in* Natolia.

THou art happy in living *long* and *holily* too; I cannot chuſe but reflect with regret on thy great Age, conſidering how infirm I am. After Fifteen

fifteen Days Illneſs, my Strength quite failed me, ſo that neceſſitated I was to look out for a Phyſician; for I cannot eaſily commit my ſelf to the Hands of thoſe of this Country, who kill ſuch as truſt them, in the ſame manner as if they were their Enemies. When I diſcourſe theſe Doctors about the State of my Health, they tell me I am in imminent Danger, and that my Cure is hazardous. In writing thus, think not I rave, for I ſpeak the pure Truth. They will certainly kill me, ſhould I diſcover to them under what Climat I am born; whereas, if I tell them I am of *Moldavia*, they may chance to do me good; though that Country Air is very different from that of *Arabia*, where I firſt drew my Breath. To how many Miſeries is the Life of Man ſubject, eſpecially mine, when I cannot ſpeak the Truth, though it be to ſave my Life? Pray for me, Holy *Derviſe*; and if you hear no more from me, believe *Mahmut* is dead. Pardon likewiſe the Offences I have given thee, which yet have been againſt my Will. Adieu; we ſhall ſee one another in *God*, with *God*, and in the Boſom of *God*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER IX.

To Ocoumiche *his Mother at* Scio.

PArdon me, my dear Mother, if I write laſt to thee; pardon me moreover, if I have not written to thee, to pay thee the Marks of my Duty, whilſt I was in Health; and let me ſeek after thee, when perhaps in ſeeking for me, thou wilt no longer find me. I am ready to die; afflict

not

not thy ſelf, if *God* calls me to him; though I am amongſt *Infidels*, yet Death holds his Empire here, as in other places. The worſt News I can tell thee is, That commonly thoſe who deſire to live longeſt, are ſooneſt taken away; and I am not aſhamed to tell thee, I am one of that Number. I cannot willingly, as yet, leave this lower World. O unhappy Life! O unwelcom Death! What Apprehenſions have I not? And with what Terrors am I not ſtruck, ſince I have lived amongſt the *Chriſtians*? They preach againſt our *Alcoran*, and we declaim againſt their *Goſpel*. They affirm that *Mahomet* was a great Impoſtor; and we worſhip him. They believe they only know the Truth, that they be the only *Saints*, the *Elect*, and *Choſen* of God; what then will become of us, if we be wedded to Errors, and our *Alcoran* be only a parcel of Lyes?

I have neither good nor bad News of thee, no more than of thy new Spouſe: *God* grant the merry *Greek* thou art married to, have the Vices of thy firſt Husband, my Father. Thou knoweſt my meaning. He called himſelf Vicious, becauſe he hated the Vertues of the Vulgar.

I thank thee not for my Life, for that is what thou leaſt thought of, when thou becameſt big with me. But if thou expecteſt ſome Recompenſe for ſuckling me at thy own Breaſts, expect only Words of Thanks from a poor Slave who poſſeſſes nothing. *Love and Hate*, all the Time of thy Life, this is the greateſt Inheritance can be expected, from a Son who is juſt a dying. Engrave theſe Words in thy Heart; *Love ever what is honeſt, and hate always what is contrary to it.* Thus will theſe different Paſſions be ſetled on their Proper Objects.

If my Brother *Peſtell* be ſtill alive give him my Love with an innocent Kiſs, and a Touch in the Hand. Our Great *Prophet* protect and ſuſtain thy Age with the Staff of Mount *Liban*, and obtain

for

for thee from the Mercy of the moſt High, That thou mayſt enjoy thy Senſes to the laſt Hour of thy Life. *Adieu.*

Paris, 12th. *of the* 5th. *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER X.

To Peſtelihali, *his Brother.*

BElieving my Life is near its End, I therefore with all imaginable Eagerneſs write to thee, in the *third* place, although indeed thou holdeſt the *firſt* in my Heart. We ſhall ſee one another, Dear *Peſteli*, in that World, where every one receives according to his Deſerts. When I arrived in this great Town, I was aſtoniſhed at the Confuſion I met there, but I received no other Hurt. Altho' the Weather be very inconſtant, yet the Air is good, and Proviſions are wholeſom. and agreeable to the Taſte; the Water of the *Seine* is ſweet and clear; the Men are good Company, and the Women have done me no Harm; the King has not ill uſed me; Cardinal *Richlieu*, his Chief *Miniſter*, does not hinder me from living after my own Faſhion; our Great Emperor is not diſpleaſed with me, yet my Diſtemper is impetuous; a ſad Faintneſs has ſeized my Heart, and I begin to fall into ſuch a languiſhing Condition, as makes me deſpair of Health. If thou ſtill conſerveſt any Affection for me, read this Letter with Compaſſion: Forget the ill Offices I may have done thee; and if I parted without diſcovering to thee the Occaſion, give *God* Thanks for the Ability he has given me, of ſacrificing the Tenderneſs which I have for ſo good a Brother, to the Obedience which I owe to the Emperor's Commands.

Our Mother will ſalute thee as from me, in giving

ving thee a Kiſs; receive it as coming from me. Keep thy Gravity, and be honeſt in *Aſia* as well as *Europe*; and if thou goeſt to *Africa*, ſuffer not thy ſelf to be corrupted by ill Examples. 'Tis not without Tears I write thee this Letter: but lament not if I die, neither rejoyce if I eſcape; for I ſhall be thereby no leſs Mortal; and that Tribute which I do not pay to day, we both ſhall pay, with all other Men, on a certain time. Prepare to part willingly; ſtudy more how thou ſhalt *die*, thou how thou ſhalt *live*; and if thou wouldſt live till than art *Old*, live as if thou wert to die when thou art *Young*.

The Great *God* preſerve thee in the perfect Uſe of thy Underſtanding, and guide thee into all Truth; and if thou deſireſt to be the beſt Captain and Commander in the World, learn to conquer thy ſelf. *Adieu.*

Paris, 12th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHould I tell thee I am in Health, I ſhall write an untruth; for I am really out of order, and expect a Fit of Sickneſs; which I wiſh 'twere in my Power to avoid, though it may prove ſhort and Mortal. An Hectic Fever puts me oft in mind, how frail and brittle a thing is Man; and that he ought in Multiplicity of Buſineſs, in Times of Proſperity as well as Adverſity, to think of dislodging hence. The Bread I eat has no Reliſh; Solitude appears diſmal

diſmal to me, and Company wearies me; for I cannot attend to what's diſcourſed, and yet I do not like they ſhould ſay nothing; there's nothing pleaſes me but Drink, yet all the Sea will not quench my Thirſt. I am reſtleſs in Bed, and find my ſelf more tired thereby, than if I ſat up; and that which I loved Yeſterday, I hate to day. Thou knoweſt how I loved Books, this Humour is quite changed. If the Sun ſhines into my Chamber, I as ſoon ſhut my Windows, being not able to endure it; and having remained a Minute in Obſcurity, I am impatient for the Light. *Paris*, where one may ſay Strangers come from all Parts, to ſee the Varieties and Diverſions there to be met with, appears to me now an Hoſpital of Fools: I long for nothing more than *Conſtantinople*, and to be with my Friends, imagining I ſhall find Eaſe in their Company. And this is the unhappy Condition of thy Friend, without hope of ſeeing any more *Turbans* and *Muſſulmans*. I loath as much the ſight of an ignorant Phyſician, as the Emperor *Severus* did a corrupt Judge, and I look on a little Valet that ſerves me, as a neceſſary Evil: Yet I'll a little divert thee, maugre the Illneſs which has ſeized me. 'Tis not above Six Months ſince I entertained this Enemy in my Houſe, which is a *French* Valet, who makes himſelf a Fool; of a Pigmies Stature, yet a Gyant in Roguery; he is clad like the *Graces*, being half naked, and wears Buſkins like the Poetical Divinities; his ordinary Function is to ſweep every day my Chamber, which yet is as nafty as *Augis* his Stable; when I am awake he's aſleep, and he's always awake when I am aſleep; for this Thirteen Years that he has ſeen the Light, he cannot remember he has been Two Hours without eating: When he eats not openly and before Folks, leſt he ſhould ſhame me, he will

yet

yet be ſure to keep his Chaps a going, on ſomething in Corners. When I went abroad, I was forced to follow him; and now that I keep my Bed, 'tis hard to judge which of us Two is the Maſter, for he never parts with his Hat from his Head. He's more ready to pull off my Cloaths, than to put them on; which makes me chiefly careful of him at ſuch times, that he leaves me not ſtark naked. He's moreover a Politician as much as any *Florentin*: When he's to do any good Office, he falls into the *Spaniſh* Pace, but to perfect a bad one, he's as nimble as *Cæſar* was in the quickeſt of his Expeditions; whence it is that I am a Debtor to my own Arm and Hand for the Service I draw from him, being like certain Drugs which never yield an Odor till well beaten: As to his Religion, a Man would imagin he held the *Metempſycoſis*, ſo carefully does he preſerve the Lice that eat him, leſt in killing them, he act contrary to the Precepts of *Pythagoras*. He is moreover beſides, an irreconcilable Enemy to all Neatneſs, to Water and to Truth; and he is more ſtinking than a Synagogue, drunker than a *Swiſs*, and a greater Lyer than an Oracle. In the mean time, my Illneſs encreaſes, and my Domeſtick Enemy is ſo well, that he aſſuredly waits my Death, to live more Honourably on my Spoils. I differ much this Day from what I was Yeſterday, and I know not whether I ſhall not to morrow go to my long Home. Pray the Immortal for me, and remember we were once in Slavery together. Should I eſcape, I ſhall have the Joy of never ſeeing thee in the ſad Condition I am; and if I cannot eſcape Death at this time, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of ſuffering it before thee. However, believe I do not deſpair, though I much complain. I ceaſe writing to thee, but I'll never ceaſe loving thee. *Mahmut* embraces thee in this Country of *Infidels*, having

having thee always in his Heart, and praying for thee continually.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 4th. *Moon, of the Year* 1639.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

THe King of *France* has a Dwarf called *Oſmin*, born in a Village of the *Morea*, and carried away in his Infancy into *Italy* by Pyrats. He was bought by a *Spaniſh* Lord, who afterwards made a Preſent of him to this King, with ſuch a *boon Grace*, as entitles Magnificence to the ſmalleſt Things, after the manner of that Nation. The *Spaniard* having preſented his Dwarf, ſaid no more, the Dwarf making this following Diſcourſe:

Sir, I am a Chriſtian, *although my Parents be* Turks. *If thou willingly receiveſt me for thy Slave, I receive thee yet more willingly for my Maſter, being a juſt and merciful Prince: For I am obliged to tell thee, That if thou wilt behave thy ſelf like a Maſter, whoſe Liberality is guided by Prudence, thou wilt never do me any Hurt, nor ever do me any great Good. Shouldſt thou give me Opportunities of acquiring Riches, and throw open the Gate of Honours to me; I ſhall thereby, perhaps, become vicious and inſolent. Beſtow only one thing on me, which will not be afterwards in thy Power to take away; Give me good Education, and let a Man of Learning take the Charge of me, by which means I ſhall be revenged of* Nature, *in making me but an Atome of a Man; and perhaps make thy Courtiers, one day, repent of their preſent Laughter at me.*

Oſmin

Osmin has behaved himself so well, and gained such Credit by the Subtilty of his Wit, and Readiness of his Answers, that he is at present one of the *Courts* choicest Entertainments, and the Scourge of Debanched People. Coming one day to divert and comfort me in my Illness, he told me, That being in private Discourse, with one of the Women belonging to a Lady of the first Rank; he was forced to conceal himself speedily behind the Hanging, to prevent being surprized in the Chamber, where this Lady unexpectedly entred with the *Venetian* Ambassador, who ordinarily resides in this *Court*, and where he heard the following Discourse from this *Minister*'s own Mouth.

Madam, I shall willingly discover to you now that we are alone, the Intentions of the Republick *I serve, touching the* Turkish *Affairs, provided you promise me to do me Two different good Turns. 'Tis absolutely necessary, we make War with these* Barbarians, *before they declare it against us. The* Ottoman *Family is like the Mathematical Compass, which enlarges its self the more 'tis pressed. You are not to be informed of the famous Victory gained by our General* Capello, *who has led in Triumph all the Gallies of* Africk; *but though* Amurath *be employed on the Frontiers of* Persia, *in the Siege of a most important Place, yet does he already threaten to be revenged for the Defeat of these* Barbarians. *The Ministers of the* Port *do also press him to shew his Resentment; and we certainly know by secret Relations from the Turkish Camp lying before* Babylon, *that the* Grand Signior *has said in full Council, That he will himself throw the first Fire-ball into our* Arsenal. *That, Madam, which lies in your Power, is, to persuade the King to engage in the Common Cause, and for this End make up a Peace with his Enemies, that he may joyn his Naval Forces with Ours. On the other Hand, we could wish you would offer the Contrary to the Cardinal* Richlieu; *because*

cause this Minister usually slighting Womens Counsels, will come to our Purpose, through his obstinate Humour of contradicting you: And I do not doubt but this Artifice will succeed, if you perswade him, the King is resolved not to give us any Assistance. There runs a Report, as if our Bailo *has been laid hold on at* Constantinople, *and retained Prisoner in the Castle of* Seven Towers, *by the Order of the* Kaimakan. *And 'tis added that the* Grand Signior *offers a Peace to the* Persians, *to return speedily into* Europe; *that having no Diversion on that side, he may turn all his Forces against the* Republick.

The Pope *promises much, and we need not fear but he will keep his word being the Person most interessed in our affairs. He will furnish* Money, *joyn his Galleys to those of the* Republick, *and moreover send us several stout* Men. *The King of* Spain *promises us Forty Galleys, with all Necessaries, together with Fifty Vessels of War. The Great Duke of* Tuscany, *will assist us with Eight Vessels well set out, and Six Galleys well Armed. The King of* Poland *promises to send into the* Infidels *Country, an Army of Fifty thousand* Cossacks; *and others shall cruise about the* Levantine *Seas with their* Brigantines, *and especially the* Archipelago. *As to what respects the* Republick, *the chief Families in* Venice *have already proffered to set out, and entertain at their own Charge a Vessel, till the War be ended; and all the great Castles and Towns on the firm Land freely offer to furnish the* Republick *with Fifty thousand Ducats a Month. This Kingdom (which is so full of Men, amongst which there are so many good Officers, which are rich in Money, and at present so considerable at Sea) must not only not trouble so noble and necessary a Project, in continuing a War with* Spain; *but also gives its assistance, by Supplies of Men, Money, and Vessels. If you can, Madam, oblige the King to enter into this League, you will merit an Everlasting Remembrance, and have an Hundred*

Thousand Crowns, which lie ready for you at Venice, *to be paid when and where you please.*

This is God's *Cause, the Occasion is favourable, and all things seem in a readiness. You may immortalize your Name, and with your Beauty, your Credit and Eloquence give good Grounds of Hope to* Christendom *of Success, by obtaining the Assistance of the most puissant of the* Christian *Monarchs.*

This is what the *Dwarf* heard, and what he entrusted me with since; were I in a condition, Illustrious *Kaimakan*, to relate particularly the Life of *Osmin*, I am perswaded thou wouldst give entire Credit to the Discourse he made me.

Osmin is born a *Turk*, he loves me dearly, and has a certain Sympathy with me, which obliges him to seek me often, and entrust me with all the Adventures of his Life; treating me not only as a Friend, but living with me, as if I were his Brother.

There being some days, since I languished in Bed tormented with a Distemper, which at its Beginning threatned me with vexatious Consequences, and which causes me to droop and languish; thou wilt pardon me, if I reason not much on an Adventure so extraordinary. Should *God* restore me to my Health, I shall double my Care and Diligence, in observing the Measures of this *Court*. Order by thy Prudence and Valour, that the Preparations of these *Infidels* against the formidable Monarchy of the *true Believers*, may vanish into Smoak: And, the great Sovereign of the Lower and Upper World, grant thee perfect Health; which is fought in vain by his Highnesses Slave, and thy servant *Mahmut*.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIII.

To Iſouf *his Kinſman.*

NOtwithſtanding my Weakneſs, I force my ſelf to write thee this Letter, to thee with whom I am engaged by Intereſt, as well as by Blood. My Diſtemper lies ſo heavy upon me, that there remains only the time to ſpeak Two Words of Devotion to thee. *Iſouf*, thou oughteſt towards the End of the *Moon* in *May*, to go to *Mecha*; carry me along with thee, though I am at this diſtance. I entreat thee, when thou ſhalt arrive with the *Cavvan* of *Pilgrims*, at the Mountain of *Arafat*, to offer there a Sacrifice in my Name; immolate a Sheep in commemoration of *Abraham*: And if thou arriveſt in Health at the *Holy Moſque*, and in full ſtrength, offer devoutly my Prayers to our *Great Prophet*. I ask not Honours of *Mahomet*, no more than Riches; I only beg, that Heaven would reſtore me what I have loſt; 'tis Health I deſire, whereby I may ſerve our Great Emperor, and live more Holy than I have done. But before thy Departure, diſtribute a good Dole to the Poor, and if thou wanteſt Money, go and find *Dgnet Oglou*; borrow of him in my Name Seven hundred and fifty Aſpers, which thou ſhalt immediately deal out to thoſe that have moſt need.

Thou knoweſt how greatly the Works of Charity are recommended to us; they multiply the Benedictions of Heaven, and encreaſe our Wealth. I neither do, nor can do this in the *Infidels* Country; thou knoweſt my Inability, ſpeedily ſuccor me in the Neceſſity I am of doing Good, and let nothing hinder thee, no Argument of good Huſbandry nor Superſtition. If thou neglect my

Prayer, the ſhame of the Fault will lie at thy Door; and thou alone ſhalt bear the Iniquity, if thou executeſt not the Will of a dying Man, eſpecially having the Power. I forgot what I had of greateſt Importance to tell thee, and which is the moſt Holy, and aimed at to obtain with the greateſt Earneſtneſs. Endeavour to get for me a little Piece of the Cloth, wherewith the Temple of *Mecha* is every year hung, and which the *Pilgrims* tear in pieces to have each of them apart; and ſend as ſoon as thou canſt this holy *Relick* in a little Silver Box to *Carcoa* at *Vienna*, who will take care I receive it. If thou beeſt a good *Muſſulman*, give ſpeedy Help to a Diſciple of the ſame *Law*; and if thou beeſt a real Kinſman, aſſiſt me, love me and take on thee my Defence when neceſſary. I embrace thee with all my Heart, and Strength; and though I believe my ſelf very near Death, yet I wiſh thee a long and happy Life.

Paris, 12th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1639.

LETTER XIV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem *at* Conſtantinople.

IF thou beeſt the ſame that commanded the Army of the *true Believers* before *Babylon*, I write to thee without congratulating thy Reſurrection. The People at *Paris*, have kill'd thee by their Diſcourſes, becauſe they wiſht thy Death, and 'tis generally ſaid thou waſt ſtrangled by Four *Mutes*. But if I write to another, raiſed to the chief Dignity of the Empire, I pray the Great *God* who will one day judge

judge all Men, that he will long continue thee in *Amurath*'s Service ever happy, and always attended with Victory; and give thee better Fortune than all the other *Vizirs*, who have governed in the vaſt Empire of the *Muſſulmans*.

I have been ſick during the ſpace of Eighteen *Moons*, and my health is not yet fully reſtored: I have lived all that time, in continual Expectation of Death, and ſo many odd things have hapned in my Sickneſs, that I ſhould fall into it again, ſhouldſt thou oblige me to make the Recital of them.

The Charity of the *Chriſtian Derviſes* has been very great towards me, having neglected nothing which might be any ways ſerviceable to my happy Departure. The graveſt of them have often attended me with Diſcourſes of the Immortality of the Soul, of Hell, their Purgatory, Paradiſe, and the Merits and Indulgences of the Church. Several Phyſicians have come to ſee me, and uſed their utmoſt Skill to keep me alive, and imagin I owe my Life to them; but if it be ſo, they have paid themſelves for their Care, by drawing ſo much Blood out of me, having, I think, quite emptied my Veins, to reſiſt, ſaid they, the ſeveral Diſtempers which aſſaulted me, and to take from me the *Turkiſh* Fever which I nouriſhed; for I aſſuredly brought it from *Conſtantinople*.

The greateſt Sin I committed during the Courſe of ſo long a Sickneſs, was the pretending to confeſs my ſelf to a *Captain Derviſe*, as the *Chriſtians* do in the Principal Feaſts, and when they are ready to die. I uſed this Ceremony but once, and I do not think I have committed Sacrilege, for I have told no truth; and if I may ſpeak freely to thee, Invincible *Vizir*, hear what a pleaſant Pennance was enjoyned me, for an immaginary Crime of which I accuſed my ſelf. I confeſſed I hindred, by an Apology I had made, a *Mahometan* from embracing

the *Law* of *Jesus*; and the *Dervise* said to me in a Passion, *You are not then a* Catholick: *I am* answered I, *and only dissuaded this* Barbarian *on Account, I had observed it seldom happened, That a* Turk *who changed his Law, came to a good End; and that those who ceased to be* Mussulmans, *seldom prove any others but bad* Christians. *Your Reasoning is also as false,* replyed sharply the *Monk, as the Design you have had is bad; for you never ought to hinder any thing which is good, for the fear you may have that in the End it may cease to be so. And I enjoyn you for Penance, to scrape out with such Exactness, all the Characters of your Apology, that there remain no Mark of it, so that the Paper become as clean and fair, as if there had been nothing written on it, that so black and detestable a Discourse be entirely defaced by the Pains which you shall take to hinder the remaining of any Trace or Mark: After which, you shall pray to* God *as long as you live, that he would destroy the Temple at* Mecha, *so famous by the Impieties committed there, and enlighten the Eyes of the blind* Mahometans. But I am constrained to stop here, being so feeble, and indisposed, that I have not the Strength to write that I am now recovering.

The *Mars* which has made *Germany* tremble, I mean the Duke of *Wimar*, is in fine dead at 36 Years of Age, and buried in the same Field wherein he gathered his last Lawrels, that is to say, at *Brisac*. I shall distinctly inform the *Kaimakan* of whatever has hapned during my Sickness, that I may not give thee the trouble to read the Relation of several Adventures, which have been already published in the World, whilst thou art employed in the great Affairs of the Empire. As soon as I am able, I shall, if possible, do with greater Diligence the Offices of my Place, and henceforward punctually advertise thee of the Cabals, Intrigues and Designs of the *Nazarenes*, that thou mayst not

be

be unprovided againſt all the Attempts of the *Infidels*.

I entreat the *Being* of *Beings*, to accompany thy Life with all the Happineſs thou canſt deſire on Earth, and that thou mayſt never undertake any thing for the Good of the Empire, and its Religion, without Succeſs.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon.*
of the Year 1640.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimakan.

THOU wert but little miſtaken when thou thoughteſt I was dead. I have been ſo near the Grave, that I may have received four of thy Letters without being able to read them; ſo far was I from the Power of anſwering them. I have been ſick a whole Year and ſix Months, out of the Commerce of the Living, and without receiving any Conſolation from any one; abandoned to Phyſick, and become the Prey of the Phyſicians; and in ſhort, out of hope of ever recovering; but the day wherein I am to be judged is not yet come. I am, in fine, ſtill alive, and ſhall ſoon I hope be well again, if thou to o'erwhelm me chargeſt not my long Malady, as a Crime upon me, and ſuſpecteſt me not guilty of Infidelity.

I have informed my ſelf within theſe few days, of ſeveral Events which have hapned during the Courſe of ſeveral *Moons*, which I ſhall relate to thee, if I can, in this Letter, to make amends for the time I have loſt. But in ſo few Words, as will occaſion thee to think, I am ſtill ſick; for which

thou muſt not blame me, ſeeing thou loveſt Brevity.

France, during the time I have not Writ to thee, has given me Marks of its Power and Policy. Four places have been beſieged in the Year 1639. whoſe Succeſs have not been equal. The *French* have met with diſadvantage before *Thionville*, by the Valour and Conduct of *Picolomini*, one of the Emperor's *Generals*, who was born in *Italy*, and brought up from a Child in the Trade of Arms. 'Tis ſaid, he has attackt and vanquiſht his Maſter's Enemies, with ſuch ſpeed, that one may compare his Action with that of *Claudius Nero*, when he defeated *Aſdrubal* who had entred *Italy*: He has broken the Enemies Army, routed the Horſe, took the Cannon, kill'd the *French* General, and immediately rais'd the Siege; but in revenge, the ſame *French*, who were beaten before *Thionville*, have made themſelves Maſters of *Hedin*, *Salins*, and *Salſe*; which laſt was taken by the Young Prince of *Conde*, who gives the Marks of an exrraordinary Valour, but the *Spaniards* have re-taken theſe Places, which have coſt them dear. 'Tis ſaid that the Governour left by the Prince of *Conde* there, being preſt by the *Spaniards* to ſurrender the Place, threw out to 'em an hot white Loaf, ſaying, *That thoſe who eat of this Bread, would not ſurrender themſelves, before the Enemies came to the time wherein they might eat Ice.*

Yet the Place was ſurrendred, before the *Spring* was come to change the Face of the Earth; ſo far were they from holding out till 'twas cover'd with Snow or Ice.

This King immediately appeaſed the Inſurrections which were made in *Normandy*. But what wilt thou ſay of *Caſimir*, the King of *Poland*'s Brother, who being return'd a Second Time into *France* alone and diſguiſed, was diſcovered and carried Priſoner

to

to the Caſtle in the Wood of *Vinciennes* near *Paris*, where he is carefully guarded.

The War has been very cruel in *Italy* between the Three Parties, who are extreamly animated againſt one another. Prince *Thomas* of the *Houſe* of *Savoy*, drove out by ſurprize the *French* from *Turin*; but thou wilt ſoon underſtand that our Capital Enemies the *Spaniards*, have been beaten and entirely defeated under *Casal*, by the Count *Harcourt*, of the Houſe of *Lorrain*.

The *Spaniards* and *Dutch* have made a great Noiſe in the Ocean with their Fleets; the former came with Fourſcore Veſſels of *War*, to land Fifteen thouſand Men in *Flanders*; but having been met by *Van Tromp*, a Commander of great Courage and Experience, there was a bloody Battel fought, which laſted long, but at length ended in the Defeat of the *Spaniards*.

The *Dutch* have taken Thirteen Ships, and about Twenty of them have been driven by bad Weather on the Coaſts of *England*, where they are loſt, and Eight others have had the good Fortune to get into *Dunkirk*.

The Victory of the *Dutch* is compleat, having loſt but one Ship in the whole Engagement, againſt ſo puiſſant an Enemy, and whoſe Subjects they were formerly.

Bear with me, Illuſtrious and happy *Kaimakan*, wanting Strength to continue on writing, though it were the Victories of *Amurath* which I were to relate.

I ſhall make known to thee on the firſt Opportunity, whatever ſhall come to my Knowledge. In the mean time, the Creator of all things, direct thee in all thy Ways, and proſper all thy Undertakings.

Paris, 15th *of the* 10th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1640.

LETTER XVI.

To Ognet Oglou.

I am in a manner raised from the Dead, by reading thy Letter; there is not a Line or Syllable, but shews the Marks of a true Heart, and a tender and real Sympathy with my Condition: I pray Heaven, we may do nothing either of us to lessen this Affection.

Thou informest me in thy Letter of the Departure of *Isouf* for *Mecha*: I give thee a Thousand Thanks for the Money thou hast given him, for the offering of a Sacrifice in my Name on the *Sacred Mountain*, and to distribute here below the Alms which I enjoyned him. I admire thy Bounty, and the Charitable Care thou hast had of the Salvation of thy Friend *Mahmut*, in sending one of our *Devotees* to *Medina*, to go the Pilgrimage, and say the Prayers for me. In a Word, I see thy Kindness makes thee foresee and provide against all my Wants; there is no Place or Time, wherein I receive not Marks of thy Favour.

Seeing I am so dear to thee, and loving thee so greatly as I do, let not distance of Place, Poverty, Disgrace, Imprisonment, or any other Misfortune extinguish, or so much as damp our mutual Affection.

I have in a manner, stole the time I write to thee: for I have nothing which is truly mine, and I make thee a Present of a thing which I owed the *Caimakan*, for whom I ought to employ more time in writing. But let us lay aside all these troublesom Affairs, and entertain one another with an entire Confidence and Familiarity. Thou wanteſt not Wit, employ it in the Study of History, after sufficient

ficient Inſtruction in the Matters which concern Religion: If thou wilt be a Prince among other Men, ſeparate thy ſelf from the Croud, by thy Application to good Authors; read much, and yet read little; read ever good Books, there being few of them, and thus thou wilt read much. If thou canſt attain to the Knowledge of whatever is known of Men, thou wilt be a kind of *God* amongſt them; whereas thou wilt be of the Number of Beaſts, if thou falleſt of acquiring the Notices thou oughteſt to have. I wiſh thou wouldſt mind more for thy Friends ſake, what paſſes in the *Seraglio*, in the *Divan*, and in the Prince's moſt ſecret Councils, to know what is ſaid there againſt me and for me: Good and ſeaſonable Advice does oftentimes hinder much Miſchief, and does a great deal of good. Friendſhip makes thoſe things which are otherwiſe hard, very eaſie: He that is not ready (ſays an Holy Man amongſt the *Chriſtians*) to ſuffer all things, and to loſe all, and his very Will too, for the ſake of him that he loves, deſerves not the Name of a Friend.

Let us ever forget the Words *mine* and *thine*; Thy good Fortune is mine, even as thy Diſgraces are: If we thus eſtabliſh our Friendſhip, why may we not, though Modern *Turks*, compare our ſelves to thoſe Antient *Greeks*, who have given ſuch glorious Marks to the World of their Friendſhip? Why may we not be the Imitators of *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*, who contracted ſo ſtrict an Union, that nothing could change it? Although we were not born the ſame Day, in the ſame Climat, and in the ſame Town as *Poliſtratus* and *Hypoclides* who were born in the ſame Houſe, at the ſame Hour, and lived always together, and fell ſick at the ſame Time, and loved equally; yet let us ſurpaſs them in Affection. Love we one another more than *Theſeus* and *Pirithous*; more than *Damon* and *Pithias*;

Pitbias; the former of which contracted in Arms, and the other in Studies, that ſtrict Amity that has rendred them ſo recommendable to Poſterity. If thou knoweſt any Secret whereby to reſtore my Appetite which I have loſt, ſend it me. I am here Spectator of a Million of Mouths, who eat four times a day, and conſume 15000 Oxen every Week, and 15000 other Pieces of Animals, beſides Mutton, Veal, Hogs, not to reckon all ſorts of Fowl, and Fruits produced by the Earth, and the Fiſhes from the Seas and Rivers.

I am forced to die with Hunger with my Meat in my Hands; and in a Town where there is an Abundance of all ſorts of things, I want all things. Bread which is ſo pleaſant to the Eye, and ſo ſavoury in the Taſt, to all other People, is nauſeated by me. Wine onely, becauſe 'tis forbidden by our Law, rejoyces the ſight of me, and ſtirs up a deſire of drinking. Let me hear oft from thee; let thy Letters be inſtructive, and be levelled againſt my melancholy Temper. The God of *Mahmut* keep thee ever in Health, and make thee love me, as thou doſt, continually.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 10th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1640.

LETTER XVII.

To Adonai *the* Jew *at* Genoa.

THou art as lazy in Writing, as inconſiderable in thy Judgment of things. Thou haſt written to the *Grand Vizir*, That this *Republick* is diſpoſed to joyn its Forces to that of *Venice*, for its Aſſiſtance in the War againſt the *Port*; but what Ground

Ground haſt thou for this Advice? And if the *Grand Vizir* ſhould oblige thee to give a Reaſon for this, how canſt thou ſatisfie his Curioſity and hinder him from accuſing thee of great Lightneſs?

I now receiv'd a Copy of the Letter thou didſt write to *Conſtantinople*, for which I thank thee: 'Twould have been better I had recieved the Original; for I would not have ſent it. There's no likelyhood that a *Republick*, ſo deſirous of eſtabliſhing a Peace in her Dominions, will diſturb her own Quiet, for the Service of a State, with which ſhe is always at War.

Had the *Genoeſes* any Cauſe of Complaint againſt *Amurath*, they would want neither Soldiers, nor Arms, nor Veſſels, nor Money to raiſe Enemies againſt him. But at preſent, whilſt their Affairs are in a full Calm, both Abroad and at Home, they make (with greater Prudence than the *Venetians*) War in the *Spaniſh Indies* with their Regiſters, and Arithmetick; and they have always the Advantage in this kind of Combat, wherein there is no Example they ever loſt: Let this Nation alone in Peace. Write rather to the *Port*, That the *Genoeſes*, condemned by Nature to dwell in the Rocks and Deſart Mountains; have found the means of making theſe, the moſt delicious Abodes in *Europe*.

Tell the *Grand Vizir*, That ſo many extravagant Philoſophers, who continually ſearch for what they will never find, have at length ſhewed, That there is no other Place where are more perfect Chymiſts to be found, having converted into Gold almoſt all the Stones of the Country, changed the Horror of their Deſarts into moſt pleaſant Gardens; and the Cottages of the antient *Ligurians* are transformed into Palaces, enriched with Marble and Porphyry, with ſo great Magnificence and Propriety, that no Houſes, are comparable to theirs. To which thou mayſt add, that the Inheritance of the pooreſt

Genoeſe,

Genoese, does at this time much surpass those of their Predecessors. Shew him, they have begun to give considerable Succours to great and puissant Monarchs by immense Sums; and that, in fine, in the Registers of particular Traders, one may see the Names of the greatest Monarchs on Earth, to whom they are become Creditors.

Be more careful of what thou writest for the Future; and when thou giveſt Advice, set down what thou knowest without Exaggeratings, and be reserved in what's doubtful: Never write Falsehoods in thy Dispatches. Be also never the Author of vulgar Rumors, and Stories made by People at leasure, who abound with Extravagancies. God help thy Understanding, and heal thy Distempers if thou hast any.

Paris, *the* 10th. *of the* 11th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1640.

LETTER XVIII.

To the Kaimakan.

THE *Christians* are become Magicians, or to speak better, the *Spaniards* who make War in *Piemont*, have fill'd the World with Astonishment by an extraordinary and new Enchantment. I wrote to thee, there were two great Armies before *Turin*, one to take it, and the other to succour it; but I have not yet made known to thee, that the Cannon of the *Spaniards* are become Couriers, who carry their Dispatches in the Air, into the besieged Cities, and moreover, Ammunition, Powder, Salt-Petre, and Money; a marvellous Invention, which fills me with Admiration in writing it.

it. There is a Man in the Camp of General *Legannez*, who makes brass Bullets so artificially, that having shot them into the Ditch of the Place, they have for a long time succoured the Besieged. 'Tis said, that being made in a Vice, and hollowed within, they have served for Two uses, to convey into *Turin* what was wanting, and to bring back into the *Spaniards* Camp the things they most needed. But this Industry proved in the end useless; for after several Conflicts, *Turin* has fain again into the Hands of King *Lewis*, who has therein re-established the Dutchess of *Savoy*, to the great Satisfaction of her People, who have thereupon shewed the Signs of the greatest Joy. This Restablishment is owing to the Valour and Conduct of Count *Harcourt*, who has sustained and repelled the Assaults of Two Armies, stronger in Number than his own. This Captain, has made his Name as famous in *Italy*, as were heretofore those of the *Hero's* of *Rome* and *Athens*. The Marquiss of *Leganez* undertook the Siege of *Casal*, an important Place belonging to the Duke of *Mantoa*, situated on the famous River of *Po* in *Italy*. Count *Harcourt* not being able with all his Army to put Succours into the Place, he took the Party of forcing himself the Besieged, entring on Horseback into the Lines with his Sword in his Hand, where he was followed by some of his Gentlemen. The *Spaniards* being surprized and astonisht, found no Safety but in Retreat, which they made disorderly; and the *French* under such a Captain, bore away that day, the greatest and most glorious Victory they ever won in *Italy*.

If thou requirest an Account of me of what has past in *Germany*, I can tell thee, that the War has been carried on there this Year with equal Success and Losses to both Parties, to whom Fortune has been sometimes favourable, and otherwhiles contrary.

But,

But I am informed, there's a design of making a great Assembly at *Cologne*, to restablish a Peace amongst all the *Christian* Princes; and that the King of *France* has named for his *Plenipotentiary* there, the Cardinal *Julius Mazarin*, an *Italian* by Nation, a Man of great Parts and experience in Business.

Prince *Casimir* is set at Liberty, at the Intreaty of the King of *Poland* his Brother, and has been since well recieved by the King, who made him Dine at his Table, and presented him with a rich Diamond. The Town of *Arras*, which the *French* have taken in the *Spanish Netherlands*, is of great Importance, and is a considerable loss to the *Catholick* King, who will give great Reputation to his Enemies, that have taken the Place in the sight of a great Army, commanded by the *Cardinal Infant*, Governour of the *Low Countries*,; which Conqueſt has mightily raised the *French* Courage, and encreased the Glory of their Prince.

The Queen is brought to Bed of a Serond Son, who was born the 21*st* of *September*, and he is named the Duke of *Anjou*.

The *Spaniards* are as unfortunate on the Sea, as at Land. Their Fleet, which returned from the *West Indies*, richly laden with Commodities of all sorts, have been most of them dispersed by the *French* Naval Army, commanded by the Duke of *Breze*. The *Spaniards* truly fought with much Valour, but Fifteen Thousand of their Men were slain and Two Hundred taken Prisoners, together with Five great Vessels richly laden. One of their great Gallions was burnt, and it is said, the other Ships were saved, having first thrown the best part of their Lading overboard, which they had brought with such great Care and Pains from the *other World*.

That which has past on the Ocean, has not hindred the Archbishop of *Bourdeaux* from shewing the

the Strength of the King his Maſter on the *Mediterranean*; where he has ſought an Occaſion, of fighting the *Spaniards* with a lighter Army, conſiſting for the moſt part of Galleys. He had ſent a Defiance to the Duke *de Ferrandine*, *General* of the *Spaniſh* Gallies; who being unwilling to accept of the Challenge, this Prelate advanced towards the Coaſt of *Naples*, where he did ſome Miſchief.

One may ſay, That the Misfortunes of *Philip* King of *Spain* are as great this Year, as his Power is. But it is ſaid, theſe Loſſes are not comparable to what he is threatned with, if *Portugal* and *Catalonia* ſhake off the Yoke of his Domination, as the common report runs.

I have heard much talk in General, on theſe conſiderable Affairs, without being however informed of any certain Particulars. But henceforward, when I ſhall be able to leave my Chamber, to go into the Churches, Walks, and Gardens about the City and the *Court*, I ſhall let nothing paſs without a ſtrict Enquiry, and give a Faithful Account of whatever deſerves thy Notice; and ſhouldſt thou deſire any particular thing of thy Slave *Mahmut*, 'tis but mentioning it, and thou ſhalt not want an exact and humble Anſwer.

It makes me tremble in telling thee, that a Report runs here of the Death of the Invincible Prop of the Word, the Mighty of Mighties, in fine, of the Glorious *Amurath*. 'Tis falſe News, I hope, yet however aſſerted with great Confidence. The Arbiter of Heaven and Earth confound all our Enemies, and give the *Grand Signior*, and thy ſelf, a Life which knows no End, and attended with a Happineſs which cannot be encreaſed.

Paris, 7th. *of the laſt Moon*,
of the Year, 1640.

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LETTER XIX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THE Lovely *Greek*, after whom thou enquireſt ſo earneſtly, is long ſince retired into *France*, and has been marryed Eighty *Moons* to a great *French* Merchant, with whom I am not acquainted, but am informed is very rich, and fortunate in his Dealings; but infinitely more fortunate in being the Husband of *Daria Lena Maani*, by whom he has ſeveral fine Children.

This charming *Greek* does now profeſs the *Roman* Religion, which is the only Fault I find in her. I never knew Woman, whoſe whole Carriage is ſo graceful, who does all things with ſuch a careleſs exactneſs, and whoſe Virtue is leſs moroſe. Meer Chance brought me acquainted with her, whom I no ſooner ſaw, but was ſtruck with Admiration. She came to *Paris* the laſt Year, to ſollicit a Law-Suit againſt a Stranger about an Eſtate. It was at *Court*, and in the preſence of the King himſelf that I firſt ſaw *Daria*; ſhe ſpake to him ſo ſweetly, that ſhe ſoon obtained what ſhe deſired; and at the ſame inſtant I felt ſuch inexpreſſible Paſſions and Longings after her Acquaintance —— Suffer me, my dear *Dgnet* to tell thee, that never any Creature made ſuch deep Impreſſions in the Heart of a Man, as this charming *Greek* did in mine.

I drew near to her as ſoon as I could; I ſpeak to her in her own Language, telling her, I was an *Arabian*; and ſhe anſwered me, with as great Modeſty as Benignity. I went the day following, to give her a Viſit in her own Lodgings; where this adorable Perſon, received me with the greateſt Civility, not forbidding me a Return; being pleaſed

fed perhaps to meet with one, that could ſpeak her own Language, which is very rare in theſe Parts.

Since then, I could not for my Life forget her; I have ſerved her with the greateſt Diligence, and ſo doted on her, that I forgot my ſelf and thee, and if I may dare to ſay ſo, the *Grand Signior* too. Pardon this Infidelity on the account of a Paſſion, which knows no Moderation, being not able to withſtand the Force of ſo invincible an Enemy.

Daria is young, of a generous Temper, and in whoſe whole Deportment, there's no Grace wanting. Her Vertue is far above *Lucretia*'s, for this *Roman* Lady killed her ſelf, having firſt endured the Violences of a Tyrant; whereas ſhe would die before ſhe would come to ſuch a Tryal. If you have ſeen her at *Conſtantinople*, you muſt have known her Perfections: I, for my part, who only knew her at *Paris*, have remarkt four Beauties in her Perſon, which I believe is not to be found in any of thoſe Ladies kept in the *Seraglio*. Her Eyes, her Mouth, her Teeth, and her Hands, ſeem to have been made only to furniſh the *God* of *Love* with Darts. She is ſure to ſtrike where ſhe will, with her fine black Eyes full of Fire: and ſhe has alſo the Secret of healing the Wounds ſhe makes, when ſhe pleaſes. As ſoon as ever ſhe opens her Mouth, the Three *Graces* are ſeen to ſit ſporting in her Countenance; and her Body is moreover ſo proportion'd in all its Parts, that had ſhe lived in the time of *Phidias*, he had certainly taken her for the Model of his *Venus*, which was the Admiration of all the World.

I have plyed this fair *Greek* with Viſits, loved her even to Idolatry; my Reſpect has been over equal to her Virtue; and the greateſt Favour I obtained from her, was to ſuffer me thus to ſpeak to her; *I love you*, Daria, Daria, *I adore you*; but ſhe would

would never ſuffer the leaſt Expreſſion which might make her underſtand any thing elſe.

This incomparable Beauty often ſaid to me; Mahmut, *I have a great Reſpect for thee, becauſe thou art diſcreet and vertuous, and ſhould alſo love thee, wert thou not a Man. Live on ſtill as thou haſt done, and thou wilt thereby oblige me to reſpect thee yet more; but think not to obtain from* Daria *any more than an innocent Affection; I owe all to my Husband, and I will never be unfaithful to him.* If I ever attempted to ſnatch any ſmall Favour, it was always in vain, having ever repelled me in ſuch a manner, as made me loſe all Hope, and at the ſame time feel a new increaſe of Paſſion. Conſider, dear *Oglou* what paſt then in my Heart, and what a War I was to ſuſtain.

In my great Inquietudes, and ſharpeſt and cruel-leſt Pains, *Philoſophy* ſupplyed me with no other Remedies but Patience; ſhe ſet before me the Examples of the Eſteem which the Antients had for Pudicity; but ſhe hindred me not from alſo remembring, that we find in Hiſtory almoſt all the *Philoſophers* more tranſported with Venereal Pleaſures than retained by the Precepts of Wiſdom: *Diogenes* and *Ariſtotle*, became they not Fools hereby? And *Seneca* whoſe *Morals* are the Rules of the Wiſeſt, was not he driven out of *Rome* for his Adulteries? I tell thee plainly, the Precepts of *Philoſophy* have influenced me not a whit; I derided them, and was reſolved to love on, and that more exceſſively than all the *Philoſophers* together. *Daria*'s ſoft Severity, has laid on me ſtronger Laws than all the Dogms of the *Stoicks*; ſo that nothing can make me change my Reſolution, of loving her eternally. If it be true that Love is a Weakneſs, only Men, who are noble Creatures, are thereunto ſubject; it being certain, that mean Souls cannot love, becauſe they have no Heart: *Natures Origi-*

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nd is far higher than Reasons; One is the Work of *God*, whereas the Other comes from Man. Be not then astonisht, if *Reason* does so oft yield to *Nature*.

Daria had a mind to learn *Italian*, which she thought a better Language than others. I taught her a great deal of it in a little time, but businesse quickly deprived an unhappy Master of the most perfect of Scholars. She said once to me, *Mahmut*, let us have a perpetual Amity for one another, but let us love and esteem Vertue far before Friendship. Teach me *History* and *Geography*, to the end that knowing Kingdoms, Towns, and Provinces, and those that govern them; I may know into how many Parts, this Earth which appears so admirable, is divided; I may now learn the Forces, Methods of Government, Manners, Religions of Nations, the Difference of Seas and of Mountains, of Lakes and Rivers, of inhabited Places, Islands and Deserts, that I may not confound the Barbarous with the Civilized Nations, and *Republicks* with *Monarchies*.

My worthy Friend, so noble an Inclination joined with a singular Grace, and attended with so many rare Qualities, as well Spiritual as Corporal, have reduced the poor *Mahmut* to a Slavery, more rigorous than that which he suffered with thee in *Sicily*. How many nights have I past in horrible Restlesnes; and how many times have I vainly believed I was with *Daria*, whom I sought in my Chamber; when Sleep succeeding long Watchings, represented her to me in a Dream more complaisant than ordinary? In a Word, *Daria* so filled my Thoughts, that I forgot my Books, and avoiding also the Company of my Friends; she alone was my daily Study, and I renounced all other Divertisements; the fineſt Ladies were nauseous to me; the fineſt Gardens seemed horrible Forests, which

serve

ſerve for a Retreat to Savage Beaſts. In fine, my Paſſion (Friend *Oglou*) comes to that Exceſs, that I can find no Remedy. My Tears were of none effect to ſoften *Daria*, and I have caſt my ſelf a Thouſand times in vain at her Feet; all my Cares and Reſpects have ſerved only to give me Proofs of her Virtue. Receive as thou oughteſt the Confidence I put in thee, and if thou haſt not an Heart that can love ſo ardently, at leaſt have ſome Complacency toward a Man whoſe Paſſion has no Bounds, and reproach me not with having had too much Weakneſs for having been vanquiſht by a Woman. 'Tis Women that have always won the greateſt Victories; it is their Trade to conquer, and even thoſe too, who ſubdue all things. It is impoſſible for me to comprehend, how I could love ſo ſtrongly without dying; neither can I imagine how I ſhall live, if I be long deprived of the Sight of her I love. *Daria* has left *Paris*, and is diſtant thence above Three hundred Miles; conſider then the condition I am in. I reckon my ſelf in a Solitary Place, although there be above a Million of Inhabitants in the Town where I dwell. I ſtir not out of my Chamber; and as to my Books, they will yield me no Comfort. My only Care is to nouriſh my Diſtemper; whereby I ſtudy to make my ſelf more miſerable, becauſe it is not in my power, ſo much as to ſeek the way to the only Happineſs I wiſh for. *Mahmut* may be ſaid to be the Son of Sorrow; my Beard is naſty and overgrown; I am out of love with my ſelf, comfortleſs, avoiding all Society, and am become inviſible to all People. I have no Hope amongſt ſo many Cauſes of Deſpair, but the Aſſurance which *Daria* has given me, that I poſſeſs a place in her Heart; and I believe it, becauſe ſhe ſays ſo. Heaven has given her a frank and generous Soul, and promiſes her great things in the courſe of her Life. I have ſecretly drawn her Horoſcope

Horoſcope; as far as I could find, all the Planets are favourable to her; ſhe is to live a great while; Fortune will ſecond her Intentions; ſhe will enjoy an unterrupted Health; and this lovely Perſon will ever gain the Advantage on all that ſhall oppoſe her. Happy is he that ſhall be of the number of her Friends, but more happy is he that ſhall be beloved of her, for he may aſſure himſelf of being beloved of the handſomeſt and moſt deſerving Lady in the World.

Read my Follies with ſome Indulgence, and be not angry with me when thou knoweſt, I was ready to renounce my Religion for that of *Daria*'s; ſhe began to convince me, and I began to believe that the Religion of the moſt perfect and moſt vertuous of Women was the beſt. If thou haſt Intereſt enough in the *Grand Vizir*, or the *Kaimakan*, obtain for me the Permiſſion of leaving *Paris* for ſix *Moons* only, but by no means let them know the Occaſion. I love much, abſent from *Daria*, but it ſeems to me I do not yet love enough: I would have more violent Tranſports, during her Abſence, than thoſe I ſuffer whilſt I ſee her; to the end I may ſay, that at all times, and in all places, never any body loved ſo much. I have diſcovered to thee my whole Heart, excuſe my Paſſion, if thou wilt not excuſe thy Friend ſo horridly tormented with it; and remember what the Beautiful *Roxalana* ſaid to the great *Solyman*, *That the Pleaſure of Commanding and making one's ſelf obeyed, is to be reckoned but in the Second Rank of Pleaſures, whereas that of loving and being beloved is the firſt.*

Henry IV. was one of the greateſt Kings of *France*, than whom no man ever more greatly loved. When he reproached the Duke *de Biron* with the Love he had for a Lady, mark what this Cavilier told him; *Great King, how is it poſſible thou ſhouldſt not be indulgent to Lovers who haſt ſo often*

ſaid

ſaid when thou waſt in love, thou forgatteſt thy ſelf, thy Kingdom and Subjects? And this, dear *Oglou*, is what has happened to me at *Paris*, with this admirable Perſon whom thou couldſt no longer find at *Conſtantinople*. But alas. I ſhould be an unhappy Friend, if with ſuch a Love as mine I ſhould prove thy Rival. I will not imagine it; yet I muſt tell thee, that rather than yield thee *Daria*, I will ſacrifice to thee all the time I have to live. I have given my Picture to this charming *Greek*, who has received it very courteouſly, yet rather as the Work of an excellent Painter, than the Picture of a Lover.

But being full of Goodneſs, and perfectly diſcreet, ſhe ſaid thus to me, when I gave it her: Mahmut, *thank Heaven thou art not handſome; ſuch ſort of Men have not ordinarily all the Succeſs they pretend to in their Amours. Wiſe Ladies think thoſe kind of People doat too much on themſelves; and thoſe that are diſdainful, find them not ſubmiſſive enough and reſpectful; and ſuch as fear evil Tongues, dare not look on them; and alſo theſe Gentlemen imagine Ladies Favours are granted them, becauſe they cannot withſtand them, and they expect oftentimes to be entreated to receive them: Whereas thoſe to whom Nature has not been ſo liberal of her Favours, do more than barely love; they adore their Miſtreſſes, they are always humble, and know how to gain the coyeſt Beauty by their Reſpectfulneſs. As to thy part, who art none of the faireſt, thou wilt be happy, if thou changeſt not thy manner of living with me.*

It is impoſſible for me to ſay, whether *Daria* has any conſiderable Imperfections, being too greatly prepoſſeſſed by my Paſſion, to diſcover Defects in a Perſon, whom I regard as an *Angel*. Time and her Promiſes, will one day ſhew me, whether ſhe has the Vices uſual to thoſe of her Nation, which are commonly an Infidelity, cove-

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red over with the most specious Pretences, and a continued Dissimulation.

However send me a Cask of the white Balm of *Mecha*, and of the best sort for Scent thou canst get; and at the Same time, send me also some of that precious *Eastern* Wood, whose Scent is admirable to perfume the Body. I have promised the fair *Daria* this Present; let me soon have it, to the end I may accustom *Daria* to the Neatness and Delicacies of the *Mahometans*. Preserve also thy Health, and if thou envieſt me, love as much as I do: but love with Continency, if thou wilt love long, and be long loved.

The Great *God* preserve thee from loving however so excessively as thy Friend *Mahmut* does; the Dolors being therein always certain, and the Fruition uncertain.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 1st. *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XX.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THe *Chiaus* arrived here this same *Moon* in which I write to thee, and is in perfect Health, with all his Attendants.

I do not tell thee in what manner he was received by the People at *Paris*, it being of small importance; seeing they have no other part in the Government of the Kingdom, than that of Obeying.

The Populacy curiously observed his Habit, his Beard, and his Gate, all as extraordinary. 'Tis certain (Invincible Leader of his Armies, in whom

God has placed his Authority of governing the Earth,) our Envoys are not esteemed where-ever they come, unless amongst the most Rational, and Honest part of Mankind; which are always the least Number.

Not only the Common Sort run to see our Ambassadors, for the Vestments they wear, to which their Eyes are not accustomed; but, even considerable Persons, have the same Curiosity. Some silently approve, others lift up their Hands, to note their Astonishment; and others, by an insolent Murmur, discover their Contempt, not understanding the Justice due to Strangers, whose Manners and Fashions ought never to be blamed; it being impossible, but whole Nations must have good Reasons for their Customs and Practices since so many Ages.

But he was not thus received at *Court*, where the *King* and his *Ministers* do all things with great Prudence; being respected as a man that brought good News, and sent by the Greatest and most Puissant Emperor in the World. As to the Subject of his coming, every body speaks diversly. The *Ministers* of Foreign Princes are fearful, lest the new *Sultan* should attempt the entire Ruine of *Christendom* and prove more terrible than *Amurath*. In the mean time, this Heathenish People shew Incredible Joy at the burning of the Imperial City of *Constantinople*. But, the King has no part in the Sentiments of his Subjects.

Many say, that the King of *Red Heads* will renew the War with the Empire, and is persuaded to this by the *Great Mogol*; and there are some who affirm, he has already laid Siege to *Babylon*. But those who speak with more Sense, and less Hatred, affirm, that all the *Port's* Enemies are like Reeds exposed to the Wind, which will be easily overthrown, if the *French* take not part with them; and,

and it is the Folly of this Nation, (who believes her self superiour to all others, and the Arbiter of the World,) to think too well of her self, *because she is respected as a Friend to the faithful* Muſſulmans.

The *Jews* (Invincible *Vizir*, Principal *Miniſter* of the Empire favoured of *God*,) are the curſed'ſt Race of all Nations; the *Chriſtians* accuſed them of having ſet *Conſtantinople* on Fire; and greatly praiſe the *Greeks* for quenching it, to which, ſay they, they have no leſs contributed by their Hands, than by the Fervency of their Prayers; and that Heaven has preſerved it from a total Ruin, becauſe of the Sacred Relicks of ſo many *Chriſtians*, whoſe Bodies lie buried in our *Moſques*.

The News which come from Foreign Countries, does every day denote the Diſorder there is in all Parts; there being nothing heard from the ſide of *Spain*, but Secret Conſpiracies, and Publick Revolts.

The People of *Catalonia* are in a continual commotion, and ſo irritated, that they give no farther Quarter to the *Spaniards*. And, from *Portugal*, there comes more ſurprizing News.

London is as full of Diſquiet, new Parties every day forming themſelves againſt their Sovereign *Charles*, Maſter of thoſe Three ſo famous Iſlands; whence it appears, that the *God* of the *Nazarenes*, is angry with theſe *unbelieving People*.

I ſhall not fail to inform thee in due time, of ſuch Events as deſerve thy knowledge. For if things do not ſoon change their Poſture, theſe Countries, forſaken of Heaven, ſeeing (the *true Law*, eſtabliſhed by our *Prophet* is not received here,) will ſoon change their Maſters, their Manners, and Religion.

I adore with the profoundeſt Humility, and with my Head lying at thy invincible Feet, the Authority which the *Sultan* has intruſted thee with;

and which thou deserveſt, as well for thy Faithfulneſs, as the Greatneſs of thy Actions.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER XXI.

To Cara Haly *the Phyſician at* Conſtantinople.

SInce I received thy Letter, and the Marks of thy Remembrance, I imagine my ſelf much better. I make Two meals a day, I walk about in the Morning, my Appetite increaſes, I have no more of thoſe nauſeous Belches, I can read longer, and I ſleep a-nights more ſoundly: Yet I cannot ſay I am in perfect Health; ſo long as Illneſs has deprived me of that which I do not find return. There's wanting to my Intellectual Faculties a certain kind of Vivacity, and Readineſs in their Operations, which is extreamly abated; but I know not whether this be an Effect of the Pain I ſuffered, or whether it comes not from Nature weakned; as faſt as our Life advances to throw it ſelf, as it were, into the Arms of Death, which is what is moſt certain for me: I would willingly entertain thee on the Condition wherein I find my ſelf, could I overcome the Weakneſs of my Diſpoſition, and the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, which pierces me, maugre all my care to prevent it in this Icy Climate. The Ink I write with freezes on my Pen, and a Body may ſay, the Fire freezes too, wanting, as it does, its uſual activity, the Cold being ſo ſharp, that it extinguiſhes the Natural Heat. The City where I dwell, appears on a ſudden transformed into Chryſtal; the Northern Wind

wind has in one night frozen the River; and all the Fountains, which were wont to quench the Thirst of a Million of People, are dried up. All Trade seems to have ceased; the Rich are retired to their Fires, and the Poor are creeping about the Streets; where; notwithstanding the Exercises they use to oppose the Cold, they seem already starved. The Bread is become like Marble, or an hard Stone; all things are frozen, and ancient People affirm, never the like has happened in their Days, or in the Times of their Fathers. There has been found some few Miles from *Paris*, in the great Road, Two Men clad in very course Stuff, without Shifts, their Legs Naked, Heads shaved, and Cords about their middle, dead with Cold. They were found embracing one another, thinking thereby to communicate mutual Heat, to keep off, or at least, retard their Deaths. These People are *Dervises* of the *Latin* Church, which are called *Capucins*; whose Life is a continual Penance. They rise in the Night to their Devotions, and spend their time in Contemplation. They live upon Alms which they receive of the *Christians*, which consist of Bread, Roots, and Herbs; and if the Charity of these *Nazarenes* extends to the giving any thing more, they use it with Sobriety. They sleep on Straw, and are obliged to wear the Habit Night and Day, which is dreadful to look on, and in which they are buried when they die. When their Occasions require them to travel, they are not permitted to go on Horseback, in a Coach, or Chair, but only in Vessels when they go by Sea, or on Rivers; so that they have only that granted them, which *Cato* was so afraid of, and every body else but Fools; which is, To Travel by Water.

In fine, their Life is accounted a continual Hell; and they will be finely chous'd, if they find not a Heaven, when stripp'd of their Mortality.

These *Religious* are under the direction of one *General*; observe a long Silence, which is a great Vertue amongst them; and with this are so exactly obedient to their *Head*, that they have no Will left.

They have very obscure Prisons under Ground, wherein they thrust those who scandalize their *Order* by their Crimes: For, notwithstanding the Holiness of their Rule, and the Vigilancy of their Superiours, to make it observed; there's never wanting some who wander from the right way, and often make use of the Esteem which Men have of their Piety, to commit such Enormities as would be soundly punished by the Men of the World. These kind of *Dervises*, cannot handle Money without being guilty of a mortal Sin. Notwithstanding this Profession of Poverty, I have seen these *Dervises* dress't up with greater Magnificence than our *Mufti*, in the time when they celebrate their *Masses*, ascending up to the *Great Altar*, covered with the finest Linen, and thereon Vests embroidered with Gold, the most delicately wrought as can be imagined, and oft enriched with Pearls and precious Stones. In their Sacrifice, they eat the *consecrated Bread*, which they call the *Messias his Body*; which they are wont to place on a Plate of fine Gold; and they also put into Cups of the same Metal a Liquor, which they say is changed into the *Blood of their God*, as the Bread into the *Body*, assoon as they have pronounced certain Words, which they secretly mutter.

The Sacrifice is offered every day, and not only the People are present at it, but the greatest of the Kingdom, with their Monarch on his Knees, and in a supplicating posture. There stand about the Altar several stately Candlesticks, wherein burn white Wax Candles, which renders the Sacrifice still more solemn.

I re-

I relate to thee what I have often seen; for I choose to be frequently in these *Infidels* Churches, and at their solemn Festivals, the better to conceal who I am.

Yet happy is he that lives satisfied with himself, assured he serves *God* in the manner he will be served. Thou hast this good Fortune, and that for being in thy House at thine Ease; when thou goest out thou weares a long Vest down to thy Heels, lined with soft and warm Furrs, whilst I am obliged to cover my self barely with a Black short Cloak, which scarcely reaches below my Knees, and is too thin to resist the piercing Northern Blasts; and is in truth a very ridiculous Habit; yet which I am obliged to wear for the service of him whose Slave I am, which cannot cover my Bandy-Legs, and ill-shap'd Body. I expect with great impatience, the Season which o'erspreads the Gardens with Flowers, the Fields with Grass, and crowns the Trees with Blossoms, and brings back the pretty Birds, who publish the joyful News of the *Spring*'s approach; that being the Time wherein I may expect my Health.

As to what remains, thou wilt oblige me in making Trial of my Friendship, that thou maist know, there's not in all the Empire of the *true Believers*, a more faithful Friend, and one that loves thee more cordially. *Adieu*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1641.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimakan.

THE Court of *France* is an Assembly of Politicians who discover, or hide themselves according to their Interests; and are more wont to hold their peace, than to talk. They explain themselves in more than one manner, on the things which they cannot conceal; and, I draw from them what is necessary for my Instruction, and thy Information. There have happened such sudden and surprizing Motions in *Spain*, as cause considerable Advantages to be hoped for by *France*; which seems to have had a great hand in them; on which thou maist make what Reflections thou thinkest convenient.

The Mountains which divide *France* from *Spain*, are called the *Pirenees*. *Catalonia* is a Province watered on one hand by the *Mediterranean* Sea, and bounded by *Navarr*; it lies situated at the Foot of these Mountains: The People have taken up Arms, and vigorously opposed the *Catholick* King's *Attempts*; and the *Portugueses* have done the same thing, but with different Success. This Kingdom is comprised within the States of *Spain*, and the richest under her Dominion. Her Situation is advantageous, lying between *Galicia* and *Castile*, and watered with the Ocean, which brings her immense Riches.

The Principal Town of *Catalonia*, is *Barcellona*; and *Lisbon* is the chief Town of *Portugal*. The first has taken for the pretence of its Insurrection, The Insolencies committed by the *Protestant* Troops, which served the *Catholick* King, and were quartered in this Province. And the other, having long concealed

cealed its Design, has at length shaken off the *Spanish* Yoak, and set up a King of their own Royal Race.

'Tis said, that Count *Olivarez*, the King of *Spain*'s Chief *Minister*, and Favourite, designing to mortifie the *Catalonians*, horribly charged that Country with Souldiers, and sent thither the most licentious Troops to Quarter; imagining to chastise the Pride of this People in this manner, without any Form of Process.

This *Minister*'s Design has had so far its End, the Province being full of Divisions and Slaughters, there wanting nothing to compleat their Miseries. The Souldiers exercise unheard of Cruelties, they shed indifferently the Blood of Infants, Old Men, and Women; overthrowing Altars and ruining Temples. The most courageous Peasants gather together to repel Force with Force, and revenge themselves most cruelly on as many of the *Castilians* as they can light of, without sparing the King's *Ministers*; killing all they meet, seeking those who are hid, to punish them with the greatest rigour, running after those who seek their Safety by flight, not pardoning the very Priests, if never so little suspected.

The Count of St. *Colonne*, commanded not long since in *Catalonia*, with the Title of *Vice-Roy*; which poor Man is now before *God*, where he receives the Recompences or Chastisements he has deserved, being the first Victim sacrificed to the Peasants Fury. His Blood was the Prologue of a dismal Tragedy, which will not end without more dismal Events to the *Spanish* Monarchy, and the *Catalonians* themselves.

The *Vice-Roy* withdrew himself into the Arsenal of *Barcellona* at the first Insurrection of the Peasants, where he was besieged by a great Multitude of these Seditious People; and seeing he could not

remain there in Safety, he went out to go on board the Gallies; but the Grosness of his Body hindring him from hasting as fast as those who accompanied him in his Flight, he remained alone; and being tired, fell into a Swoon, and lay dead for some time on the Sand between the Rocks which lie upon the Sea. His Servant, the only one that remained with him, brought him again to himself, by casting the Sea-Water on his Face; but he opened his eyes, only to see his own Departure more nearly. He was set upon in this Condition, wherein he could not stir himself, by a crew of Blood-hounds, who first shot at him, and then hack'd him in pieces, having first stabb'd him in a thousand places. His Servant defended him as well as he could, in covering him with his Body, but his Zeal was fruitless; and all the Wounds he received, saved had one from his Master. He was an *African*, and been his Slave. The Courage and Fidelity of a Man of so mean Birth, deserves at least, that it should be said of him, That he died in imitating the Vertues of those Ancient *Romans*, which are at this day praised and admired by all the World.

The *Vice-Roy's* Death stopt not the Peasants; they proceeded to Excesses scarcely imaginable; and their Barbarity made them commit such horrible, together with such ridiculous, Actions, as can hardly be express'd.

Those Wretches went to the Palace of the Marquis *de Ville Franche*, General of the Gallies; where having cut the Throats of as many as they met with, they burnt and battered all the Houshold-Stuff, and carried in Procession on the top of a Pike, a little Brass-Figure, which they thought a Black Angel; which Figure was only that of a Man, wherein a Clock was included, whose ingenious Springs made him move his Eyes, which Sight so surprized these Peasants, who had never

seen

ſed or heard of ſuch a Machine, that they remained in ſuch a Stupidity, as retarded for ſome time the Effects of their Fury. But there was one more bold than the reſt, who approaching to the Piece, cried out, 'Twas the Familliar Spirit of the Marquiſs *de Ville Franche*, and ought to be ſeized on, and thrown into Priſon, to take away its Power. Which he had no ſooner ſaid, but laid Hands on it, and tied and bound it faſt on the top of a Speat, and with great Shouts, walked it about the Town. The ignorant People capable of any ridiculous impreſſion, as well as the Women, who are not hard to be deluded, followed them, convinced that the *Marquiſs*'s Devil was carried triumphantly along the Streets. Having ran through all the Town of *Barcellona*, this Rabble gave the Clock into the Hands of the Biſhop and Inquiſitors to exorciſe it, and drive out the Devil, whom they thought capable of deſtroying their whole Province.

Affairs are carryed on more ſeriouſly in *Portugal*, and at a more moderate rate; the Inhabitants of *Lisbon*, as well as the *Nobility*, have treated the *Caſtilians* with more Humanity: They immediately elected a King, who reigns peaceably, as Heir of the Crown, and thereby aſcertain'd of being maintained by the Affection and Fidelity of the People. There is already News of his Coronation; the Ceremony of which was performed with great Pomp and Magnificence. The *People* as a Mark of their Affection, have preſented a Million of Gold to their new Lord; the *Clergy* Sixty Thouſand Crowns; and the *Nobility* Four Hundred; and the new King has taken on him the Name of *John* IV. King of *Portugal*, inſtead of that of *Don John*, Duke *de Braganza*.

Never any Plot better ſucceeded: The *Portugueſes* have driven out from them a puiſſant and politick

politick Nation without Blood-shed, saving that of a Villain; but of that thou shalt hear more the next opportunity, for I shall carefully inform my self of the Particulars of so extraordinary an Event, to give an exact Account to the *Vizir*. 'Tis said, King *Philip* is the most unfortunate Prince that ever ascended the Throne, committing his Affairs to the Management of another; so that it may be said, the Duke who reigns as Sovereign in *Madrid*, has chosen *Philip* IV. for his Favourite. The Minister commands, and the King obeys; the Master's Weakness authorizes the Servant's Power; the Confusion of that Nation being so great, that those made by Heaven to receive Orders, are the only Persons who give them.

I kiss the Hem of thy Garment, with all the Submission possible to a poor and humble Slave.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 2d. *Moon.*
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXIII.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

TO what purpose dost thou bewail the Ruins which the Fire has caused in *Constantinople*, if there be no Remedy for the Losses thou hast suffered? Not all the *Vizirs* together, nor the Prince himself, whose Authority knows no Bounds, could resist the Fury of this Element. What then can we do, Wretches as we are, liable to all Injuries and Disgraces? Art thou the first honest man that has been ruined? 'Tis true, Heaven had enriched thee; thy Chambers were hung with the finest

fineſt *Perſian* Tapeſtry; thou haſt a great number of Slaves, fine Gardens, and Bathing-places, beſet with delicate Fountains; muſt thou deſpair for the Loſs of the greateſt part of theſe? Comfort thy ſelf, ſeeing thou art not in a Fault, nor haſt contributed to thine own Misfortune.

Thou telleſt me, that the burning of the Chief City of the Univerſe, has deprived thee in one day of all the Commodities and Conveniencies thou haſt laboured for many Years: And, I anſwer thee, That he which gave thee theſe Goods, expects Thanks from thee, in that having enriched thee with what thou had'ſt not, he did not take from thee thy Life at the ſame time.

Haſt thou ſo ſoon forgotten *Seneca's Demetrius*? Haſt thou loſt any thing, which thou didſt not receive from the Liberality of Fortune? And, if whatever thou hadſt was given thee, wherefore doſt thou afflict thy ſelf, as if thou couldſt not obtain again as much? Stretch out thy Hand towards Heaven; pray and beſeech: He that has given thee once, is not impoveriſhed by the Liberalities he has ſhewed; but, rather ask of him Spiritual, than theſe Temporal Gifts, which do all wither and die.

If thou liveſt, thou wilt ſee thy ſelf in the ſame Condition again; I cannot give thee a better Conſolation. I will not lament with thee, it ſeeming to me a fruitleſs thing. If thou beeſt deſirous to forget the Loſſes thou haſt ſuffered, conſider the great Damages the ſame Fire has cauſed to ſo many *Believers*, in the ſame City where thou bewaileſt thy Misfortunes. How many People that had leſs than thee, have loſt more? And, how many better People than thy ſelf, as more ſubmitting to the Will of Heaven, have ſuffered Miſeries infinitely greater than thine?

So

So great a Conflagration, wherein the Chief City of the World saw it self near reduced to Ashes, must needs have been a very dismal Spectacle. When I read the Relation which thou hast made me, I tremble with Horror to see so many magnificent Houses, and stately *Mosques* devoured by the Flames, and reduced to nothing; with such Riches, Goods, Houshold-stuff, and ineſtimable Merchandizes, publick Registers, and choice Manuscripts, whose Loss can never be repaired, being become the Prey of this Element which devours all things. But thou and I are not the first, neither shall be the last, who bewail the Ruins of our Country. How many Towns in *Asia*, how many in *Greece*, have been swallowed up in an instant by dreadful Earthquakes? And, how many Ruines are to be found in the famous Cities of *Syria* and *Macedonia*? And, how many times have the Isles of *Cyprus* and *Paphos*, been entirely depopulated? We see not only the most solid Edifices perish, which are the Works of Men, but even Mountains annihilated. There are whole Countries, which have (as it were) vanished; the Sea has covered such spaces of Land as might have made whole Provinces, and which were extream populous. How many Promontories do we see, which were heretofore certain Guides to Pilots, but are now buried in the Sand, and cause oftentimes Shipwracks? And, if the Works of Nature be exposed to such great Ruines, what may not Mortal Men expect to suffer? But, I spend time in relating ordinary Accidents, when I might remember thee of greater Ruines, which the Fire made in the same Imperial City, after it had been built by the *Great Constantine*, to whom she owed all her Splendor, before the Mighty and Successful Emperors of the *Musulmans* had therein established the Seat of their Empire.

Under

Under the Reign of the Emperor *Zeo*, if I be not mistaken, the whole *Continent* lying along the *Bosphorus*, between both the Seas, was entirely ruined by Fire. And Twelve Years after, under the Reign of *Basil*, the famous Library, so carefully collected, and with that extream Charge and Trouble, and which consisted of above Two hundred thousand Manuscripts: with the Skin of a Serpent 220 Foot long, whereon were written the entire Works of *Homer*, was consumed. The Fire which happened in the Time of *Justinian*, might make one forget others; the famous Temple of St. *Sophia*, which is at this day our chief *Mosque*, could not be preserved from the fury of the Flames, being almost wholly consumed by it. I shall not mention the Ruines which have happened by Earthquakes, under the Reign of the Emperor *Zeno Isoria*. There was a far greater under *Bajazet* II. for, in *Prusia* an entire City, with its Houses, Walls, and Three thousand Inhabitants, were buried in the Entrails of the Earth: Which must convince us, there have been in all Ages such Events, as may instruct us to bear our Misfortunes with Patience, and to believe a Providence, and submit our selves wholly to it.

Let us (my dear Friend) for once rejoyce, in an Occasion wherein all others mourn; in that we are able to persuade our selves, *There's nothing here Below deserves our Care*. I do not say, we should laugh like *Nero*, when he saw *Rome* burning, which he himself had fired, and sang the Passage in *Homer*, wherein the Conflagration of *Troy* is described: Rather do as *Æneas*, who having saved from the Flames, which devoured his Countrey and Estate, his *Tutelar Gods*, his Father *Anchises*, his Family and himself, became an *Hero* that served for an Example to Posterity. He did not spend his time in bewailing the Goods he had lost, but always kept an undaunted Courage in the midst of

the

the Tempeſt which threatned to overwhelm him, as ſoon as he was on the Sea, and which forced him to wander from Port to Port, void of all Help, perſecuted by a *Goddeſs*, and other *Gods* who were of her Party; and having gallantly endured ſo many Diſaſters, became the Founder of the braveſt and famouſeſt Nation of the Univerſe. *Æneas*, in ſaving his *Gods* and his Father, who were the Companions of his Fortune, drew down the Graces of Heaven, which put an end to his Miſeries, in ſetling him in a Country, where he laid the firſt Foundations of an Empire, which ſince has given Laws to all the World.

Our ſins have kindled the Fire at *Conſtantinople*; the Debaucheries, Impieties, Hypocriſies, and continual Rapines which remain unpuniſhed, are the Cauſes of the Deſtruction of the famous City of the Univerſe.

Can we imagine, when *God* ſends his Judgments down upon us, that we can be able to reſiſt them? Amend thy Life, if thou deſireſt to be revenged of Fortune, and be Proof againſt all her Darts. Encreaſe in Vertue, if thou wouldeſt be invulnerable; be as good in Proſperity as in Adverſity. Nothing but good Works can make thee happy in the World, and live when this World ſhall be no more.

Reaſon cannot ſtop our Tears, Fortune I am ſure will never do it. We ſeem herein very unreaſonable; for, when we firſt ſee the Light, we weep; and when we leave it, we groan.

Live ever with me more nearly than an intimate Friend, and imitate (if a Man may ſo expreſs himſelf) the Fire, which (according to what appears to us) conſumes all things, and converts them into its own proper Subſtance; but which yet, according to the Rules preſcribed by its Creator, burns not the Air, nor the other Elements; but keeps them

them united, warms and conserves them. *God* has endued them with an Instinct which ought to do the same thing; he has fastned them one to another, with such Bonds as nothing can break; I mean the Intereſt and mutual Needs which they have of one another. There being no body that can be happy, and become rich of himself; there muſt be Dependencies and Commerce, without which 'tis impoſſible to have what is moſt neceſſary. There is alſo a more refined Commerce, to wit, the Marks of Eſteem which Men give one another; Succors in caſes of Need, whether of Money or good Counſel; the latter of which, is all that can be expected from thy faithful *Mahmut*.

Paris, 10th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Baſſa *of the Sea.*

THE Veſſels of *Africa* have again been worſted by the *Infidels*, the Particulars of which muſt needs be known to thee before they could come here; where there is much Diſcourſe of the Accident at *Goulette*, and the Battel of *Caraque*, to the great Diſadvantage and Prejudice of the *Mahometan* Name. Theſe Heatheniſh People make Publick Rejoicings for the Victories obtained by another Nation. 'Tis ſaid, that of Five Gallies, and Three other great Veſſels, onely one Ship ſaved it ſelf by Flight; ſeveral being ſunk to the Bottom, together with the Admiral of *Caraque*, the reſt having been brought into *Malta*; and that there were Six Hundred *Muſſulmans* kill'd; in whoſe Death

Death, our only Conſolation is, that they died Martyrs, and their Bloud will cry for Vengeance againſt the *Infidels* that have ſhed it.

'Tis hard to find the Iſle of *Malta* in the Chart, and yet harder in the Sea; it being a meer Atom of inviſible Earth: But 'tis not ſo with the *Knights*, who are the Maſters of it, they being a Hundred, often ſeen and felt by us.

Malta is a Seminary wherein are brought up the braveſt Sparks in *Chriſtendom*, picked out from amongſt the moſt Illuſtrious Families. Theſe Perſons know not what Fear is; they have impoſed on themſelves the neceſſity of vanquiſhing, or dying; and therefore they get the Maſtery of whatever they attempt; and with thoſe few Veſſels they have, they make the *Ottoman* Fleets tremble. They wear a Golden Croſs on their Stomachs, which is always dip'd in the Bloud of the faithful *Muſulmans*. Eclipſe this Impious *Order*, by oppoſing the Sacred Silver of the *Ottoman* Moon againſt the Force of ſo ſmall a number of *Knights*. My Zeal obliges me to ſay ſuch things as may be troubleſome to thee; and which perhaps thou knoweſt as well as I; which is, That I am perſuaded thou wilt be the Conqueror of theſe Pirates, provided thou once reſolveſt to draw out in good earneſt thy Cymiter, *and caſt the Sheath away.*

The King here is very well; he ſaid publickly, when he heard the Victory of the *Malteſes*, That if he were not a King, he ſhould chooſe to be one of the *Knights* of that Place. Thou wilt gain greater Honour, and more Trophies will be raiſed to thee, than was to *Ariademus* and *Cigala*, if thou undertakeſt effectually the Deſtruction of this People. Thou haſt my Prayers, That our *Holy Prophet* would ſtrengthen thy Arm; and, that *God* would give thee ſtill Favour in the Sight of our

moſt

moſt puiſſant Emperor, choſen to be the chief Commander of the World.

Paris, 15th. of the 5th. Moon, of the Year 1641.

LETTER XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

AN Illuſtrious Woman of the Houſe of *Savoy*, governed not long ſince in *Portugal*, in the Name of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*. Her Name is *Margarita*, and commonly reſides at *Lisbon*; but this Princeſs, with the Title of *Vice-Queen*, had not the Credit or Authority neceſſary to ſuſtain the Dignity; though ſhe had otherwiſe all the Prudence, and Courage requiſite thereunto.

Michael Vaſconcelli, her chief Secretary, having uſurped all the Authority, carried all things with a high hand; to which he added a moſt griping Covetouſneſs, which was no leſs diſadvantageous to his Miſtreſs's Reputation. And, the Marquis *de la Puebla*, a *Caſtilian* Miniſter, an Accomplice of *Vaſconſelli*, had eſtabliſhed himſelf in this Court, as a rigid Cenſurer of all the *Vice-Queen's* Actions.

The *Chriſtians* call theſe two Men two Pedants, ſet over the Princeſs, as if ſhe had been ſtill in her Minority, to correct and regulate her Actions.

The too great Authority of theſe two Miniſters, became at length a kind of Tyranny. The *Nobility* complained for the loſs of their Privileges, and the *People* at their being oppreſs'd with Taxes; which made the Miniſtry of *Vaſconcelli* ſeem inſupportable,

portable, in which 'twas seen the *Vice-Queen* had no part. This Princess not having the Power to stop the course of the Mischiefs, which began to spring up, gave Advice of it to the *Court* of *Spain*, and expected thence the remedy: But, whether the King was not in a Condition to give any, or his *Ministers* concealed from him the state of things; the Mischiefs encreased, and *Vasconcelli's* Friends, by excusing him, made it almost impossible to avoid them.

When *Margarita* represented the Danger wherein *Portugal* lay, she was heard as a weak and credulous Woman, and was often accused of being over-timorous; which caused a general Revolt in this Kingdom, which was few Days in contriving, and as few Hours in executing.

If thou wilt hear thy humble Slave, I'll relate to thee all the Circumstances, of so great an Event; which will seem a Fable, should we refer our selves to only Reason; but which however is a real History, as is now well known throughout all *Europe*.

Never was there a greater Hatred between Two Nations, than that which was between the *Spaniards*, and the *Portugueses*: And, though they had one and the same Religion, and almost the same Humour; yet 'tis not to be imagined, how far their mutual Aversions carried them.

The *Portugueses* have a Common Proverb, which says, That a Man is obliged to treat and love another Man as his Brother, whether he be a *Turk*, a *Jew*, a *Pagan*, or a *Moor*, without excepting the most Barbarous of Mankind; *yea, though he were a* Spaniard.

They have lived with great Patience, under the Domination of *Philip* II. and his Successors, (since the Death of their King *D. Sebastian*, who was kill'd in *Africa* in a Battel against the *Moors*,) whilst they

they were suffered to enjoy the Privileges which were granted them. Moreover, they still expected the Return of their Sovereign; who was said not to have dyed in the Field, but having long wandred about in strange Countries, was in time about to return. But the Example of the *Catalonians*, made them at length resolve upon what they now executed. The *Nobility* were the first that began the Revolt, and past over those Bounds, which Respect does ordinarily place between the Sovereign and his Subjects. They alledged several Pretences for their Rebellion; but the most specious was, their unwillingness to be sacrificed in unjust Wars, wherein the most dangerous Posts were committed to them, as they several times reproached the Duke, Favourite and *Minister* of King *Philip* IV.

They immediately carried on their Intelligences with great Secrecy; and when they came to declare themselves, the greatest Persons consented to the Conspiracy, and the boldest amongst them have executed it with great Valour.

Dom Juan, Duke of *Braganza*, is the greatest Noble-Man in this Kingdom, and perhaps in all *Spain*, and already of the Age wherein Men are wont to have Wisdom, together with Strength of Body. He wants not for Ingenuity and Sweetness of Temper. He received the Crown, after long Pressings and Refusals; and indeed, is the more worthy of it, in being the lawful Heir to it.

The Favourite Duke, was well enough informed of the Reputation and Authority of the Duke of *Braganza*; and considering him as a Prince who might lawfully pretend to the Crown, he made use of several Artifices to drive him out of *Portugal*, or seize him Prisoner. But having always tryed this in vain, whether by reason of the extraordinary Watchfulness of *Dom Juan*, or that the Heavens, on which depend the Things here below, and o-

therwise

therwiſe ordered it, 'twas impoſſible for this Miniſter to get ſo good a Prey into his Hands.

This crafty Miniſter has tryed all Ways, and ſometimes made uſe of the Fox's Skin, and otherwhiles of the Lyon's Voice, to bring about his Ends. Sometimes he tryed to draw him to Court, offering him the moſt honourable Employs there, perſuading him to accompany the *Catholick* King in his Voyage into *Catalonia*. But, the Duke knew how to defend himſelf againſt the Snare, and timely withdrew to *Villa Vicioſa*, the ordinary place of his Abode, and whence he excuſed himſelf from going to *Madrid*; ſometimes, for that he had not ſufficient to bear his Charges according to his Quality in ſuch a Journey; and otherwhiles, on other Pretences, with which the Favourite Duke was obliged to ſeem contented. Though he was not, yet he feigned himſelf to be ſatisfied, to put in practice the moſt exquiſite piece of Policy he ever made uſe of.

He ſent him Forty thouſand Piſtols, to buy Neceſſaries, and at the ſame time ſent him alſo the General Command of the Troops in *Portugal*; with Order to come to *Lisbon*, and as *High-Conſtable* of the Kingdom, to obſerve the Motions of the *United Provinces*, which threatned *Spain* and *Portugal* with a powerful Fleet. But, he had ſent the following Order, to *D. Lopez d'Oſſio*: *Thou haſt the Command of the Naval Army, get immediately before* Lisbon. Dom Juan de Braganza *has Orders to viſit the Veſſels; as ſoon as he ſhall enter the firſt Galy, clap him in Irons, and immediately depart with this Priſoner to* Cadiz, *where I have appointed People to convey him to* Madrid.

Dom Lopez could not execute his Commiſſion; his Army was loſt in the *Engliſh* Seas, and 'twas written in Heaven, That *Dom Juan* ſhould live, and be a King. This Artifice having fail'd, the Duke had recourſe to another; which was to ſend an Order

Order to the Duke of *Braganza*, to visit all the Forts on the Frontiers, where there were strict injunctions to detain him. But he perceiving the Project of this *Spanish* Minister, knew so well to excuse himself from undertaking his Business, that he made the designs of his Enemy to vanish this time also, and got leave to retire to *Villa Vitiosa*. Those who penetrated not the Artifices of the Court of *Spain*, were astonisht at the Accumulation of so many Favours and Honours on the Person of the Duke, affirming, the Court had Intentions of raising him to the Throne, or bringing him to the Scaffold; in which last they were not mistaken.

Olivarez, who let slip no Occasion of laying Snares for *Braganza*, grew the more obstinate by the Difficulties he met with. He sent him a new Order to raise Troops, and to lead them himself into *Catalonia*, for the Chastisement of the Rebels; this being of absolute Necessity, said he in his Letters, for the upholding of the *Spanish* Monarchy, to which the Revolt of this Province caused great Mischiefs.

The Duke obeyed in part; he raised a considerable number of Troops, at his own Charge; but he took care of his own Person. He wrote to the Court to excuse him from that Voyage, and added to his excuses most earnest Prayers; representing, That being sick of the World, he had retired to his own Estate, to lead there a quiet Life, free from the Vexations of Business; which obliged him to entreat his *Catholick* Majesty, to grant him that Rest, which was the only thing he desired. The Duke *de Braganza*'s Letter drew no Answer from the *Spanish* Minister; but his Designs were discovered, and the *Nobility* foreseeing how likely they were to be brought under a more strict Subjection, began to murmur, saying, 'Twas their Duty to rid themselves of those Oppressors, who had

had so long peeled them, and set up a New Form of Government. The *Poor*, who suffered most by the Taxes, were the boldest, and encouraged the rest. Some were for setting up an *Elective* King, others proposed the raising to this Honour the Family of *Braganza*, who alone seem'd worthy of it. Some there were, who were for putting themselves under the Domination of *France*: and other persons of Credit amongst the People, were for a *Democratical* Government; and others again, were for turning the Kingdom into a *Republick*.

The *Nobility* were in great Perplexity in the Choice they should make; for 'twas not known whether the Duke of *Braganza* would receive the *Crown*, in case 'twas offer'd him again; for, the most qualified Persons of the Kingdom had propos'd it to him.

There was none but *D. Gaston Cattique*, a Gentleman as Eloquent as Stout, whom Heaven design'd for the perswading of this Prince, that could accomplish it. He pretended to fight a Duel with a Nephew he had; whom having slightly wounded, he left *Lisbon*, as a man that had brought himself into Danger, and wandring about from thence, uncertain as it were, of the Place of Retreat he would chuse, he went at length to *Villa Viciosa*; where having found *Braganza* in his Solitude, he thus spake to him:

I bring this day a Crown, *which the* Nobility *of* Portugal *presents thee; and if thou hast the Courage to receive it, we are ready to put it on thine Head. This* Kingdom *belongs to thee as the undoubted Heir of our Natural and Lawful Princes. If thou acceptest of the* Crown, *the* Kingdom *justly belongs to thee; and if thou dares't not receive it, we will choose another Sovereign of greater Resolution, and who is willing to command us. The Scepter shakes in King* Philip's *Hand, by reason of the Wars made against him from all Parts. Consider, if thou receivest not at present what*

what Fortune preſents thee, thou wilt be obliged againſt thy Will to obey another: Neither the Nobility, *the* Clergy, *nor the* People *will any longer ſuffer the Arrogance of the* Caſtilians. *It belongs to thee at preſent to declare, whether thou wilt reign, and be a happy Prince. All the faithfull* Portugueſes *breath after thee, and deſire thee for their Sovereign. Reſolve to accept of what is ſo advantageous, and let us alone for the executing of our parts.*

Dom Juan anſwered coldly, to ſuch a bold Propoſition; more affrighted at the Peril there was in ſuch an Enterprize, than flattered with the Hopes of poſſeſſing a Kingdom.

But, in another Conference, wherein the Duke was told, the Conſpirators were reſolved to raiſe on the Throne another King, if he came not to a ſpeedy Reſolution: the Dutcheſs his Wife, who has a Man's Heart, and is more couragious than her Husband, coming into the Converſation thus ſpake to him with great Aſſurance.

My Lord, the Catholick *King has ſent for thee again to Court; at* Madrid *thou wilt certainly meet with thy Death, and in receiving the Crown which is offered thee, thou art ſtill in Danger of it: but if thou muſt periſh, which way ſoever thou turneſt thy ſelf, is it not more honourable to die a King in thine own Country, than to die with Chains in a Priſon by the hands of thine Enemy?*

So courageous a Diſcourſe brought *Dom Juan* to a Reſolution; wherefore he ſent Word to the *Nobility*, of his Readineſs to comply with them.

The Conſpirators were ready at the hour appointed, for the Execution of their Deſign. Being well armed, and each of them accompanied with a good Number of Young Men, who were to follow them, although they knew not the Deſign. As ſoon as ever the Signal was given, they all ſet forth from the Places where they were aſſembled:

and those that were farthest distant, joined the nearest, and all together seen possessed themselves of the Palace of the *Vice-Queen*; they immediately made themselves Masters of the Guard, finding no resistance from them, and this without spilling a Drop of Blood, or doing any Violence. They afterwards cryed out altogether, *Long live the new King*, D. Juan de Braganza, *and let them die that govern ill*. They seized on the *Vice-Queen*, and entreated her to retire into an Appartment, where she should be treated with the Respect due to a Princess, but not obeyed as having Authority to command them.

Vasconcelli, who knew himself faulty, and to whom his Conscience reproached his Crimes, in this moment hid himself in a great Press under an heap of Papers; where, having been discovered by an old Woman, he had immediately his Throat cut, and his Body thrown out at a Window; where he served for some time a *May-game* to the People, who left not one part of his Body free from some Mark of their Indignation.

One of this Minister's Domesticks, threw himself out at the same Window his Master was thrown; not in a design of following his Fate, but of saving himself; and he dyed without its being known whether 'twas by his Fall, or the Musket-shot which he received.

The Confederates, with as little trouble, seized on the Gallies and other Vessels in the Ports, whence they drove the *Spaniards*; they afterwards commanded the *Vice-Queen* to retire. This Princess thought she ought in this occasion, to insist on the Greatness of her Birth; she threatned the Conspirators, and afterwards flattered them, assuring them of the Clemency of King *Philip*: She set before them the Greatness of his Power, and forgat not to speak of the Authority of his Favourite, who must needs be much

much offended in this Occasion, exaggerating the Offence committed against her, both as a Princess, and Depository of the *Catholick* King's Power. But as well her Promises as her Threats were in vain; and she herself was at length glad to accept Conditions from them, who a while before, by Connivance from the Prince, might have executed an absolute Power.

In Eight days time, all the *Castilians* were subdued, or driven out of the Kingdom. All the Forts were rendered, without any trouble, to the new King, except the Castle of *St. John*, which having made some slight Resistance, was sold for Forty Thousand Crowns by the Governour.

The Duke of *Bragança* appeared immediately afterwards in the City of *Lisbon*, where the People soon shewed the Affection they had for him; the Prison-Doors were set open, and all poor Debtors freed, and a great part of the Taxes taken off. Such an astonishing Success, was attended with whatever might set forth the Joy of the People, who solemnized the Festival with the Sound of Trumpets, and the Noise of the Cannon, and by Shouts and Acclamations, which reached up to Heaven, whom the *Portuguese* thanked for their Liberty which they believed they had recovered. This event was accompanied with so many miraculous things, that the Wisest as well as the Vulgar, were perswaded, 'twas markt in Heaven from all Eternity by the Finger of God. The *Clergy*, the *Nobility*, the *Citizens* and *Peasants*, were profuse in their Liberalities on this Occasion, to give their new Soveraign ample Marks of their Affection, and even the *Poor* hid their Misery, that they might not lessen the Publick Joy.

The *Spanish* Vessels which returned from the *New World*, which then entered into the Ports of *Portugal*, remained at the Disposal of the new

King, the Pilots not knowing what had hapned; so that the Coffers of the Prince were filled thereby (as 'tis said) with some Millions.

This King was exalted to the Throne in the last Moon of the last Year; and wise People do hope he will Reign very happily, all the Planets being too well disposed, not to make him finish his Reign with the same Fortune as he began it.

The vigilant *Portugueses*, have ordered out several Vessels, fill'd with good Soldiers, and necessary Provisions, to sieze of Places and Ports, which this Nation possesses in the *New World*, and in the *East Indies*; and 'tis to be supposed, they will meet with good Success, if Fortune prove as favourable to them in *America* and the *Indies*, as she was to them in *Europe*.

As soon as the Duke of *Braganza* was proclaim'd King, he sent *Manifesto's* into all Parts, and dispatched Couriers and Ambassadors, to give Advice of his Promotion in the Courts of *France*, *England*, *Holland*, *Swedeland* and *Denmark*. 'Tis not to be imagined the Joy which this Adventure gave to the *Catalonians*. The King imparting to them what had happened, offered them also his Assistance; and these People answered him with the same Offers. And this is the end of Sixty Three Years of the *Despotick* Authority, which the *Spaniards* have exercised on the *Portugueses*.

The News of so strange a Revolution having been carried unto *Madrid*, there, and consider well the unhappy Condition of the *Catholick* King, to whom his Favourite declared this News.

Sir, (said he,) *I come to rejoyce with your Majesty at the good News I bring. Your Majesty is now become Master of a considerable Dutchy.* Dom Juan de Braganza, *has had the boldness to make himself be proclaimed King of* Portugal; *has thereby fallen into the Crime*

Crime of Laese Majestatis, All his Estate belongs to you, and is devolv'd to the Crown, and his Person will soon be in your Power.

Don Juan was Son to *Theodosius*, Duke of *Braganza*, Grandchild to *Donna Katharina*, who was the Daughter of *Don Duarte*, Brother to *Henry* King of *Portugal*, and *Philip* II. King of *Spain* took away the Crown from this *Katharine*, to whom it is said it did rightly belong.

The Titles he assumes, are, King of *Portugal*, of *Algraves*, *Africa* on both sides of the Sea, Lord of *Guinea*, of the Navigation and Commerce of *Ethiopia*, *Arabia*, *Persia*, and the *Indies*.

This new King is not above 37 Years Old, of a middle Stature, but well proportioned, his Face marked with the Small Pox, his Hair inclining to Yellow, an Aquiline Nose, high Forehead, lively Eyes, his Mouth indifferent great, and a Masculine Voice. His Carriage is grave, affects great Modesty in his Cloaths, is temperate in his Diet, affable to all sorts of People, unless Slaves, and such as he believes are Hypocrites, and his common Word is, *That mean Cloaths will keep out the Cold, and ordinary Meats satisfie Hunger.*

This Prince is not much versed in Books, is of an healthful Constitution, loves laborious Exercises, especially Hunting, wherein he is never tired. He's also Musically given, and so light of Heel, that there are few People can out-walk him. He is wont to go to Bed late, and rise early, as knowing that Sleep does take off much from Man's Life; and to compleat his Happiness, he has Children of both Sexes. His Wife is a *Spanish* Lady, of extraordinary Merit, to whose marvellous Courage and good Qualities he owes his Crown.

The Kingdom of *Portugal* contains 120 Leagues in Length, 40 in Breadth, and has several Millions of Subjects, comprehending those in the Two

Indies. It has Three *Archbishopricks*, and Eight *Bishopricks*, keeping ordinarily Forty Vessels, which find Ports in Eight places of the Country. They can maintain Thirty Thousand Foot, and several Regiments of Horse. The Revenue of this Kingdom may amount to Twenty Millions of Gold, reckoning in the Riches which come from the *Indies*, *Brasil*, *Angola*, and several other Islands.

The *French* Monarch, will hold a good Intelligence with the House of *Braganza*. *England* will enter into an Alliance with her; the *Pope* will concern himself on neither side; the Emperour, united by Blood and Interest to the *Spaniard*, will be an irreconcilable Enemy, but unable to doe them any Hurt; and, the *States* of *Holland* will find greater Advantage than all others in this strange Revolution. These are the Sentiments of those that pretend to penetrate into the Future, and to know more than others. And if it be true, that this new Soveraign has had, as all men in his place would have had, a secret desire of being King, he has so well concealed his Ambition, that 'tis to be supposed he will prove a most judicious Prince, that will uphold his Authority more by his Wisdom and Prudence, than by Force. The just *God* cut short the Course of his ill Designs, should he have the Courage and Desire of revenging one Day the Death of his Predecessor, *Dom Sebastian*, on the Faithful *Muslimen* of *Africk*.

Thou wilt find, invincible *Vizir*, the faithful and respectful *Mahmut* always ready to execute the Orders which thou shalt send him for the Emperor's Service: and ready to obey the least Signs of thy Victorious Hand, to Death, whether Natural or Violent.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

To Enguril Emin Mehemet Cheik, *a man of the Law.*

TEll me this once, whether thou beest alive, and at Liberty, and whether thou doſt really love me, or onely pretend it. My Friends return no answers to my Letters, which makes me strangely ignorant of all things. I know onely by Conjecture, that which is never so little doubtful; and that which is certain cannot be known here truly as it falls out, as being related according to peoples Passions and Interests. There's no body dares write to me freely what he thinks; and there are few that will inform me of what is come to their knowledge, left their Letters should be intercepted.

I know very well we have a new Master, but I know not whether he be thought a more able Prince than *Amurath*, and has the same Courage and Fancy for War. The *Chius* that lately arriv'd in this Court of *France* is very reserved to me, and makes a Mystery of every thing.

Amurath is dead; those who say, he was Cruel, yet declare him to be the most dexterous, Valiant and Compleateſt Man in his Empire. The *Christians* are Fools, who will not hence gather, That our Monarchs most certain Maxim, to reign with Authority and perfect Security, is, *To make themselves be feared, and not to be shy of spilling the blood of those who serve them ill; who are unquiet by them, or may prove troublesome to them.* Those Troops of *Mutes*, which abide always in the *Seraglio* ready to obey the leaſt Sign of thoſe who give them Orders; maintain, encreaſe and render Formida-

ble the *Ottoman* Power; for, the Empire would never be at Peace, but in continual Trouble, should all the Sons and Nephews of our *Sultan* be suffered to live; and we should have a whole Nation of Princes who would be always a biting, and tearing, and ruining one another by Civil Wars, as is often seen to happen amongst the *Christians*. Whence this certain Maxim is practised, *That it is better it should cost innocent persons their Lives, than not to destroy those who may be Faulty.*

Indeed, I must confess I knew not, that *Amurath* himself kill'd, with his own Hands, his own Sister. Thou that knowest the secret of this Tragedy, canst tell whether he was transported to that Excess, because she answered with great Haughtiness to the *Sultaness* her Mother, who reprehended her on some Secret Love she entertained: If this be the case, she dyed not innocent, and I have a great Curiosity to know the Particulars of it.

But do not relate to me the unhappy end of his Two Brothers, *Bajazet* and *Orcan*, left thou make an old Wound bleed afresh. Poor Princes, what Crime have they committed, if their Brother reigns? Cruel King! how great was thy Inhumanity, seeing they obeyed without murmuring?

But *Amurath* was a dreadful Lover, who tamed his Passions with a Poignard; he stabb'd the most beautiful of his *Sultanesses*; and for what Reason? The *Christians* pardon him the Bloud of his Brethren which he spilt of his Sister, and of the brave *Frezerdin*, several *Vizirs* of his Friends, and so many brave Commanders, and illustrious Persons; but they will not pardon him the Death of a Mistress: for, they cannot conceive how a Prince, a *Musulman*, can play the Hangman, in such a delicious place, where he has nothing to do, but to think of giving his Love agreeable Marks of his Passion. But, you will tell me perhaps, she was so

bold

bold as to wear in his Sight, Flowers and Perfumes which came from his Brother? It is certainly a great Crime, not to obey those who have all power to command us; but 'tis a greater Crime to lay on Commands, to have an occasion for Cruelty. They say, a man which does such an Action, is a Monster; but I do not say so.

Inform me, what the new *Sultan Ibrahim* does, of his Humour and Inclination. It appears, he is still infirm, and stupified with his long Imprisonment. What Alterations has his Entrance into the Empire produced? Will he be Sanguinary, as his Brother was, or gracious and merciful?

Speak to me once, my dear Friend, with all Freedom, void of Disguise; Is he amorously enclin'd? I much value such Princes, for they are generally mild; and this Passion softens them, how cruel soever they may be; makes them liberal, and Strangers to Covetousness, that cruel Monster, which clouds and sullies the brightest Vertues. How many persons are employed to choose fine Women for the *Seraglio*, to contribute to *Ibrahim*'s Pleasure? Happy will the handsomest Woman of *Asia* be. But the Eyes of this Monarch will be made like other mens, which are not always allured with the greatest Beauties. Hence it is, That we have seen in our Emperor's *Seraglio*, Ladies which surpassed in Charms all others, and yet dyed Virgins, and neglected by them to whose Pleasures they were consecrated.

The *Chiaus* has only inform'd me, that *Ibrahim* appears often on Horseback in the City, and seems a just and merciful Prince, and designs to make the Shepherd *Hassein*, Prime *Visir*; he that was so long the Companion of his Prison. 'Tis said, he often made it his Employment to divert *Ibrahim*, in his Confinement, by playing on his Pipe, and making him Discourses without Art and extream

innocent, as what he did when he kept Sheep. He told me also that he often went for his Diversion on the *Black Sea* to take the Air, and enjoy that Liberty of which he was so long deprived; That he's also much delighted with the reading of *Greek* Books, especially *Xenophon* and *Plutarch*; That he's very devout, though not superstitious, according to the Humour of the *Devotees* of our Law, who will have our Soveraigns be implacable Enemies to the *Christians*. If this be necessary to Salvation, to persecute a Religion contrary to Ours, what will become of all those who are dead and never did it? I am of Opinion, *That true Holiness, consists in doing Good, and living in Charity with all Men.*

The *Infidels*, with whom I live at present for the Emperor's Service, whose Subject I am, do glory in their strict Observance of this Precept which is in their Religion, and they are happy if they keep it. But tell me, Dost thou think our Emperor is like to have Children, as is already reported, and that he cannot live long? They are not only the idle People that talk at this rate, but those whose Interest obliges them to know, who is to be the Successor; and many of the solidest think, it will be the King of the *Tartars*, and that those of the Race of *Mula Honkiar* will be excluded.

This Race is really Illustrious, but every body knows not the Rise of it. The Head of this Family, descends from *Tamerlane*; thou knowest the rest, and I will not dispute with thee about Genealogies.

Whatever passes here below is so uncertain, that thou mayst accuse me of Imprudence in discourfing of things at this distance; for, in Effect, *Ibrahim* may be a Father by this time. Pray to *God*, who disposes of Thrones, makes Races endure, or decay; merit from him, by Fastings and Prayers, and beg of him, that he would give me the Grace

to

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Muſſulmans.

THere is now found in one Man alone, whatever ſeveral Perſons of great Ingenuity could acquire by long Experience; and, this man is Cardinal *de Richlieu*, to whoſe Reputation thou art no Stranger. He was deſigned, like thee, for the Affairs of his *Church*, and dedicated to Religion; but, he is not ſo much employed about them, but that he applies himſelf with as great Care to the Affairs of the World; and 'tis he, who under the Authority of the King his Maſter, governs the Af-

fairs

fairs of the *French*. I obey thee, Venerable *Mufti*; thou hast enjoyned me to inform thee of the particular Actions of this famous Prelate; but I shall not say much of him, it being impossible to fathom him. He is the most dexterous and subtle Politician, that lives in all the Countries of the *Unbelievers*. The famous *Greek Lisander*, was never so cunning; neither did *Tiberius* shew half so much Dissimulation at *Rome*, nor Judgment in Affairs, as he; no not in the time when he set himself to remove his Rivals, and take away all Obstacles, which might hinder his obtaining the Empire. He interprets all the Doubts which arise in his Religion; he's the Arbiter of Rewards and Punishments; and the King, who knows his Zeal and Ability, leaves to him the Direction of his Kingdom and People, which he governs and leads as *Jacob* led the Flocks of *Laban*. This *Cardinal* wants only the Art, which this great *Patriarch* had, to make Men be born as he pleased, as this holy *Israelite* made the Sheep.

There came some days since a Person from *Germany*, who went immediately to the Palace of this Minister, and sent him word by his Captain of the Guards, that the Letter *B* was come. The Officer was unwilling to deliver this kind of Message to his Master, and therefore desired the *German* to explain this Riddle; but he only told him laughing, That the *Cardinal*'s Alphabet was like the famous Knife of *Delph*, which served to all purposes; so that he needed only to mention the Arrival of the Letter *B*, and he would be understood; which was no sooner done, but the *German* was privately introduced into this Minister's Closet, where he had a long Conference: but I could never hear the Subject of it.

He that by his Word Created all things, encrease thy

thy Health; and make thy Authority ever adored, and feared even in *Rome* itself.

Paris, 25th *of the* 4th *Moon*, *of the Year* 1641.

LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman *Empire.*

I Come but now from learning an Adventure, which yet happened some days since; but all things are carried on with such Secrecy in *France*, that it is almost impossible to know any thing before 'tis made publick.

There were apprehended here, in the last Moon of *January*, certain Ruffians, in the Habit of Hermits, who were to assassinate Cardinal *Richlieu*.

These Wretches confessed before the Judges, as soon as they were put on the Rack, their Intention of killing the King's Favourite, because he was no Friend to the Duke *de Vandome*, who is Natural Son to the deceased King, *Henry the Great*. This Adventure has greatly surpriz'd the *Court*; each man speaking of it according as his Interest, or Affection inclines him. The Duke of *Vandome*'s Friends have declared themselves against the *Cardinal*: and this Minister's Creatures have much aggravated this Attempt, to render this Prince's Family more odious, and heighten the *Cardinal*'s Reputation. But, the Duke *de Mercœur*, the Duke of *Vandome*'s Son, rode immediately to *Paris*, with the Duke *de Beaufort* his Brother: the first, *incognito*, to consult his Friends, and the other, to present himself to the *Cardinal*, to obtain that their Father

Father might justifie himself before the King, from the Accusation laid against him.

The Grand-child of *Henry the Great*, has since desired to be confronted with the Hermits, and has obtained it; but his Departure at the same time into *England*, has wrought much amazement.

Some say, he has taken an unwise Course; and others say no; because he could not prudently expose himself to the Testimony of such Wretches, who would not matter what they said.

However, these Hermits were publickly executed, and their Accomplices are not yet discovered; neither is it yet known, whether any persons of Quality have had a part in the Conspiracy; which is not the first that has been carried on against this Favorite, and it is believed will not be the last. He has a great many Enemies; and the absolute Authority with which he governs, by the favour of his Prince, will always raise him such Adversaries, as will either ruine his Fortune, or take away his Life.

If I write not oftner to thee, thou oughtest not to think my Affection ever the less. Set down in thy Register what I inform thee. Let me have thy Friendship, and Protection in things which are just, and change not thy Opinion of me, till I am changed my self.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 5th. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1641.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To the Kaimakam.

Julius Mazarine, a Man about 45 Years of Age, of a ſolid Judgment, and incredible Perſpicacity; of whoſe Family I know no more, but that he is originally from *Sicily*, and born in *Italy*, in the chief City of it, *Rome*; is lately introduced into this *Court*. He has by his ingenious Carriage, gained the Favour and Confidence of Cardinal *Richlieu*; and he begins already to be employed in the moſt important Buſineſs. Thoſe who make Reflexions on the Affairs of the World, and carefully examine the extraordinary Talents of this *Italian*, are perſuaded one may expect great things from him; yet however the beſt way is not to be haſty in judging of the good or bad Qualities of a Man. He has already been employed in Quality of Plenipotentiary for the King of *France* in *Piemont*, to negotiate an Accommodation between all the Princes of the Houſe of *Savoy*. And he has laboured ſo fortunately, that every body is aſtoniſh'd that his firſt Undertakings ſhould meet with ſuch happy Succeſs; eſpecially conſidering the Hatreds and Pretenſions between the Dutcheſs of *Savoy*, and her Brothers-in-law. Thou maiſt remember that I wrote to thee, that the Differences of this *Family* were like to laſt, and unlikely to be determined without great Bloud-ſhed, both of the *French* and *Spaniards*. But *Mazarine*, who is a moſt expert Courtier, and dexterous *Agitant*, has ended this Affair, much to his Maſter's Honour, to the Satisfaction of the Parties intereſſed, and the *Cardinal* who procured him this Commiſſion. He eſtabliſhed the Peace in *Piemont*, and an Union betwixt the Parties

Parties, by bringing over to the *French* Interest Two Men, who were Enemies to it; who were Prince *Thomas*, a Captain of great Reputation, and the *Cardinal* of *Savoy* his Brother, a Person of a consummate Policy, and an excellent Soldier, though a Church-man.

It is mentioned in the Treaty, That these Two Princes shall be receiv'd into the King of *France*'s Protection: That if the young Duke dies without Children, and the *Cardinal* marries, his Children shall be the Heirs of the Estates of *Savoy*, and in defect of those Prince *Thomas*'s.

'Tis moreover declared in the same Treaty, That the King of *Spain* shall be sought to, touching the Liberty of the Wife and Children of Prince *Thomas*, who are detained Prisoners at *Madrid*: And he shall be also sollicited, to surrender the places he holds belonging to the Duke of *Savoy*. And in case the *Catholick* King shall not restore them, and set at Liberty the Wife and Children of this Prince, he shall be obliged to serve against the said King in the Army of *France*. 'Tis moreover inserted amongst these Articles, That the most *Christian* King shall procure a Marriage to be made between one of the Children of the said Prince, with the Duke of *Longueil*'s Daughter, who is a rich Heiress; and that *France* shall never make any Treaty with *Spain* without comprehending the Liberty of the *Princess*, and the foresaid *Princes*.

Prince *Thomas* is now expected here, and it is said, he will command the Army of *France* in *Italy*, against the *Spaniards*; it being certain, they will never restore what they have once taken, neither will they set their Prisoners at liberty.

The King entertaining himself some days past, with the Ambassador of a Foreign *Prince*, said to him these Words: *When the Spaniards shall restore to the Duke of Savoy, the Places they keep from him,*

him, I shall willingly discharge my self of the Burthen of the Government of those I keep. And the Cardinal has publickly expres'd himself to this purpose: That his Master's Design was only to humble the Pride of the House of Austria, and reduce it to such a Condition, as that its Neighbours might have no such great cause of fear from them: seeing the least Motion of theirs, raised Alarms among them. That his Endeavours were not laid out to aggrandizing the Dominion of France, seeing the Bounds of it were large enough already; his Intentions being only to give his Sovereign the last Proof of his Zeal and Affection, by leaving the Kingdom in a profound Peace, which might make his Majesty beloved of his Neighbours, and feared by those who are jealous of his Greatness and Power; he being hereby the Arbiter of Europe, and reigning more absolutely by this means, than if all the Estates belonged unto him. What I have written to thee happened some time since; but what I am now to inform thee of, is quite new.

We have an Account, That the Princes of *Savoy* have not kept their Word with the King, Cardinal *Richlieu*, and *Mazarine*; and Designs are now taking in hand, to punish so great an Affront; and these are buried, in thoughts of revenging a Widow-Princess, who has been so long forced to behold bloody Tragedies in her House, by the Wars which the Princes of the Blood make continually; wherein Strangers do interest themselves, who ruine the Estates, and keep them up in perpetual Discord.

This Business will cause new Troubles in *Italy*, and thou shalt therefore not fail of Intelligence of the Particulars. However, the Princes of *Savoy* are blamed by all the World, and charged with want of Sincerity. But, this being almost a Rule amongst the *Christians*, *To observe their Word no longer than they find their Advantage in it*; thou needest not

not therefore much wonder at what these *Princes* have done; Whereby thou will know, That a mean Interest being the Motive that sets them at work, and which is all their Reason of State; he that will one day equally judge all the World, and can overturn all the Universe in less time than he created it, will destroy the little Powers of these weak Politicians, who acknowledge the Law of the *Nature*, to the immortal Glory of the Venerable and Holy Name of the faithful *Mussulmans*.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon, *of the Year* 1641

LETTER IV.

To Dgnet Ogiou.

I Must forget my self, if I forget thee; but thinking often on my self, I cannot forget thee; because thou art my second self. Be perswaded I speak my Heart, and that I have no other design, but that of loving thee, that thou mayst answer me with the same Affection: for, I desire thy Happiness as I do my own.

I am endeavouring to procure thee the Confidence of the Invincible *Vizir Azem*, without his perceiving my Design; and this is the best manner I could devise of doing it. Thou shalt pretend to receive from some Friend which thou shalt leave at *Palermo*, the Memoirs which I send thee with this Letter; and it will not be difficult to make it be believed, thou holdest a Correspondence in this Town of *Sicily*, considering the time we have lived there together, during our Slavery.

The

The Auguſt *Vizir*, who rules and governs the Empire, under the Orders of the Moſt Mighty and Dreadful Potentates of the Earth, will receive by this Ordinary, an ample Information of extraordinary Events which have happened in *Portugal*: And I have alſo inform'd him of the ſtrange Revolutions of *Catalonia*, which do much weaken the Strength of *Spain*, and notably mortifie the Pride of this haughty Nation. I have made known to him, that *Portugal* has already made choice of a King, and that *Catalonia* is departing from her Allegiance. But, I have given him no Account of the choice Memoirs, which I ſend thee; with which thou mayſt make Advantage, if thereby thou canſt find the way of introducing thy ſelf to the *Grand Vizir*.

Thou mayſt then ſay to this great Miniſter, That thou haſt received the Memoirs thou preſenteſt him with, and aſſure him thou haſt tranſlated them out of *Italian* into *Arabick*; and thou muſt tranſcribe them with thine own Hand, that they may not appear to come from me.

The King of *Spain*, *Philip* II. died of a ſhameful Diſeaſe, which happens only to baſe People, which appeared a Chaſtiſement from Heaven, for having, like *David*, numbred the People which dwell in the Countries ſubject to him, to make known to all Nations the Greatneſs of his Power.

'Tis certain, this Monarch reckoned as far as 750 Cities, erected into biſhopricks; therein comprehending 60 Arch-biſhopricks: that he had Abbies 11400, Chapters 9230, as many Collegiate Cathedrals; Pariſh-Churches 127000, Hoſpitals 4000, Confraternities 23000, Congregations of *Seculars* 2300, Houſes of Entertainment for Pilgrims 3000, 46000 Convents of Religious People; and of Virgins 13500, with 15200 Chapels, wherein *Maſs* is ſaid, as well in publick Churches, as particular Houſes and Priſons.

And

And after an exact search, this King found, that to serve so great a number of *Churches*, *Monasteries*, *Convents*, *Hospitals* and *Chapels* there were 12900 *Religious*, *Monks*, *Priests*, or *Clerks*; amongst whom there might be found 7200 *Priests*, which celebrate what the *Christians* call the *Mass*. And, to maintain so many People, 'twas computed that the Revenue for this amounted to 3000000 of *Roman* Crowns, without reckoning the Alms which were distributed every day, which amount to the Summ of 4000000 of Gold.

The curiosity of this Prince went farther; he would know the Number of all his Royal Officers, Governours of Provinces, Towns, Castles and Cittadels; and, in fine, of all Officers as well of Sea as Land, Judges, Justiciaries of all Kinds, and of all those who had Patents from him or his Viceroys. And he found they were 83000 who were employed under Letters sealed with his Hand, and 350000 who had them signed under his principal Ministers.

He would not know the Number of Persons that lived in his States, left he should become too proud; and to prevent his fall, said he, into the Sin of *David*. Which he yet could not avoid in his own Person, as I have already said; *God* having spared his Subjects, who had otherwise sufficiently suffered.

One may now say, that this puissant Monarchy begins to be dismembred by the loss of so many Provinces, Kingdoms, and Places; and that *Philip* II. knew not the full Extent of his Power: *Philip* III. knew not the Greatness of his Forces, nor the Riches which he possesses, because his Ministers governed him: and *Philip* IV. not seeing when he might see, could not see at last when he would.

I think I have said enough to thee to be understood. Do now what thou can'st, to make thy self understood by Persons to whom these Advices

may

may be agreeable or profitable: And if thou believeſt the Knowledge of theſe things may be acceptable to the Invincible *Vizir*, who is one of the Lights of the World. Endeavour to procure the Favour of this great Man, who governs all the *Faithful*, and to whom the *Divine Alcoran* ſerves for a Law, I embrace thee, and cordially kiſs thee, with the Lips of my Soul, if a man may ſo expreſs himſelf. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1641.

LETTER V.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem.

THE Poſts which came ſome few days paſt here, have brought ill News. One of the King's Armies has been defeated by an Army compoſed of Foreigners; at the Head of whom was a Prince of *France*, and ſeveral *Malecontent* Lords, who followed him. This Loſs has much afflicted the *Court*, and *Paris* ſeems to be Thunder-ſtruck. The People diſcourſe and argue hereupon according to their different Humours, moſt making the Loſs greater than 'twas. But thoſe who have loſt their Kinſfolks, threaten Revenge; and only thoſe that have heard of the Death of their Friends are ſilent, becauſe their Grief is above Expreſſion. But all in general appear in ſuch Conſternation, as would make a man imagine this Stroak is irreparable; for true is it, That Loſſes are inſufferable to thoſe that are not accuſtomed to loſe.

One would think, to hear the *French* talk, that the *Spaniards* are already at the Walls of *Paris*, and that theſe rebellious Princes are ready to give an Aſſault to this great Town. They have retired

into

into a place which they say is impregnable, and which belongs to a *French* Lord; which Place is called *Sedan*, and 'tis not far hence where the Bloody Battel was fought, wherein the King's Party were worsted; but the *Malecontents* are much afflicted at the loss of their General, who was kill'd in the heat of the Fight. Some say, he dyed by Treachery, others by the Enemy; and there are who affirm, That Cardinal *Richlieu*, got rid of him by means of an Assassin, whom he entertained in his Troops; others also say, he killed himself by lifting up the Vizor of his Helmet with his Pistol, which discharged it self; however, there is dead in the Person of this Prince, a Prince of great Valour.

I shall make thee a Recital of this Adventure; I shall learn thee the Motives of this War; inform thee who were the *Malecontents*, and their Qualities; and, in fine, by what Cabals this Tempest is raised; that thou mayest know, great and principal Prop of the *Ottoman* Empire, that Ambition and Jealousie cause Disorders in *France*, as well as in other Countries.

Lewis de Bourbon, Count *de Soissons*, was a Prince of the Bloud; he had such a fierceness in his Youth, as drove away all from him, who once came near him; but having got over this Humour which disobliged every body, he became popular, and so Courteous, that he was now followed as much as he was shun'd before. He used the *Nobility* as became their Quality; had acquired the Friendship of other Princes, and those of inferiour Rank could not enough admire him. He was adored by the Soldiery, beloved and esteemed by the People; and he had, in a word, so behaved himself that he had gotten the general Applause.

Cardinal *Richlieu* has a Niece named *Madam de Combalet*, who having been married to a Gentleman,

man, aſpired to an higher Match, ſeeing all things to give place and humble themſelves before her Uncle.

The *Cardinal* deſigned by the Marriage of this Neece, to procure himſelf ſuch a puiſſant Prop, that nothing ſhould be able to overthrow his Fortune, or oppoſe his Authority: He pretended alſo, his Life would be more in ſafety; and that ſuch an Alliance, with thoſe he already had, would put him out of a Capacity of being ever attackt by any Enemies, ſecret or declared, whoſe Number encreaſed as faſt as his Authority.

Several Affirm, this Prieſt had Ambition enough to give an Heir, who might one day aſcend the Throne; when it appeared by the Queen's Barrenneſs, the King could have no Child to ſucceed him.

But the State of Affairs being changed, he took other meaſures; and thinking of having the *Count* in his Alliance, he cauſed the Propoſals of this Marriage of his Neece to be offered the Prince, by one of his moſt intimate Confidents; who offered him at the ſame time conſiderable Summs of Money, and Dignities, to make him Heir of all his vaſt Eſtates, and to procure him the greateſt Office in the Kingdom, which is that of *Conſtable*.

The *Count* of *Soiſſon*'s Anſwer to him that made the Propoſal, was a Box on the Ear; being in an extream Paſſion, at any one's daring to offer him a Match ſo greatly beneath him, when Madam *de Combalet* was the Widow of a Gentleman of a mean condition, and Neece to a *Cardinal* whom he hated, and himſelf a Prince of the Blood.

The *Cardinal*'s Meſſenger, deſirous his Negotiation ſhould ſucceed, was not repelled by this Affront. He inſiſted on the Vertue of the *Cardinal*'s Neece, ſaying ſhe would be courted by the greateſt of *France*: and added farther in Commenda-

tion of this Lady, That she was a Virgin, altho' married, because her Husband out of respect, dared not approach her; and that Heaven had so ordered it, that this Adventure should be found written in the Anagram of her Name.

This *Minister* could not dissemble his Vexation at the Refusal, his Choler became excessive, and he resolved to practise his usual Maxim, *of violently persecuting those, whose Friendship he has sought with most Eagerness.* He therefore wholly set himself against this Prince, spake all the Ill he could of him, publickly threatned his Enemy; but he valued him not, looking on the *Cardinal* as beneath his Notice.

In the mean time, the *Cardinal* plotted to put his Threats into Execution, and brought the King in to countenance him by his Authority, which obliged the *Count* to absent himself, and make a Voyage into *Italy*, to avoid the Storm he was threatned with. Yet his Voyage lasted not long, and at his Return the *Cardinal* did all he could now to win him; he procured him suitable Employs in the Armies, and made him at length be declared *General* of that which the King sent on the Frontiers of *Picardy*. Yet this Haughty Prince, received all with Indifference, saying openly, That a Captain was given to the Army, and not an Army to a Captain.

The *Grandees* of the *Court*, who observed afar off what past in this Intrigue, instead of mollifying the *Count*'s Humour, did all they could to sharpen it. The Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, who was always this *Minister*'s Enemy, linkt himself with *Soissons*, exhorting him not to yield to the *Cardinal*'s Pursuits; and it is said, he drew a Promise from him under his Hand, that he would never accept of the Marriage proposed, and they afterwards swore Fidelity to one another; and that they

they would joyn together for the Destruction of the common Enemy; and for this effect, they took measures with Prince *Thomas*, of the *House* of *Savoy*, who is at present *General* of the *Spanish* Army in *Flanders*: They also brought the Duke *de Valette*, and several Lords of the Kingdom, into their Party. Almost all the Conspirators were for killing the *Cardinal*, and the time of the Stroak should be, when he visited the Quarters of the Army which besieged *Corbie*; but the *Count* alone would not consent to dip his Hands in the Blood of a Priest.

But the Duke *de Valette*, who saw the Danger wherein he was, when the Conspiracy came to be discovered, resolved to shelter himself by the blackest Treachery that could be imagined; he discovered to the *Cardinal* all the Accomplices; of which the Count *de Soissons* having Notice, he speedily withdrew to *Sedan*. I shall not make thee, (*Invincible* Leader) a Description of this Place, which regards on one side *Luxemburg*, and on the other *France*; it not lying in my way to make Draughts of Fortifications like an Engineer, but to give thee a full Account of what the *Infidels* do, and discover their Designs, whereby thou mayst gather what may make for the Advantage of our Great *Monarch*, whose Power cannot be shaken, but by the entire Overthrow of the Universe.

Sedan is a Dominion which formerly belonged to the Dukes of *Cleves*, who were Sovereigns of it, and at the same time Dukes *de Bouillon*. When the *Count* was in this place, he thought himself safe; the Mareschal *de Bouillon*, who was the Master of it, by the Testament of the last of this Family, declared himself of his Party, either to make War together against the *Cardinal* by open Force, or drive him out of this Kingdom; or to get rid of

him by Death. Here it was they made their secret Treaties with those who commanded for the *Spaniards* in the *Low-Countries*; and a Prince of the House of *Lorrain* entred into their Cabal. He bears the *Cardinal* as much ill will, and appears as resolute as the rest for his Destruction: he is called the Duke of *Guise*.

There wanted only to this Party the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's only Brother, and therefore the Duke of *Guise* dispatched a Messenger to him, who sold in one day both his Master, and all the rest that were of the Conspiracy. He discovered all the Secrets of the Cabal; and the better to carry on his Deceit, he caused himself to be apprehended and thrown into Prison, having given his Dispatches to the King's Brother, which he had before shewed the *Cardinal*. This Traytor was not contented with revealing these Gentlemens secrets who had sent him, but also made it appear, That the Prince, the King's Brother, was guilty as an Accomplice of the others Rebellion. Thus these great men grown desperate at the Discovery of their Projects, which were indeed contrary to their Sovereign's Interests and the Kingdoms, were forced to throw themselves into the Arms of the *Spaniards*, and to joyn with them.

They have raised Troops amongst their Vassals and Friends, and openly declared themselves; and fought with great Valour, as I have already mentioned in the beginning of my Letter. The King's Army has been very ill handled, and it appears that the Advantage was wholly on the *Confederates* side; but it has cost the Count of *Soissons* his Life, who was General, and Chief of the Party; and it is at present disputed, to whom is due the Honour of the Victory.

I prostrate my self continually at thy Feet, to kiss, with all Humility, the Dust of them; assuring

ring thee, thou haſt in me a moſt faithful Slave that will never change.

Paris, 15th. *of the* 8th. *Moon of the Year* 1641.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman *his Couſin at* Conſtantinople.

Pontius Pilate was an honeſter Man than thou. He, although a *Pagan* excuſed himſelf of the falſe Sentences he ſhould pronounce on the *Chriſtian's Meſſias*, by waſhing his Hands before the *Jews*, who ſought his Death: And thou that art a *Mahometan* as I am, and waſheſt thy whole Body in the Baths at *Conſtantinople*, in the Preſence of our Friends, accuſeſt and condemneſt me raſhly without any Scruple. Thou uſeſt me like a Rogue; ſo maliciouſly art thou ſet againſt me, who am of the ſame Religion which thou profeſſeſt. How canſt thou juſtifie the Hatred thou beareſt me, in endeavouring to make the *Kaimakam* believe, I have been corrupted by the *Cardinal*, who is the King of *France*'s Chief *Miniſter*? Adding that he ought no more to heed my Letters, and Relations ſent to the *ſublime Port*, (where lie proſtrate all the Powers of the World,) as not written by an *Arabian*, but by a *Sacrilegious Heretick*; That I deceive the *Mufti*, ſo venerable for the Authority which he has in ſuch an *holy Religion*, of which he is the *worthy Head*; and that I amuſe him by my Letters, the better to conceal my Change, ſeeing I adore in my Heart, and publickly profeſs an entire Submiſſion to the Decrees of the *Roman* Prelate.

The Quality of thy Cousin, which I have whether I will or no, is so far from with-holding thee, that 'tis made use of to carry on thy pernicious Designs. O unworthy Kinsman! Infamous Hypocrite! Thou wilt distredit me, and break off the course of my Employment, because I serve effectually the greatest Prince of the Universe. Thou approvedst not only my Conduct when I began my Endeavours, under the Orders of the *Ministers* of the *Divan*; but, thou applaudedst me, gave me Praises. And now, when all the *Ministers* are satisfied with me, and approved of my Behaviour, and gave me their Commendations; thou art the only Man who thinks it fitting to traverse me to obscure my Reputation, and blacken my Actions. Is this the Fruit of thy Studies with *Hippo* at *Athens*, to whom thou owest thy Knowledge of *Greek* Authors, which thou so greatly braggest of? Answer me unjust Cousin, what is thy design of having me called away by thy base Defamations? When did I offend thee, and wherein I pray? But thy Artifices, how great and malicious soever they be, will not prevail over the sincerity of my Heart; and, as I shall always exactly perform my Duty, so I fear not the Loss of my Prince's Favour; he will approve of what I do, and thou wilt dye with Envy and Despite.

I needed not have been mistaken: I might have seen the Falsness of thine Heart by thy Countenance. Thou art an *Heraclitus*, always Melancholy, and out of Humour, that cannot rejoyce, should Heaven favour our *Invincible Monarch*'s Projects. Thou art a false *Zeno*, who under the affected Appearances of a *Stoick*, concealst a Cynical Heart, whose Critical Humour is always biting on the Actions of others. Nature has covered thy Face with Sadness, mixt with a deadly Paleness, because thou art always busied about some dolefull matter.

In

In like manner it appears. That *Pythagoras* has inſtructed thee to ſpeak little, as knowing thou art not fit to ſay or do any thing but what is hurtful. I know not what is become of *Iſouf*, having no Account of him. I am afraid thou haſt corrupted this my Kinſman, that I might have no Ally or faithful Friend. Thou haſt not failed to inſtruct him well, having given him ſo good an Example; and he has, without doubt, been ſo ungrateful, as to imitate thee. He is returned from *Mecha*, and makes me no Anſwer, giving me no Account whether he has made the Offering for me on the Mountain, whether he has ſacrificed the Sheep, whether he has diſtributed the Alms I enjoyned him, and whether he will ſend me, as I entreated him, a ſmall Piece of the old Hangings of the *ſacred Moſque*. But I will not concern my ſelf as much at what others do, my Intention being to complain only of thee, becauſe others Offences are not comparable to thine, thou having left no Stone unturned to ruine me.

Continue then in thine ill Nature: I write only to acquaint thee, that I am not ignorant of whatever thou haſt done againſt me. There's no body but old *Baba* thine Uncle, who can work a Change in thee: go to him, be not aſhamed to ſee a man who is imployed in the meaneſt Works, to have more Judgment than thee: Shew him the Infirmities of thy Soul; or to ſpeak better, confeſs to him all the Ill Things thou haſt done, if thou haſt any Intention of becoming an honeſt Man. Although he be but a Carpenter, he knows better than thee, to form the Mind; he can teach thee how to poliſh and ſquare thy Soul, as he poliſhes a piece of Oak, though never ſo hard and knotty.

He is perfectly inſtructed in the *Law*; he is brought up in the Principles of Religion; he will guide thee, if thou wilt ſuffer him, in the way

which leads to Perfection; he will not permit thee to lye; he will put thee on making Restitutions to those whose good Name thou hast unjustly taken; and he will comfort thee, if thou beest really sorrowful for the ill thou hast done, and if thou shewest any Regret at thy former purposes, of destroying a Kinsman that loved thee, and still wishes thee all kinds of Happiness; if thou repentest of thy unjust Persecutions, and if of a bad Cousin, which thou hast been, thou wilt become a sincere and hearty Friend.

Paris, 25th of the 10th *Moon*,
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I say not that those are Fools who are in Love, but I must needs think, that those who believe lightly, are not overladen with Discretion. 'Tis hard for a Man always to keep himself from falling into a Passion; but 'tis not so hard for a man to keep himself from believing things with too great Facility, and from being caught with Falshoods, which are the most constant Attendants of Women.

Thou hast spoke the Truth to me, in sending me the Balm and Aloes I wrote for; and I shall not answer thee with Lyes, in speaking of *Daria*, who is the Subject of the Letter which I received from thee. Let me thank thee, without saying any thing of the Present thou madest me, which is very magnificent and acceptable; and suffer me to complain to thee freely of the Hurt which another has done me, I need not consult my Register, to remember

member whatever I wrote to thee about this *Greek*, my Heart which is yet full of it, reproaches me every Moment, for having said too much to thee on that Subject.

Never any thing appeared to me so desirable, as that Herb which *Homer* called *Nepente*, to cure me of the cruel Distemper, with which I am tormented. This Prince of Poets makes a Queen of our *Ægypt*, to present this admirable *Simple* to *Helena*, which has the Virtue of appeasing immediately all Dolours, and makes us forget the Vexations and Offences offered us. But thou wilt not understand me, unless I tell thee clearly, That *Daria* has forgotten all the Promises she made me, as soon as ever she was from me; not remembring in any sort my Love. 'Tis true, she wrote twice to me since her Departure, but in so cold a Style, that it is plainly seen, her Heart is as cold as Ice to me. As soon as ever she saw her self in the Arms of her Husband, she made him a Sacrifice of my Passion; and, the better to make her Court to him, and persuade him of her Fidelity, she delivered to him me Letters. The Husband laughed in reading them and said to her, in a jear to me: *A man then, so desperately in love, has only sighed and wrote? He has done something more* (reply'd this Dissembling Woman) *having promised to send me a Box of white Balm of* Mecha, *and Aloes-Wood, to perfume me, which yet I do not expect to recieve so soon, and perhaps never: For, if* Mahmut *be not become a Fool, he will as soon forget me, as I shall certainly forget him. And what hast thou promised this* Babarian? repyled immediately the Husband. *I promised*, replyed, *Daria, to send with my Picture, that of the most chaste of all Women; which yet I do not pretend to do, without your Consent; nay, and Command.*

What I now inform thee, comes from a place which makes me not at all doubt the certainty

of it. But having learnt by what I related, the Virtue of this Woman, now hear what the Husband's was; who having seen my Picture, and commended the Painter that drew it, embraced tenderly his Wife, whom he respected as a most singular Example of Conjugal Fidelity. Thou wilt wonder at *Daria*'s Weakness, in shewing him my Picture; she did do it, and her Confidence has turned to Account, she having received a Thousand chaste Embraces for a Recompense. Thou seest here the Happiness of the *Christian* Women, who have Husbands who take so favourably the Offences done them during their Absence.

In the mean time, *Daria*'s Picture does not come; she returns no more Answers to my Letters, which has discouraged me to write to her for some time. My Passion begins not to be so violent; and, this great Fire which consumed me, will soon turn into Ashes. I have been mightily mistaken; for, it is only among st Persons of an equal Condition, where true and lasting Friendships are to be found. Let us love, my dear *Dgnet*; let the Bonds of our Friendship be such, as will never break nor be dissolved. *Daria* is really a great Example of Fidelity to her Husband; but, she is also an Example of Inconstancy and Treachery to a Lover who had sacrificed all to her.

I am resolved henceforward, to love no Woman; and I am certain, my dear Friend, that my Resolution shall hold. Rejoyce with me at my Cure, and believe, that if a fine and charming Woman disordered my Brains, the good Humour and Patience of her Husband, has brought me again to my Senses. My Adventure should make thee careful, to avoid the like Inconveniences; but, thou canst not run that Risque, being happy with the other *Mussulmans* of *Constantinople*, who have Laws which retain and hinder them from falling into the like Irregularities.

I hope

I hope alſo thou wilt give over being my Rival, if thou haſt ever had any Kindneſs for this ungrateful *Greek*. If Men muſt love once in their Lives, let them have a care of falling into thoſe Exceſſes which deprive them of their Reaſon, and make them repent of their Love all the days of their Lives. My Repentance is great; and though my Paſſion be not wholly extinct, yet I feel a Joy which makes me know, that I ſhall by degrees loſe my Paſſion for her. Thou mayſt well be tired with this long Diſcourſe; but I ſhall end it, in ſending thee a Deſcription which one of the greateſt Wits in *Spain* has made of Women.

He ſays, *They be the Sources of Life and Death; that they are to be conſidered as Fire, becauſe they uſe all that come near them as that Element does, yet they give Men a certain neceſſary Heat: They are fine things; bring Joy to Families and whole Towns; but are dangerous to keep, enflaming all that comes near them, and reducing them commonly into Aſhes. They uſually give a great Luſtre, but this Luſtre is never without ſuch a Smoak, as darkens the Underſtanding, and makes them often ſhed Tears, who only behold them. He that has no Commerce with Women, ſpends his Life in Melancholy, and yet they are ſeldom ſeen without Danger. The way to manage them, is not to do exceſſive things for them, no more than wholly to neglect them. A Man oft obtains them eaſily, and commonly loſes them more eaſily. Fire and a Woman, are exactly the ſame; and, he that ſaid, Women are Fires which burn all things, has ſaid likewiſe, That Fire is like Women, which conſumeth all things.*

But our Religious *Arabians* have ſpoken yet more Elegantly, when they wrote, *That* God *made a particular* Paradiſe *for them; becauſe*, ſay they, *ſhould they enter into that of Men, they would ſoon change it into a Hell.*

Eve plaid her part ſo well, when ſhe was ſeduced by the Serpent in the Terreſtrial Paradiſe, that ſhe deceived her Spouſe alſo, that he might lie under the like Condemnation. But however, this Sex having amongſt ſo many Defects ſomething that is amiable; let us love them at leaſt, becauſe of their Uſefulneſs for continuing the *Species*, but not for their Beauty; whoſe Enchantments corrupt the Mind, and hinder all the excellent Operations of it: For *Men perhaps would be Angels, were there no Women*; I mean, *bad* ones; for *good* Women, as well as *good* Men, can do no Hurt. *Adieu.*

Paris, 20th. *of the* 10th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1641.

LETTER VIII.

To Carcoa *at* Vienna.

THe Courier which is now arrived, has brought me Letters and Money from thee. I ſhall receive the Money upon the *Bill of Exchange*, when it is due, under the name of *Titus*. I am extreamly obliged to thee for the Care thou haſt taken in procuring it me, being in a Country where good Words are of no Credit. I have received alſo the Box, wherein is the Balm and Aloes ſent me by my Friend *Oglou*, all in good Condition, and come in good time. I want only to know, how it is with *Iſouf*; for he writes no more to me. I am informed he is returned from his *Pilgrimage*, and yet has not ſent to thee what I deſired him to bring from *Mecha*.

I will not complain of any body; if I do, it ſhall be of my ſelf. Take care of the Letters I ſend thee,

thee, and let me know, whether we may hope well from the *Grand Signior*, and what is reported at the Court where thou art, and if there be any likelihood of making War afresh against the *Infidels*.

My Health is indifferent. I live here without Suspicion; and though Cardinal *Richlieu* be an *Argus*, he is blind as to what concerns me; for he knows nothing of my Business, or feigns so at least; neither do I do, or say any thing which may make me suspected for an Enemy.

I assure thee, I love *God*, have a great Respect for his Law, and follow my Business with great Fidelity. If thou wilt have me do more, advertise the Friend of it, whom thou knowest; shew me the Example, and live happily.

Paris, 22d. *of the* 10th. *Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER IX.

To Berber Mustapha Aga *at* Constantinople.

WE are arrived to the end of the Year which the *Infidels* solemnize by *Bonfires*, and which I mark by an extraordinary Sadness. I complain not, in that Time making it self the Master of my Heart, will soon begin to weaken it. I understand the Folly of those Vows, which are made to Heaven for the obtaining of a long Life. Those that desire it, are wont to make contrary ones, when they become overwhelmed with the Infirmities which attend for the most part old Age. The Occasion of my Complaints, is of another Nature; I

am

am troubled at the being so far from my Friends and Country, and at my being banish'd into an Enemy's Country, where I must live like a Man, that is in continual Fear, amongst People who seem to matter nothing.

Thou art now above 50 Years of Age, and I not above 32, and yet I know thou reflectest not much hereupon, thinking thou hast still a long time to live. Thou art of a strong Constitution, art a lover of Pleasures, searching them every where, without any thoughts of Death, who will spare thee no more than others, whose Health is decayed; for *he comes taking great strides towards us all.* Thou art very fortunate, I must needs say, in conserving in a Body so near Old Age, a young Man's Spirit; which is far from my Disposition: For when thou art in pursuit of Divertisements, I am continually thinking of Death; because I believe I have lived too long.

Should the King, or *Cardinal*, near whom I live, know this Night, that *Mahmut*, who writes to thee, is one of the *Grand Signior*'s Spies, I should lose my Life, perhaps, before the next Light; yet, the fear of such an Adventure, gives me no Disquiet; having entirely sacrificed my self to the Master I serve, who commands all Men on the Earth. Should these *Barbarians* put me to Death, I shall only finish a little sooner that Course, which I must certainly one day put an end to; and if I live, I shall have neither Recompence to expect, nor Pain to apprehend.

Here is much talk about the Duke of *Lorrain*; yet, there has been more done against him, than said. The *French* affirm, that in stripping this Prince of his Countries, he has been very mercifully dealt with; for, Justice required more. There are, on the contrary, other People, who do not believe

lieve it is poſſible to do a greater piece of Injuſtice. In fine, every Man ſpeaks after his manner.

'Tis ſaid moreover, that this Sovereign being come again into the King's Favour, who had given him a Thouſand Teſtimonies of good Will, after what had paſſed in 1634, when this *Court* had great reaſons to complain of his Conduct; he drew down again afreſh the Indignation of *France* upon him, by a Fault which cannot be excuſed. I think, this Duke had concluded Two Treaties that Year, promiſing a Submiſſion and Eternal Obedience. He had the Honour to Dine with the King; and having rendred him Homage for the *Dutchy* of *Bar*, he again threw himſelf into the Arms of the *Auſtrians*; although he had ſworn on the *Goſpels*, (a Book as much reſpected amongſt the *Chriſtians*, as the *Alcoran* is among the *True Faithful*,) That he would never forſake the Intereſts of *France*, what Wars ſoever ſhe might find; that he would be perpetually fix'd to the Intereſts of that *Crown*, and never hold any Correſpondence with the *Houſe* of *Auſtria*. In conſideration of which, *Lewis* ſhould re-eſtabliſh this Prince in his Eſtates, which he was to ſurrender entirely, bating ſome Places, and the Capital, called *Nanci*, which he would retain during the War, as a Pledge for the Performance of what he had ſworn to; and, which yet was to be given up, after the Concluſion of the Peace. 'Tis added, That this Sovereign having occaſion to complain of the *Spaniſh* Miniſters, and the Grandees of this Nation, who carry on the War in *Flanders*; he had written to the *Cardinal Infant*, Governour of the *Low-Countries*, a Letter to this purpoſe, and very near in theſe Words:

The King of France *having required me, to join my ſelf with my Troops to his Army near* Sedan; *I would not obey this puiſſant King, much leſs your Highneſs; ſeeing the Towns ſubject to the* Spaniards, *treat me as if I were an Enemy.*

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The Ladies have had a great part in this Accommodation of the Duke of *Lorrain*; which has had, like all the Works of Women, a direful Event. This Prince being become amorous of a *French* Lady, was for repudiating his lawful Princeſs, to whom he owes all his Eſtate; beginning to ſeparate from her, that he might give himſelf intirely to the Counteſs of *Cantecroix*, whom he uſed as his real Wife.

Good People are ſorry for this Prince's Diſgrace, as believing his Condition to be paſt Remedy. The devout part ſay, That having been unjuſtly deprived of his Eſtates, *God* will work Miracles in his Favour; conſidering, no leſs than Three Hundred *Saints*; as they ſay, have been of his Family, which muſt needs reconcile him to the Favour of Heaven; amongſt which, is the famous *Godfrey* of *Bullen*, who won *Jeruſalem*, and all *Paleſtine* from the *Saracens*; whom we muſt own to have been a great Man, whether we conſider his Courage, or Zeal for his Religion, which ought to make his Memory famous to all Ages.

I can tell thee nothing more certain on this Subject, having endeavoured to be informed of what I write to thee, to ſatisfie thy Curioſity: and, whatever I now recite, has paſt in *France* with little Noiſe, or rather with great Silence, as to me; for indeed, I muſt with ſhame confeſs, that I have ſcarce heard in *Paris* this Event, ſo famous throughout all *Europe*.

Man has nothing but what comes from Heaven; and commonly the ſtrongeſt, when he has Right on his ſide, ſubdues the weak, and enriches himſelf with his ſpoils.

By the Law of Nature, every one has Right of judging his own Neceſſities, and the Greatneſs of the Danger wherein he finds himſelf; and, if it be contrary to Reaſon, I ſhould be Judge of my own

Danger, 'tis reasonable another should be so. But, the same Reason which establishes another Judge of what concerns me, has made me his Judge; and consequently gives me Authority to judge of the Sentence which he shall give against me; and to decide, whether it be just, when 'tis favourable to me, or unjust, if it be contrary to my Interests.

Nature has given all to Men, and thou and I, and hence all men have an equal Right to all things, and we have Power to do whatever we will, to possess and enjoy what we think is fitting; and yet, such an extensive Right, is just as if we had Right to nothing; For, at the same time I have right to a thing which pleases me, another stronger than my self, by virtue of the same Right, takes it from me, and enjoys it in spight of me. Hence it is, that one man invades another with the same Right with which he defends himself; whence do, and will spring up always, the occasions of Jealousies and Discords which are amongst men; which make them at continual Defiance with one another, and keeps them in a continual Watchfulness over their Neighbours.

'Tis this Liberty founded in Nature, which makes it lawful in time of War, to resist and invade not only by open Force, but with all the secret Arts and Stratagems that can be devised; and, when a man would avoid the Danger he is in in fighting, and has his Enemy in his hands, he has right to use all means to avoid him, and secure himself from him.

Thou wilt approve of these Reflexions, which shew thee the Natural Right thou hast of commanding me, as being thy Inferiour; and, I hope, by what I have written, to have satisfied thy Curiosity; and, by my Submission and Obedience, to have given thee a Proof of my profound Respects to thee.

Paris, 24th. *of the last Moon, of the Year* 1641.

LETTER.

LETTER X.

To Bedredin, *Superiour of the* Derviſes, *of* Cogni *in* Natolia.

LET me, moſt holy and patient *Derviſe*, ſalute thee with my Head bowed down to the ground, with the greateſt Humility I am able. I now write to thee with my Feet naked, without either Hoſe or Shooes, as a Mark of my Reſpect and Veneration, which I have for thy Old Age, and the Admiration I have at thy incorruptible Innocency.

The kindneſs thou ſheweſt me by the long Letter I have received, has given me ſuch joy as I cannot expreſs; as makes me forget my paſt Pains, and hinders me from thinking of thoſe which are to happen to me; for, I can now willingly leave this World, having had ſuch Teſtimonies of thy Affection. Thy great Age does not aſtoniſh me, ſeeing thy Father, who is yet alive, is 107 Years old, and thou not above 82; which makes me hope to ſee a great while yet, both one and the other, draw down by their Prayers, and Merit of their good Actions, the Bleſſings of Heaven on the glorious Empire of the *Ottomans*, to whom all the Empires and Monarchies of the World ought to ſubmit. The Thirty Brethren who preſented themſelves to *Selim*, to be enrolled in the Troops which were to ſerve againſt the *Perſians*, made the Father, who had them all by one Woman, to paſs for the happieſt of all the *Muſſulmans*, in having the good Fortune to beget ſuch a Number of the moſt Noble *Species* in Nature. But thou and thy Father, muſt needs be more happy than this fertil Parent. Thy Father has fought, and come out victorious from the Perverſity of the Age, full of Scars and Sufferings,

through

through the Force of his Courage, the Innocency of his Manners, and his great Sobriety: And, as to thy part, what haſt not thou done, to make thy ſelf the worthy Son of ſo glorious a Father? Thou haſt not only done, what thy Father did before thee; thou haſt acquired the ſame Virtues, and haſt ſo far out-done them, that one may ſay, thou haſt ſurpaſſed Virtue it ſelf. Thy Strength is admirable, in the midſt of Abſtinencies, and other Auſterities which thou undergoeſt; in which, 'tis certain thou canſt not be imitated. But Heaven, to whom only thou liveſt, will recompence in this World thy pure Faith, which the Enemy of Mankind can never weaken.

The *Chriſtians* ſay, When *God* gave them the Commandments, he promiſed only *long Life* to ſuch who perfectly honoured thoſe, who, under *God*, brought them into the Light. If this be true, as 'tis very likely; 'tis not to be doubted, but that a *long Life* is the Recompence which *God* gives thoſe who live well: And the *Nazarenes* who are Criticks, affirm, That Sin alone is the cauſe that Men do not live ſo long as they did before the *Deluge*, for then they remained ſuch a while in Life, as would tempt one to think, they were to have been Immortal. They ſay that after the *Deluge*, *God* changed the Nature of Men; and inſtead of that great Number of Years, which made up the Courſe of ſo long a Life, they cannot live at fartheſt above 120 Years, and that there are few which arrive at 80; and whatever is beyond this, is Miſery and Torment, or a kind of Senſeleſneſs, which makes Men like Beaſts. I know few People but what are agreed, One may cure or mitigate the Inconveniences which happen to us; but, few are of Opinion, That Life can be lengthned; yet if this be poſſible, we may then believe a Story which is believed here, and which happened the Year paſt in *Paris*.

An

An Ancient Man, went to a *Dervise* of this great Town, and thus accosted him; *I am come, Reverend Father, to know of you, whether I may in good Conscience determine to live no longer, being quite aweary of living. I have already arrived to the 129th. year of my Age, by means of a Liquor which* Chymistry *has taught me, whereby I did scarce perceive from any thing I felt, that I was going down; yet however this long Life appears at present to me tiksome and intolerable. My Blood is so purified in my Veins, that I have remained without any of those Passions whereunto Mankind is generally Subject. My Taste, serves me no longer to discover the Delicacy of Meats. My Ears, although they be not deaf, yet will not let me distinguish true* Harmony *from what is onely a Confusion of Sounds. Mine Eyes are open to see, but are not cleared with any Object. My Faculty of Smelling, is struck with Scents, yet they make no Impressions on it. I touch, but I feel not what I touch; and I touch all things indifferently. Mine Heart is no longer sensible, nor affected with Tenderness, and Passion for my Friends. Bile in me has no longer its usual Heat. Joy and Sorrow, Anger, Desire of having, Hope and Hatred, are extinguished in me; whereby I am become insensible in conserving, if I may so say, all my Senses. I am resolved therefore to let my self die, provided you can assured me I may do it without Sin; for should I remain two days without taking this precious* Elixir, *I am certain I shall soon expire, and so be delivered from the Vexation which overwhelms me.* 'Tis said, that the *Dervise* answered this *Philosopher; That he might not desire Death, but on the contrary, preserve his Life; and supposing he made use of no Secret of* Magick *to prolong his Days, he should believe that the marvellous Potion, of which he had found the Secret by his Study and Travel, was a Present from Heaven: That 'tis true, he would be rid of a troublesome Life, but he could not procure the End of it without a* Crime; *and that he was obliged*

to preſerve it, to ſuffer with greater ſubmiſſion the Pains he complained of, which could not be comparable to the Pleaſures he had received, by enjoying the Gift which God *had beſtowed on him.*

The Great *God* preſerve thy Days beyond thoſe of this *Philoſopher*; and, accompany them with whatever may give thee Satisfaction: But I beſeech him above all things, that he never let ſlip out of thy Memory the Promiſe thou haſt made me, of having always a particular Reſpect to thy Servant *Mahmut*, who reverences *thy Holineſs.*

Paris, 15th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon, of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XI.

To the Redoubtable Vizir Azem.

I Make thee an Anſwer, invincible Warriour, by whoſe Counſels the formidable Empire of the *Ottomans* is governed, under the Orders of the moſt mighty of the Princes of the Earth; and, whoſe Arm is terrible to all the Potentates of the World. I have read thy Letter, with which thou honoureſt the moſt ſubmiſſive of thy Slaves, with all the Humility which is due to thy ſublime Grandeur, whereunto thy Merit has raiſed thee. And, having caſt my ſelf at thy Feet in Spirit, ſeeing I cannot really kiſs them, I obey the Orders thou ſendeſt me, which are to me inviolable Laws.

Bannière, the *Swediſh* General, is dead; when *Picolomini*, one of the *Generals*, of the *Emperor*'s Army, lay juſt by him. In half an hours time, he ſaved himſelf, the Army, all the Baggage and Cannon, and retired with Incredible Swiftneſs over Mountains and Foreſts, where the Beaſts alone could

could make Paſſages having continually the Emperor's Army at his Back. He was a Man of great Valour, had been highly ſerviceable to the Crown of *Swedeland*, and acquired the Reputation of an excellent Commander. The *Emperor* had offered him ſome time before great Recompences, and the Dignity of Prince of the *Empire*, if he would change his Maſter, and forſake the *Confederates* Party. He had alſo offered, thinking this might more move him, to make him *General* of his Army againſt the *Grand Signior*: but he refuſed all theſe Offers, his Fidelity being unmoveable.

This great Captain was born in *Swedeland*, and when a Child, he fell down from a High Window, without receiving any Hurt; which made the King imagine, Heaven deſign'd him for ſomething extraordinary. He travelled much in his Youth, and he was ſeen never tired in running to all Places where there was any War; ſometimes in *Poland*, and otherwhiles in *Muſcovia*: And being become *General* of his King's Army, he ſoon acquired the Reputation of one of the greateſt Captains of the *Northern* Parts. He was perfectly skilled in the Art of Encamping, and no body could ever better draw up an Army for Battel. His way of Retreat from before an Army ſtronger than his muſt needs be admired by all the World. He ever choſe good Poſts; and when once he was poſſeſs'd of them, he knew well how to keep them; ſo that he was never defeated, whatever Forces his Enemy might bring againſt him. He has deſtroyed Fourſcore Thouſand Men, in different Rencounters, and *Swedeland* glories in having above Six hundred Standards. He was ſo like King *Guſtavus*, that they have been often taken for one another. He was never covetous; but was obſerved to be a good Husband. Among ſo many Occaſions where he ſignalized himſelf, what he did when the *Swediſh* Army was worſted at *Norlinge*, is moſt remarkable;

markable; he preserved the Reſt, though wholly forſaken by the Allies; and ſo ordered the Matter, that he raiſed freſh Troops almoſt in an inſtant, and gave his Party Time and Courage to riſe up: And, this is all I could learn of this great Captain, whoſe Reputation has given thee Curioſity.

Although *Don Duarte de Braganza*, the new King of *Portugal*'s Brother, ſerved with great Reputation in the Emperor's Army; yet 'tis ſaid, the *Spaniards* had been very urgent with this Monarch to make him be apprehended, as ſoon as ever they heard the King, his Brother, was raiſed to the Throne. But 'tis ſaid, the *Emperor* was ſcandaliz'd with ſuch a Propoſition, alledging, this would be againſt the Rules of Hoſpitality: But the *Empreſs*'s *Confeſſor* found ſuch Reaſons in his Divinity, as brought over the *Emperor* to yield, he ſhould be delivered into the *Spaniſh Miniſter*'s Hands, who conducted him with a very ſtrong Party to the Caſtle of *Milan*; whence he is not like to ſtir out, till his Brother ſhall reſtore the Crown of *Portugal* to *Philip* IV. of *Spain*.

I ſhall write what remains behind, to the *Kaimakam*, who has the Honour of being thy Lieutenant; that I may not tire thee, who art to be reverenced as the Inſtrument of the Wills of the Maſter of Lights, and all whoſe Hours are deſtin'd to the Government of the World.

May it pleaſe him, who of Nothing has created All Things, that thou mayſt lay one day at the Feet of the *Grand Signior*, the Crowns of all the Monarchs who command in the *Infidels* Countries, and become thereby the Arbiter of the Univerſe.

Paris, 18th. *of the* 1ſt. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimakam *at* Conſtantinople.

THis King here has mortified his *Parliament*, by the Advice of Cardinal *Richlieu*. The *Parliaments* are Bodies of Learned Men, who decide all Affairs in the Kingdom, as well Civil, as Criminal; and the *Parliament* of *Paris* has a larger Juriſdiction than all others, and as conſiderable Prerogatives. What I have to ſay on this Subject, has happened from the beginning of the laſt Year; and I now relate it, becauſe I forgat to do it when the thing happened: And I will inform thee, before I enter on the Matter, what obliged heretofore the Kings of *France* to ſet up this great Seat of Juſtice.

The ancient Kings of *France*, gave it Authority of approving and verifying the Edicts and Declarations which they ſhould make, which was a Bar which theſe wiſe Princes would fix between the People and the Sovereign Authority. Whence it appeared, that *Monarchy* was mix'd with *Ariſtocracy*; without which the Wiſe have thought, that *States* could not long ſubſiſt. And the Princes of this Age have ſubmitted to a Tribunal re-eſtabliſhed by themſelves, the Reſolutions they take; to the end they may diſcharge themſelves towards *God*, to whom they are accountable, as well as other Men; and, to obtain Confidence from their Subjects, in taking from amongſt them Arbiters to regulate them. Yet, they have ever reſerved the Liberty of making uſe of their Abſolute Power, as is ſeen in their Letters, Patents, where they forget not to inſert theſe Words, [*For ſuch is our Will and Pleaſure.*]

Theſe

These *Monarchs* also thought hereby to have found out a way to defend themselves from the Importunities of the Grandees, who often demanded such things which could not be granted without Prejudice to the whole Kingdom.

The Authority of the now reigning King being out of danger of being shaken or destroyed, this *Monarch* having his Exchequer well stored, has valiant and experienced Captains, stout Soldiers, and numerous Armies, and good Fleets of Ships at Sea; whereby he would make known to this puissant Tribunal, That if it had been set up to assist the Kings by its Counsels when required, yet it must not pretend, that its Decrees should become Laws to their Sovereigns. He went to the *Parliament* with all the Marks of Grandeur with which he is usually attended on these Days of Ceremony, and with such a great Company of *Lords*, as made the Power of this Monarch easily discerned. He gave these Gentlemen to understand, he would have them ratifie, without more ado, the Orders he would send them, which they term *Edicts*, requiring them to be immediately enregistred. He afterwards gave them an express Charge, not to concern themselves henceforwards in Affairs of State; and to humble them the more, he declared to them, That he would be henceforward the Disposer of Graces, and Offices, and bestow Recompences to such as deserved them. He added hereunto an Order of giving an account every Year to his Chancellour of their Deportments, and to come and receive every year his Majesty's Approbation to continue them in their Offices. And, as a Mark of his Indignation and Authority, he put by the President and some Counsellours from their Places.

This bold and politick Action was done (as I may say) in the midst of Dancings and Divertise-

ments the more to denote the Monarch's Authority; and, in the time of such Magnificent Feastings, as became the Pomp of the greatest Emperors in the Palace of the *Cardinal* for the Marriage of his Niece *Mademoiselle de Breze* with the Prince of *Conde*'s Eldest Son, called the Duke *D' Anguien*; a Prince from whom the World expects great things, and whom all *France* believes will prove one of the Famousest Princes in *Christendom*.

The *Catalonians* are obstinate in their Revolt; their Deputies have been already seen in this *Court*, to entreat a good Supply from this King; and, it is not to be doubted, but they will earnestly sue for his Protection: And, *France* has already sent Troops near those Parts, and its Fleet appears on the Coasts, to encourage this Nation, and mortifie the *Spaniards*. There are a great many Troops raised here; and this *Monarch* will have in the *Spring*, Eight Armies, commanded by *Generals* of great Valour and Experience, besides these Two Fleets; so that *Germany*, *Lorrain*, the *Low-Countries*, *Catalonia* and *Italy*, are like to be Expos'd to the Miseries of an impoverishing War. Only *Germany* seems to me able to defend it self.

The vast *Genius* of the *French* Minister, astonishes all the Princes of *Europe*; he breaks all their Measures, and makes a secret War against them in their own *Courts*. Nothing can escape his vigilant Care; he keeps his own Secrets so strictly, that his neareſt Friends cannot discover them. His Power and Authority are so great, that the *Princes* of the *Blood* are nothing in comparison of him, and his Fame makes him as much respected Abroad as at Home.

His Friends affirm, He is ignorant of nothing which is projected in *Europe*. *England* is the Place which he has last attackt, its Civil Wars owing their Original to his Designs.

I pray

I pray Heavens favour thy Juſt Pretenſions, and every day Increaſe thy Heroick Vertues.

Paris, 15th. of the 1ſt. Moon, of the Year 1642.

LETTER XIII.

To the moſt Excellent and moſt Venerable Muſti, *Sovereign Prelate of the Holy Religion of the Faithful* Muſſulmans.

HE of whom I wrote ſo many particulars, ſome *Moons* ago, to obey, as I ought, the expreſs Command thou laidſt upon me; not only is ſtill living, but is more abſolute than ever, in what concerns his *Miniſtry*. Yet is it falſe that this *Cardinal* finding nothing more (as thou writeſt to me, 'tis talked of in *Conſtantinople*) to ſatisfie his Ambition, (which puts him ſtill upon deſiring ſomething farther, being become the abſolute Maſter of what depends on the Kingdom of *Lewis* XIII.) had deſigns of making himſelf abſolute Maſter of what concerns Religion. But, he was too knowing a Man, to deſign the being the *Superiour, General* of all the *French Dervifes*; a Thing which neither the King of *France*, nor the *Pope* would permit. I rather think, this *Miniſter*'s Deſign has been, to ſubject all the *Chriſtian* Princes to his Maſter's Intereſts.

The *Ottoman* Empire would have ſome reaſon to be afraid, were all the *Roman* prelates wiſe enough to chuſe this Man for their *Pope*. We ſhould ſee in a ſhort time, all *Aſia* agitated by his Intrigues, againſt the Followers of the Great *Mahomet*; and

thoſe that follow *Ali*, would not enjoy a much greater ſecurity. Thou knoweſt that the greateſt Marks which the *Popes* can give of their Piety during their *Pontificat*, is to ſtir up Wars, and make Leagues againſt us to overthrow our Empire. Think then what this great Man would do, were he the *Head* of the *Chriſtians*, with thoſe Abilities, and great Intelligences which he every where keeps; ſeeing, that being only a Subject, and Miniſter of one Prince, he ſo governs himſelf, that there's no Nation how far ſo ever diſtant, but holds its Eyes open on his Conduct: And a *Pope* being always choſen from amongſt the *Cardinals*, and the *Pope* now reigning being very old, it may happen that this dangerous man ſhall be choſen.

Thou then, whoſe pure Life makes us believe thou art a *Saint*, pray the great *God* to hinder ſuch an Event, which will without queſtion diſturb the Empire of him whom he has choſen to humble all other Potentates, and ſhew on Earth the Greatneſs of his power; and, rather than ſuch a Miſfortune ſhould befall us, pray Him that has created all things, that this man's Eyes be opened to know and embrace the *true Faith*: For, it were better, (if I may ſay ſo without diſpeaſing thee) that this *Cardinal* ſhould be a bad *Mufti* at *Conſtantinople*, than a good *Pope* at *Rome*, at the Head of all the *Nazarenes*.

'Tis ſaid that a Foreign King conſulted this Oracle, (for he is held in as great Veneration as if he was one,) what Conduct he ſhould hold to live ſecurely: And it is ſaid, the *Cardinal* made this Anſwer: *That Kings ſhould live in Fear, and then they would live in Safety; it being certain, they would receive no Poyſon from the Hands of thoſe who do not preſent them their Drink, no more than they can receive Wounds from thoſe, whom they keep at a great Diſtance from them. Thoſe who will not flatter them, will no*

deceive

deceive them; and where they ſhall think themſelves in greateſt Safety, that will always be the Place of greateſt Danger.

I am perſwaded, Grave and Wiſe Prelate, thou wilt approve of the Anſwer of this *Miniſter*. *Julius Cæſar* lived in the midſt of Combats, but dyed in the midſt of the *Senate*.

Next after *God*, it is before thee, Great *Miniſter* of Heaven, that I humble my ſelf, entreating thee to receive graciouſly the profound Reſpects of thy Slave *Mahmut*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1612.

LETTER XIV.

To his Mother Ocoumiche, *at* Conſtantinople.

IT may be ſaid, I have eſcaped from a mortal Sickneſs, and remain in Life, only to hear the Complaints of my Friends, who recite to me their Misfortunes; and of my Kindred, who entertain me with the loſſes they have ſuſtain'd. Thou addeſt, my Dear Mother, a new Torment to the Pains I already ſuffer, by ſhedding ſo many fruitleſs Tears. O! how cruel is my Country, that gives ſo many Occaſions of Affliction to thoſe to whom ſhe has given their Birth! Thou haſt loſt the greateſt part of thine Eſtate in the Fire of *Conſtantinople*, and Death has deprived thee of thy ſecond Husband. I was but a Child when my Father dyed, ſo that I could not judge then of thy Grief; neither was I ſenſible of my own Loſs. Now that I am a Man, I enter into thy Sentiments, I ſhare in thy Grief, and ſhall do all I can to comfort thee.

Thou haſt loſt thy Firſt and Second Husband, and thou haſt reaſon to afflict thy ſelf. If the firſt was an honeſt man, 'tis certain the other loved thee extreamly: And the Charms of thy Countenance have not a little ſerved thee to acquire the Affection of theſe two Husbands, which thou kneweſt how to keep by thy Complacencies and blind Obedience to their Wills; and by ſuch a prudent Carriage, as, one may ſay, thou wouldſt force them to love thee, hadſt thou not done it by the Charms of thy Beauty.

But, what ſhall we do in this thy Extream Affliction, and in the troubleſome Condition I am for the Grief thou endureſt, which mingles my Ink with my Tears? Yet we muſt endeavour to be comforted with a firm Reſolution, not to afflict our ſelves but at the loſs of ſuch things which will never be in our Power to recover. Thou, at the loſs of the Reputation which thou haſt acquired of a Vertuous Woman; and I, at that of an Honeſt Man.

When my Father dyed, 'twas not all the Philoſophy nor Eloquence of the *Greeks* which could comfort thee, thy Affliction was ſtronger than all their Reaſons; and, when thoſe officious Comforters had forſaken thee, thou ſoughteſt Eaſe to thy Trouble in a new Spouſe. Him now thou haſt loſt, but now thou art ſtill in a Condition of hindring this Loſs from being irreparable. Thy Vertue has never been queſtioned, and thou art not as yet ſo old, but thou mayſt think of another Husband. Seek a Third, which may make thee forget thy Sorrow for the Second. And if thou findeſt him not immediately, or if thou hadſt ſome trouble in ſeeking a like Comfort to thy Affliction; receive in this Letter the Tears of another Mother, which will ſhew thee there is a Woman of a far higher Condition, that is more afflicted than thou art.

Paris

Paris is ſtill full of the Cries and Sighs which come from a Princeſs of the Firſt Rank. She has now loſt a Great Prince, her Son, who is ſlain in a Battel which he had won by a ſtrong Army, of which he was *General*. Read in my Letter the lively and tender Expreſſions of the Grief of this Illuſtrious Mother, which draw Compaſſion from his Enemies, who are forced by the Rules of Civility to make her Viſits. Thus does ſhe ſpeak every Day and Hour, to Perſons who come to viſit her; and when there's no body, ſhe thus ſpeaks to her ſelf.

This unfortunate Woman, is not a Moment without ſighing; and one would think by her Language, ſhe intended to recall the Soul which has quitted the Body of her Son, the unhappy *Count* of *Soiſſons*. *Poor* Count, *a Son ſo tenderly loved, and ſo greatly deſerved it, where is thy Body now to be found, dyed in Blood, and in that of thy Enemies? What Victory? Where are thoſe Glorious Marks, that ſhould give me ſo great Joy, and which give me ſuch Cauſe of Deſpair? Why did I bring thee forth into the World, unfortunate Son, if I muſt ſo ſoon looſe thee? Miſerable Mother, unhappy Son! How art thou a Conqueror, when I ſee no other Trophy of thy Victory, than thy Death? I hear from all Parts that the* Count *is Victorious, and yet I hear every where that his Enemies rejoyce. I ſee, dear Son, all thy Domeſticks that followed thee, return without Wounds, and yet I do not ſee their Maſter. None of them can tell me where he is, and in what Place their* General *lies, who fought with ſo great Valour, and Succeſs to his Party. But, they are all agreed, the Battel was won, that my Son is a Conqueror, and that he has loſt his Life. Unfortunate Fight, which has made equally bewailed the Death of the Victorious* General *by his Mother, and the Defeat by the vanquiſhed. Would to God thou hadſt been vanquiſhed, thou mighteſt have lived, I ſhould not have been in this*

condition of following thee. 'Twould have been no Shame to have been defeated, it would have been only a Misfortune, which would have been common to thee with Pompey *and* Hannibal, *to whom Antiquity had nothing to impute, but their ill Fortune. A sincere Reconciliation, a Pardon, or a Peace, might make all that is past forgotten. A voluntary Exile might have appeased the King's Anger, and perhaps disarm'd the* Cardinal; *my Son might have liv'd,* France *would not have been troubled, a Mother would not have been at this day comfortless, and the* Count's *Enemies would not have rejoyced at his Loss. But to my Grief nothing of this has happned. Alas! the Stay of an Illustrious Family is dead; unhappy Mother, how are all thy Hopes vanished? but, good God, how was this my dear Son taken out of the World? I know but too well, that his Enemies laid continually Snares for him. Methinks I see my Son's Murtherers give him the deadly stroak in the Heat of the Fight, and in the instant he was going to enjoy his Victory. Ah! my dear Son, Ah! unfortunate Mother! why did not I breath out my last on the dead body of this Son, so worthy the Esteem of all the World, and whom I so dearly loved? Why didst not thou, too powerful Minister, give me the Mortal Blow, rather than let me see so sad a Tragedy! Do you kill me that bear me; or thou, my Son, give me thy Hand to descend into the Grave, where thou art to be buried.*

But my Reason fails me, I must for my Son's Honour stifle these Motions of Weakness; 'tis true, he lives no longer; but he dyed in the Bed of Honour with his Sword in his Hand; he dyed full of Glory; he dyed Victorious, and even in dying vanquished his Enemies.

Let us cease from shedding Tears; but what do I say? he dyed assassinated, a Victim sacrificed to the Vengeance of his Enemies, by the blackest Treason, 'tis clear. and yet I would live: No, I must die; let us imitate the Greatness and Courage of those illustrious Women,

who

who threw themſelves on the Pile wherein their Husbands were burnt: My Son is more dear to me; let us then die, and weep no more; Theſe Tears are fruitleſs; but let us live, ſeeing Heaven ordains it, and let us live to die every day: I ſhall have ever preſent before mine Eyes, the Death of my Son; I ſhall ſee every day his bloudy Body; I ſhall continually remember his reſpects, his Tenderneſs for me; and I ſhall never forget the tender and violent Paſſion which I had for this Son, for whom alone I lived: but at leaſt, cruel Cardinal, *reſtore me his dead Body; thou haſt thy Revenge, he is no longer alive; give this ſad Conſolation to a deſolate Mother: perhaps this Sight will work the Effect thou deſireſt, cruel Wretch as thou art; it will unite my Soul to that of my Son.*

Dear Mother, if thou canſt not comfort thy ſelf by ſo great an Example of Misfortune to this Princeſs, it will be hard for thy Son to ſay any thing which can diminiſh thy Grief. Imitate this Illuſtrious Woman, who having ſuffered whatever Sorrow and Deſpair can do to a Mother who loves vehemently, and with Reaſon ſuffers her ſelf to be perſwaded, not to give an entire Victory to her Enemies, who triumph ſtill over her Son, by the Grief which they ſee his Death has cauſed. She has been ruled by the Advice of her Friends, and received great Comfort from a Letter ſent her by the King, written with his own Hands:

Couſin, *The Grief which you ſhew at your late Loſs, obliges me to teſtifie the Share which I have in it, and the Diſpleaſure I conceive at the fault of him which has cauſed it. And though I ought not to be ſorry by reaſon of the Conjuncture wherein it has happned, yet I muſt heartily condole with you, and contribute what I am able to your Conſolation.*

I can ſay nothing more to thee, my moſt honoured Mother, unleſs it be, that thou ſhalt always have

in me a most Obedient Son; and if thou takest a Third Husband, thou wilt be perhaps less unfortunate; but please thy self.

The great *God*, who has Created all Things, and provides for their Necessities by his Infinite Goodness, comfort and fill thee with his Blessings.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 2d. *Moon*, *of the Year* 1642.

LETTER XV.

To the Grand Signior's *Treasurer*.

THE *Priest* which plaid the *Tarpaulin*, whom the *French* call the *Archbishop* of *Bordeaux*, of whom I believe I have given thee some Account the 10th. *Moon* of the year 1637. has lost the Credit which he had with the King, and is at present disgraced. The Opinion of his Valour at *Court* is much lessened, by his not hindring, with the Fleet he commanded, the *Spaniards* from putting Succours into *Tarragone*, a famous Sea-Port near *Barcellona*. They lost the last Year, Twelve Gallies in Fight against the *French* Naval Forces; but having fitted a mightier Fleet, they have put into this Place the Succours they intended. The *Archbishop* could not, or, would not hinder them, which will be the Cause that this Place will not come so soon under the Power of the *French*.

'Tis said, that this Prelate was banisht *France*, and was retired into a City situated on the *Rhosne*, named *Avignon*, and belongs to the *Roman Prelate*.

It being a thing very [illegible] to run down the Unfortunate, all the World blames this Prelate, having not always met with equal Success on the Sea in the

the Employs he ſought, and which did not at all agree with his Function of *Archbiſhop*; which he might have performed with Applauſe, in imitating his Predeceſſor who was his Brother, the Cardinal *de Sourdis*; and who had left him a Dioceſs well regulated, rich, furniſhed with great ſtore of Churches well ſerved, Paſtors of great Piety and Learning, whom this man had procured and ſetled in his Dioceſs with great Care, which made his Death extreamly lamented.

The *Catalonians* are at length become this King's Subjects; they maintain their Revolt with the *French* Forces and ſtrengthen themſelves after the Example of the *Portugueſes*. They fight with ſuch Courage, that they come off continually Conquerors; but, I ſhall make no Relation of their Fights, nor of the Blood which is ſpilt on either ſide, which are Matters I do not care to treat of.

God give thee a continual Tranquility of Mind, make thee in love with Peace, and preſerve in thee that vigilant Spirit, ſo neceſſary for the keeping the Treaſure entruſted to thee.

Paris 25th, *of the* 2d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER. XVI.

To the Kaimakam.

THe *Cardinal* Favourite of *France*, has ſuch long Hands, that he makes Seizures in thoſe Places which are not ſubject to his Juriſdiction; and when he has made them, he keeps them without any thoughts of reſtoring them. There's no Probability at preſent, That this bold *Politician* will lay Hands on what belongs to the *Grand Signior*: However, I have ſome Reaſon to write this.

There

There has been carry'd ſome days ſince an illuſtrious Priſoner into the Caſtle of the Wood of *Vincennes*; and, thou ſhalt hear this new way of apprehending a great Man in another's Houſe, and in the *Court* of a Foreign Sovereign, who is abſolute in his own Eſtates. This Priſoner was apprehended in the midſt of the fineſt Ladies in the *Court* of *Turin*, at a magnificent Ball which the Dutcheſs Regent of this Eſtate gave in her Palace. It was this Princeſs whom I mentioned to thee, who was Widow to *Victor Amadeus* Duke of *Savoy*, and Siſter to the King which now ſo happily reigns over the *French*.

The Dutcheſs, who had a particular Conſideration for this Priſoner, could not behold this Exploit of the *Cardinal*'s without extream Vexation. His Name is, if I be not miſtaken, Count *Philip d' Aglie*, a Perſon of great Quality; and, whoſe excellent Parts and Courage, do yet render him more illuſtrious than his Birth.

'Tis not yet known, why the *Cardinal* undertook ſuch a bold Stroak; though 'tis ſaid, the Council of *France* has had great reaſons to ſecure the perſon of this Favourite. The chief Motive, they ſay, was, that he was carrying on ſome Deſigns againſt the Intereſts of this Crown with the *Cardinal* of *Savoy*; whom 'tis thought, he would have married to the Widow of *Amadeus* his Brother.

Richlieu attempted not to carry off Count *Philip*, till having made ſeveral Tryals to remove him from the Court of *Turin*, under the pretence of ſome Embaſſie, to which he would never conſent; ſo that his Obſtinacy coſt him his Liberty.

The *Dutcheſs* greatly complains, and reproaches the King her Brother with the Violation of the Right of Nations and *Sovereignty*; but only her own Court are ſenſible to theſe Complaints, they being not heard in that of *France*; and her Embaſſador

baſſador has been ſeen there, in a ſuppliant Poſture, humbly ſuing for the *Count*'s Liberty; or that he might be ſent on an Embaſſie to *Rome*; or at leaſtwiſe, That in leaving the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, he might be impriſoned ſomewhere in *Paris*.

The *Cardinal* anſwered the Supplications of the Ambaſſador of *Savoy*, That the King, his Maſter, did not apprehend *Philip*, and bring him into *France*, but out of regard to the Intereſts of his Siſter of *Savoy*; and that ſhe might be aſſured, that for her ſake he ſhould be well uſed.

Thou mayſt ſee by this Anſwer a great Haughtineſs, and frivolous Reaſonings, which ſufficiently denote, that this great Miniſter does not love to be contradicted, or oppoſed in the Reſolutions he takes; and if an Account of what's done in the World, muſt be given to any one man alone, he would take it very ill, if it were to any body but himſelf.

I ſhall not fail to ſend thee the Books thou requir'ſt, and inform thee the beſt I can of the falſe or true *D. Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal*, whom his Subjects do believe to be ſtill alive, when I have made ſufficient Enquiries into the Truth of the Matter. I kiſs, with a profound Humility, the Hem of thy rich Veſt, on which I faſten the Lips of a Reſpectful and Obedient Slave.

Paris, 21ſt. *of the* 3d. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVII.

To the Reis Effendi, *Secretary of the Empire.*

THere was found last Night, a Man dead in the Streets of *Paris*, who ſeems not to be above 30 Years old; he is a *Spaniard*, and had about him a Letter, or *Memoir*, which it ſeems he had written to ſome Confident at *Madrid*, in theſe Terms:

" *Cardinal Richlieu* told me, he did not know the " Hand nor Signature of Count *Olivarez*'s Secretary; " and that when he ſhould fill up his ſigned Blank, " which I preſented him, and let fall the pretended " Letter of this Secretary into the King of *Spain*'s " Hands, he ſaw not what Advantage could reſult " hence to the King of *France*, his Maſter. I am ve- " ry willing, added he, that the King of *Spain* " ſhould ſuſpect the *Count*, or Secretary, of Infide- " lity, and of having ſome Commerce with me; " but, it would not be advantageous to us, he ſhould " be plainly convinced of it, ſeeing the greateſt hap- " pineſs *France* could have, is, that Count *Olivarez* " his Miniſtry ſhould be perpetual: For being the " moſt unhappy of all the Favourites that have " ever been in the place he poſſeſſes, all good *French-* " *men* are obliged to pray to *God* to give him a long " Life, and to continue him ever in the King his " Maſter's Favour, to perpetuate by his Counſels " the Diſgraces of *Spain*.

He purſued his point of Raillery, in this manner:

" Of a Duke of *Braganza*, *Olivarez* has made a King " of *Portugal*; Of a King of *France*, a *Count* of *Bar-* " *cellona*; Of a Sovereign Duke of *Lorrain*, a Vaſſal; " Of a *Prince Cardinal*, a *Knight Errant*; Of a Lord " of *Monacho*, a Duke and Peer of *France*; and, in " fine, of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, he has made a " Count Duke *d' Olivarez*.

This

This is all I could get from ſo great and illuſtrious a *Genius*.

The juſt *God*, who has ſent us his *Prophet*, ever direct thy Actions, that thou mayſt enjoy an happy Eternity, and give thee Opportunities of doing good.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 4th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XVIII.

To William Voſpel, *a* Chriſtian *of* Auſtria.

GOD be praiſed, thy *Patriarch Elias*, and his Companion; foraſmuch, as I ſee thou art a *Saint*, and content in the Religion of *Bare-footed Friars* which thou haſt embraced. Thou ſtirreſt me up to do Good, and encourageſt me to ſuffer, and become ſerious enough to renounce the Pleaſures of the World, ſeeing thou traceſt me a Way ſo neceſſary to walk in, in order to arrive at Heaven. I did not believe indeed, I confeſs it, thou wert endued with that Conſtancy, and was afraid thou wouldſt change, but, ſeeing thou haſt the Courage of keeping thy Reſolution, and enduring all the Incommodiouſneſs which is to be met with in that kind of Life which thou haſt embraced; I am ſorry for my Suſpicions, and profeſs I have all due Eſteem for thee. I love thee as much as one honeſt Man ought to love another, who, having found out the *True Good*, has ran impetuouſly after it; and who has paſt immediately from a ſoft and voluptuous Life, to the Severities of an auſtere Religion, in ſearch of an aſſured Port, which is more uſually found in Sufferings and Macerations, than in Delights and Pleaſures. There is one thing amongſt others, which extreamly pleaſes me,

me, in the *Order* thou haſt entred; All things are in Common amongſt you; one Key opens an Hundred Doors; you have no *Meum & Tuum*; all clad in the ſame Faſhion, and all go barefooted; you eat at the ſame Table, and no body has better or worſe Fare than another. In fine, your Prayers are the ſame, and ſo are your Vows of Poverty.

But, prithee tell me, what would a Thief have found in thy Cell, whom I ſaw yeſterday hanged with a Key about his Neck? He had the Dexterity of opening with this Key all ſorts of Locks, and has done a thouſand Roguiſh Exploits, which have at length brought him to the Gallows. He told the People, he dyed a moſt happy Man, as having practiſed with great Succeſs an Art inferiour to none; That the only Crime he thought he had been guilty of for this 30 Years, was his committing but ſmall Thefts; That had he found the Doors always open, he had never entred into any Houſe; and he exhorted Magiſtrates to chaſtiſe only thoſe, who ſuffered themſelves to be robbed.

Spaniſh Authors have written, There's no Law which allots Penalties to thoſe that rob with Prudence and Ingenuity; thus, ſay they, do all thoſe who ſteal wherewithal to appeaſe the Envious who would accuſe them, the Witneſſes which might ſerve to convict them, and the Magiſtrates by whom they are to be judged: So that the Thief that ſhall have ſtoln for himſelf, and for all others I now mention'd, ſhall be ever ſent away abſolved. Which makes me think, that Theft is of the Nature of Women; for, both one, and the other ſeem at this day to be neceſſary Evils, juſt as Keys ſeem only good now adays to preſerve what may be ſtoln, and not to hinder it from being ſo.

How many things has the Injuſtice of ſome People authorized for the Safeguard of a Town? 'Tis not enough to have a ſtrong Garriſon of Soldiers;

Three

Three Elements are not ſufficient to defend it againſt a greater Power that would oppreſs it. The Earth is raiſed, to make thereof Trenches; the deepeſt Ditches are dried up, whatever quantity of Water may be in them; and, Fire is encloſed in Cannons; the Effects of which are terrible. If thou ſurveyeſt *Italy*, thou wilt find in ſeveral Towns, Palaces which have more Gates than *Thebes* had heretofore: And, if thou counteſt the Keys which ſerve to open them, thou wilt find the Iron they are made of, to coſt more than the Doors themſelves.

Men are not contented to uſe theſe Keys, according to the common Uſe they ſeem to be deſigned for; their Ambition makes them ſerve for Marks of Honour in ſeveral Princes *Courts*, where they be Recompences for Services, for Vertue and Valour. The Golden Key in *Spain*, which the great *Lords* wear, denotes, That they know how to open the Gate of Favour. And 'tis the ſame in *Germany*, and eſpecially in the *Emperor*'s Court.

Happy was *Ancient Rome*, whoſe Citizens were ſo wiſe, that being adviſed to turn the Front of their Houſes on that ſide where they could not be obſerved by their Neighbours, they anſwered the Architect; *We rather deſire our Houſes may be over-look'd into, becauſe we do nothing wherein we fear a Surprize.* Whereas *Modern Rome*, on the contrary, may be termed unhappy, wherein there are not enough Gates, and Porters of them, to conceal what is done in the moſt retired places of their Palaces.

It is in this City, where Luxury grew to that height under the firſt *Emperors*; that all Mens Studies were to find out new Pleaſures.

But, I muſt end this Diſcourſe of Keys, of Doors, and Door-keepers; I muſt not expect to reform the World, nor would I weary thy Patience. Pardon me my paſſing from the Cell, to the Story of the Thief whom I ſaw executed; and from the Thief,

Thief, to a Diſcourſe of Keys, and other things with which I have entertained thee. I was ſo full of it, that I could not forbear the Diſcourſe, no more than I can now to ſpeak of the Subtilty of the *Spaniards*, who have vaunted of the Worth of their *Eſcurial*, by the great number of the Keys which belong to it; like that fooliſh *Emperor*, who valued the Greatneſs of *Rome*, by the great weight of *Spiders Webs* which were there: The *Spaniards* affirm, There are ſo many Doors to this Stately Edifice, that the Keys which ſerve to open them, weigh above Ten Thouſand Weight.

But, 'tis time to end this tireſome Letter. Let me then counſel thee, to watch over thy Conſcience, as the *Perſians* do over their Shops, to prevent Violences. Here are ſo many great and ſmall Thieves, that ſhould they be puniſhed, as they were chaſtiſed in *Syria*, where the ſame Puniſhment is impoſed on him that is robbed, as him that robs; this great Town would be ſoon unpeopled, or become a Priſon to an infinite Number of People who would be found faulty.

May it pleaſe the Great *God*, who ſhould be adored by all Creatures, to incline the *Great Prelate* (after thou art delivered from the Burthen of the Fleſh,) to place thee amongſt the Number of thoſe, for whom the *Church* has a pious Veneration; and, reſpect thy Aſhes in ſuch a manner, as I hope, thy Holy and exemplary Life will deſerve.

Paris, 24th *of the* 4th *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER.

LETTER. XIX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THou wilt not think me troubleſome, if thou remembreſt the Order thou haſt given me; and ſought rather to hazard the tiring thee by frequent Letters than be accuſed of Neglect for not obeying thee. Obedience muſt needs be agreeable, where the Command is made with Wiſdom. When I write to the *Grand Vizir*, 'tis in trembling; and, if I write to the *Kaimakam*, I am not without Hope; and, I ſend no Letter to the other *Baſſa's* without inquietude, and great Trouble. As to what concerns my Friends, I divert my ſelf in writing to them. But, when it is to thee that I write, I may ſay 'tis, that I may hope, live, and obtain in the *other World*, that happy ſtate ſpoken of by our *Holy Prophet*; that Life which is to be the Recompence of all thoſe, who ſhall perform good Actions, whilſt they dwell among Men.

Cardinal *Richlieu* would willingly be Abſolute in Matters of Religion as thou art; he would alſo be thought a *Saint*, but he knows not how to be one: And, indeed he would be every thing. However he does abundance of things which thou doſt not, and pretends to be above thee, becauſe he does not live as thou doſt. This Man, whoſe Head is full of the Affairs of the World, concerns himſelf in whatever paſſes in *Europe*; one only Employ cannot ſatisfie him; he is not contented with being the Favourite of a great King, under whoſe Authority he governs all things: Some time ago, 'twas reported he would make himſelf a *Patriarch*. He aſpires extream high, undertakes the moſt difficult Matters, and takes a ſingular Pleaſure

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in making uſe of extraordinary Means for the Execution of his Projects, that Poſterity, and Hiſtorians may write, That being come into the World with a ſmall Fortune, he died Rich; and being born in the Condition of a private Man, he lived in the State of a great Prince: Obſerve (*Venerable Prince* of that *Religion*, which can alone be approved of by him who drew the World out of Nothing,) two remarkable Stroaks of this *French Tiberius*, which I have learn'd but lately.

This *Cardinal*, ſent to *Madrid incognito*, a *General* of certain *Derviſes*; a Man of a fit *Genius* to ſecond his own, of a piercing and ſubtle Wit, and very underſtanding in *Secular* Affairs; after having given him expreſs Order, that aſſoon as ever he ſhould be in *Spain*; he ſhould do ſuch and ſuch a thing, and, that at his return into *France*, he ſhould remit into his Hands, alone, the *Memoirs* of what he had tranſacted. This *Monk* ſucceeded very well in the Employ he undertook; but, in his Return, the *Cardinal* ſent an expreſs Command to him, to deliver, before he entred into *France*, all his Papers, into the Hands of a Gentleman who brought him his Letter. This *Derviſe* obey'd; but he was diſgraced, and the *Cardinal* maintained, 'Twas a Crime to obey in this Occaſion; for, having once received an Order to entruſt no body with theſe Papers, but himſelf, he could not be excuſed for delivering them to others; and, for this Reaſon, he forbad him to ſet Foot within the Kingdom. This poor *Religious* died ſome time after, deſperate at this Uſage; and perhaps, this is the firſt time a man has been puniſhed, for too punctual Obedience.

'Tis not many Moons, ſince there came Poſt a Perſon of Quality from *Italy*, who brought conſiderable News to the *Cardinal*. 'Tis impoſſible for me, to expreſs the Careſſes this Favourite made him.

And,

And, to denote his Joy, he immediately preſented him with a rich Diamond, and made him hope for ſtill greater Recompences; yet, this ſame Perſon that had brought this ſo good News, was carried to the *Baſtile* aſſoon as he came out of the *Cardinal*'s Cloſet, where he remained for ſome Moons without ſeeing any body; ſo that he imagined himſelf all that while in a Dream; but, at length, his Priſon-Doors were ſet open, and the *Cardinal* would ſee him, and made him be given as many Hundred Crowns as he had paſt over Days in his Solitude. He accompanied this Preſent he made him, with all the Civilities imaginable, and ſaid theſe Words to him: *Thou art not to blame, and yet I could not but puniſh thee for my Fault, when I made thee enter into my Cloſet aſſoon as thou cameſt from* Italy, *to bring me ſo advantageous News. The great Deſire I had to know the Particulars of the Buſineſs, made me forget to take off from my Table a Writing of great Importance, which thou mighteſt have read entire; which contained the Revolt of* Catalonia, *the Demands of this* Province, *and the Intrigues of* France, *which cauſed this Inſurrection: And the Knowledge of ſo important a Myſtery, might make my Prince loſe the Acquiſition of ſo Rich a* Province; *ſo that I could not imagine a more ſafe and ſpeedy Remedy, than to ſhut thee up in a place, where it was impoſſible for thee to make any uſe of the Notices thou didſt get, by my Imprudence. But, things being at preſent in ſuch a Condition, wherein 'tis impoſſible* France *ſhould receive any prejudice; I reſtore thee thy Liberty, and entreat thee to forget the Severity which Reaſons of State have put me upon. Receive from my Hands, the Preſent which the King my Maſter makes thee; and be pleaſed to reckon me, amongſt the Number of thy particular Friends.*

I proſtrate my ſelf again at thy Feet, Holy Prelate, intreating thy Benediction, and that thou wilt

look

look on me as one of thy moſt obedient Children; having ſuch a Reſpect to thy *Holineſs*, as is due to the greateſt *Miniſter* of Heaven, that ever interpreted the *Holy Alcoran* in the Empire of the *Faithful*.

I alſo intreat thy Prayers, that *God* having regard to the Supplications which thou ſhalt offer him, would give me the Grace to live honeſtly, and ſerve the *Sultan* faithfully, and that I may die in the Religion of my Fathers.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 4th. *Moon.*
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XX.

To the Kaimakam.

THE Books of the *Arabian Geber*, are not to be found in that Language which thou deſireſt them in; I have ſought for them, I believe, in above Two Hundred Bookſellers Shops, and there's not one of them knows, they were ever tranſlated into the *Tongue* in which thou wouldſt have them.

'Tis now ſome time ſince theſe Books have been common in *France*; and there are ſeveral perſons who apply themſelves to Dr. *Geber*'s Science; but there's no Traſlation of them into any of the Common Languages of *Europe*. When I enquired for this Book the Bookſellers asked me ſeveral different Queſtions; and eſpecially, Whether I ſought for Receipts to prolong Life. Some there were, who asked me grinning, Whether my Deſign was to fix ſome Volatile Deity; and others anſwered the Queſtion I made them on the Book of the learned *Geber* only by a Silence, accompanied with ſome

ſome Smiles; and at the ſame time putting into my hands a Book, and ſaying to me, *Here's what you look for; This is what you want*, Monſieur Abbot: And this Book treated of Impoſſible Things; Of the *Quadrature of the Circle* in *Geometry*; of the *Philoſophers Stone* in *Chymiſtry*; of the *Perfection of the Orator* in *Rhetorick*; of a *Republick*, ſuch a one as *Plato* would have in his *Politicks*, and of the *Perpetual Motion* in the *Mathematicks*.

I did not ſeem to be much moved at theſe Merchants Dealings with me; but, I found a very honeſt *Capucin*, who put in me hopes of recovering the *Geber* thou ſeekeſt; for, he aſſured me he ſaw it in *Chaldee*, or in the *Ægyptian* Language in a learned Man's Library, without giving me any Encouragement to think it may be purchaſed, becauſe he that poſſeſſes it is not needy of Money.

Thou wilt not perhaps, be diſpleaſed to know what this *Religious* told me concerning *Chymiſtry*; and he appeared to me, not only to have Learning, but Experience. He aſſured me, there were in *Paris* alone, ſeveral Thouſands of Men that applied themſelves to this Exerciſe; and, that there are above Four Thouſand Authors who treat of this Science: That King *Geber* was the moſt knowing and cleareſt in his Expreſſions; and yet there are none but ſuch as are real Philoſophers, and wholly bent to the Study of *Nature*, that can eaſily underſtand him. Whereunto he added, there were ſeveral people who laboured with great Patience, but few with thoſe Qualifications, which are neceſſary to find Succeſs: He affirm'd, that *ſpeculative* Knowledge is fruitleſs; that one muſt have a long Practice, and continual Exerciſe; that moſt People labour to no purpoſe, becauſe they do not take *Nature* for their guide, no more than the Operations ſhe makes in Minerals; becauſe, according to *Geber*, the Principles of the Art, ſhould be thoſe of *Nature*

ture it ſelf; and that it is only in Metals, we can find Metals, and that it is, in fine, by Metals one can ſucceed in the making of perfect Metals.

This good *Derviſe* maintained, that the true way to proceed to the Perfection of this great Work, conſiſts in the Union of the Mineral Spirits purified by Art, with the perfect Metallick Bodies, having firſt volatilized them, and then fixed them, in conſerving all the Radical Humidity, and in augmenting the Natural Heat, by a diſcreet Coction of the Compoſition; which comes by this marvellous Ferment, which makes all this Maſs boyl, and puts it into a Fermentation: So that this marvellous Compoſition, inſinuating it ſelf by Penetration into the moſt ſubtle parts of the melted Metal, by the external Fire, and radically diſſolving it, it ripens it, and purges it from whatever is not of the Eſſence of Gold, and of Mercury, till the whole be driven out to an entire Perfection: Which made the Maſter of Maſters; the Learned *Geber* ſay, That this perfect *Elixir* being the pure Subſtance of Metals, it ſeeks in the melted Metals that which is of the ſame Nature with it ſelf and perfects it.

Now, as it is impoſſible for the Artiſt to produce any thing that is new according to his Fancy, but only to joyn or ſeparate what Nature has produced; *Raymund Lully* would have us underſtand, that the Body in this Art is the Metallick Being, in which lies the Mineral Spirit, becauſe the Metals are nothing elſe but this Spirit, of which conſiſts the *Philoſophers Stone*; and this Spirit is properly the Vertue of Minerals, in which is contained the Spring of Metals. But the famous *Geber* has clearly ſhewed, that this Stone is wholly created and formed by Nature, to which the Artiſt neither adds or diminiſhes any thing, but only makes it change it's place by his Preparation, which in every other reſpect is uſeleſs.

This

This *Fryar* affirms, This Mineral Body, intirely Spirituous as it is, has yet four ſorts of Superfluities, of which it muſt be purged by the Hand of the Artiſt, *viz.* a great Humidity, the Earth which is found therein; the ordinary Sulphur which burns, and the Salt which is corroſive; and it muſt be purified by Calcination, Diſſolution, Sublimation, and Fixation, that there may alone remain the Radical Humidity fix'd and permanent; which being afterwards united in an indiſſoluble manner to the perfect Body, compoſes this incomparable Body, which is ſo much ſought and ſo ſeldom found, and which is an hot *Elixir*, powerful to ripen and purifie all Imperfect Metals, and convert them into Gold or Silver.

There is afterwards given an Activity to the Gold, in refining it by new degrees of Fire, added to that which is already had.

Thus far went our Converſation, when an old Woman came unhappily upon us, and bereaved me of the Satisfaction of learning of this *Religious*, ſome important Secret which he ſeemed inclinable to entruſt me with. This indiſcreet and impertinent Woman, uſing the Liberty ordinary with the People of this Country, cruelly interrupted our Converſation; and I remained ſtruck, as it were, with a Flaſh of Lightning, when this knowing *Fryar* told me, That the Arrival of this Woman forced him to take his leave of me; and he appeared to be gone, like a Man that was expected for ſome weighty Affair; when caſting his Eyes on my Countenance, he perceived the Perplexity and Confuſion which this Separation cauſed in me; and to comfort me, he ſaid thus in my Ear: *I know very well, Friend, thou haſt an inquiſitive Soul, and deſigneſt Great Things; meet me at my Cell, and in the mean time, I'll tell thee, for thy Conſolation, in plain Terms, That it has always been, and ever ſhall*

be my Opinion, that to labour profitably, one muſt follow Raymond Lully's *Rules. This great* Philoſopher *affirms, and I am of his Mind, That to make Gold, one muſt have Gold and Mercury, and Mercury and Silver to make Silver; but, I underſtand by Mercury, that Mineral Spirit ſo refined and purified, that it aurifies the very Seed of Gold, and argentifies that of Silver.* Theſe are the very Words he ſpake to me.

But, in leaving me, I entreated him to tell me, Whether it was eaſie to attain to the Accompliſhment of this great Work, and what was neceſſary for that Great End.

He anſwered me, 'Twas very hard, which made almoſt all People deſpair of compaſſing it; there being very few People, on whom Heaven beſtowed the neceſſary Qualifications to acquire this precious Art; that theſe Qualifications conſiſted in being a true *Philoſopher*, and in being perfectly skilled in *Nature*, in having a Patience Proof againſt all Diſappointments; and, that a man ſhould be in the Flower of his Age, ſtrong and vigorous to endure Labour, well furniſh'd with Wealth, and indefatigable. Whereunto he added, That if any of theſe Qualities were wanting, one might be certain, that the others would be ſo alſo; That a Man who is unacquainted with *Nature*, works like a blind Man. And, that ſhould one fail of Succeſs, the Firſt, Second, Third, Fourth, nay, Fifth, or Sixth time in the Operation, he is a Fool that then grows weary; and does not again begin to ſet at work, with the ſame Earneſtneſs, and Hopes of Succeſs; and that ſhould a Man want a vigorous Health, Labour would weaken, and make him faint; and that, in fine, if one be without ſufficient Eſtate, 'tis impoſſible the Work ſhould ſucceed; which demands an entire Man, and ſuch a one as minds nothing elſe.

This

This *Dervise* moreover told me, as a thing certain, That several Persons had attained to the Perfection of this Undertaking; which employs so great a Number of *Virtuoso*'s, in all Parts of the World: For, were it not so, there would not be that Quantity of Gold, there is; for, all that of the *Indies* was not sufficient to satisfie so many People, who mind nothing else but gaining of it; and that, in fine, such great Treasures which are heap'd up, and the Gold that runs in Traffick, never came out of the Mines, which are in the Mountains, but that a great part has been made by Artists. He moreover assured me, That the Overseers of the *Mint* in *France* affirmed, as a thing beyond all Question, That there was more Gold brought to them, than ever came from Foreign Parts; which made him conclude, that the Art is true, and that no Man need doubt that there is such a Thing as the *Philosopher's Stone*.

This Conversation, although interrupted, made me cease being incredulous; and if I were an *Heretick* in this Matter yesterday, I begin now to have Faith and believe, only 'tis a Work extream difficult; and I do no longer wonder, there are so many People who deceive others, without any Design of doing it; and am not surprized, they should apply themselves to all sorts of Persons, not excepting Princes: For they believe still, they shall meet with Success; and not being able to furnish the Charges they must be at, they use all sorts of Tricks to move those whom Covetousness renders, in this Occasion, very easie to be perswaded; and all in general meet in their Operations, with great Hunger, Cold, Labour, and Smoak.

It seems, as if that which hindred those who have been fortunate enough to attain the Perfection of this Work, from communicating their Knowledge in this Matter, was the dread of their Prince's

Power; as having oft experienced, that they are jealous at the Riches of a private Person. Sovereigns cannot endure, that a mean Wretch, born amongst the dregs of the People, should have in his Power wherewithall to make himself happy and several others; which obliges them to deprive these *Philosophers* of the means of working, and makes them labour in secret, and conceal themselves with more care, when they have finished their Work. Great Men cannot easily suffer private People to become Masters, by virtue of this Art, and to do all those Wonders which by this marvellous Metal may be wrought in their Closets, without going to *Peru*, and ransacking there the Bowels of the Earth: They know very well, that this long'd-for Gold, produces every thing; gives Reputation; makes them follow one, who fled from a Man before; corrupts those who appear the most incorruptible, opens the strongest Doors, overthrows whole Armies, causes a man to change his mind in a moment, makes him that was a poor Man presently talk *Sentences*. Nay, many *Christians* affirm this Metal to be so efficacious, that it draws the Souls out of a doleful Abode, call'd *Purgatory*; so that it seems, as if it appeased *God*'s Wrath, and brings Men to Heaven.

These fore-mention'd Reasons, obliged the cruel *Diocletian* to put to Death as many *Chymists* as could be found in *Egypt*; and at the same time to cause their Books to be burnt, lest the People who were naturally ingenious, being become too powerful by the Art of making Gold, should undertake a War against the *Roman* Empire. But we find, in the antient Writings of the *Arabians*, that *Moses* having learn'd of *God* himself the Art of perfectly knowing *Nature*, and that of the Conversion of Metals, and making Gold, to write in Letters form'd of this Metal, the Law he prescribed the *Israelites*: He taught

taught it to *Carun*, a poor Man, but his intimate Friend, and near Kinſman; who being become very rich by means of this *Science*, had heap'd up immenſe Treaſures, and built himſelf Forty Houſes, which were filled with Gold, but were all ſwallowed up, and buried in the Earth, by the Vertue of *Moſes*'s Rod, with the Maſter of them, whom ſo great Riches had rendred proud, and made him think of withdrawing himſelf from obeying this Great Servant of *God*, having falſly accuſed him before the People of divers Crimes, and eſpecially of having abuſed a Virgin.

The laſt thing which was diſcovered in the *Venetian* Territories was a great Urn, found in an hollow Cave. In this Urn, which was conſiderably large, there was another leſs, and in it Two Pots, one full of Gold reduced into Liquor, and the other of Silver, of the ſame Faſhion, and a Lamp which ſeem'd to have burnt for many Ages. 'Twas known by the Characters on this Urn, that they were conſecrated to the *God Pluto*; and there were on them *Latin* Verſes, which ſhewed, That *Maximus Olibius* had been the Author of them. Thoſe then who ſay this Art is falſe, that the Beginning of it is a Lye, the middle of the Work meer Fatigue, and the End Beggary, have not ſaid true themſelves; and yet one cannot accuſe them, as having not, in ſome ſort, ſpoke the Truth.

I beſeech the Sovereign Creator of all things, from whom alone we hold what we know, as being the Great and Wiſe Architect of *Nature*, that he would beſtow on thee the Science of the learned *Geber*; that thou mayſt be as rich as *Solomon*: but above all, that he would grant thee the Spirit of *Aglaus*, who was ever ſeen to live content.

Paris, 20th. of 5th. *Moon*, of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXI.

To Mehemet, *an* Eunuch Page *to the* Sultaneſs.

THe Adventure which thou relatedſt happened in the *Seraglio*, ſhews, that Women are expoſed to great Accidents. Their Condition is unhappy when they are handſome, but more when they are homely and deformed. The Fathers, Brethren and Husbands guard the former, as *Cerberus* guarded the Gates of Hell; and the others guard themſelves, and look on all things with Eyes of Envy and Diſcontent, which makes them empoyon every thing. But that which happens amongſt us, is very different from what's in *France*, where Women enjoy almoſt a Liberty equal to that of Men. Not but that we ſee notable adventures happen there; witneſs the Queen, who is Mother to a great King now reigning, and yet lives in Exile, and as a Fugitive, amongſt Strangers, through the Credit of Cardinal *Richlieu*, for whom ſhe has not all the Deference he expected. And an ancient Lady, (I may call her ſo, now ſhe does not hear me.) told me ſuch things ſome days paſt, on this occaſion, which I can ſcarce believe my ſelf, did I not know them to be true from elſewhere.

I am farther told, that this *Cardinal*, not having ſucceeded in the Deſign he had of marrying his Niece with a *Prince* of the *Blood*, intended (if he could) to marry her to the King's Brother: But there's no great likelihood, but ſo able a *Miniſter*, muſt ſee into the miſchievous Conſequences into which this Promotion would bring him; for, it would undoubtedly draw on him the Hatred of all the Great People in the Kingdom. And, I would not

not be mentioned at *Conſtantinople*, for the Author of all the News talk'd of at *Paris*.

But 'tis certain, this *Prieſt* ſent the *Chancellor*, a Venerable Perſon, and by his Office a Man of great Authority, to ſeize on this Princeſs's Papers, in hopes he might meet with ſome Letter which might favour that Deſign. The *Chancellor* executed the Order he had received, but found nothing of what the *Cardinal* pretended; ſo that this Perſecution ſerved only to manifeſt this Princeſs's Virtue, who lives in ſuch a manner, as may not only ſerve as an Example to all Queens, but all the Women in the World.

Some time after, this ſame *Chancellor* being come to Complement the Queen on the Birth of the *Dauphin*, ſhe told him in a compoſed manner, but very pleaſantly, That this Viſit was very different from that ſhe had received from him about a Year paſt.

If Perſons that are ſeated in the Higheſt Degrees, be not ſecure from the bold Attempts of thoſe who are infinitely below them, and who are born to ſerve them; the beautiful *Circaſſian* ſhould comfort her ſelf in the misfortune ſhe had of being accuſed. If her Innocency be well proved, ſhe will be the more pleaſing to *Ibrahim*, and the falſe Accuſation laid againſt her, will be a new Charm to him: whereas ſhould ſhe be found Guilty, we muſt grant ſhe deſerves the moſt dreadful Puniſhments; for having violated, if I may ſo expreſs my ſelf, the Sacred Nights of the *Seraglio*.

However, the young *Perſian* was found diſguiſed in Woman's Apparel in ſome of the neighbouring Stables: And though he, in the midſt of the Torments he ſuffered, died without Confeſſing any Thing; yet it cannot be ſaid, he died Innocent, after ſuch an Attempt.

I hope thou wilt inform me what has happened ſince thy laſt Letter, and in what manner the Ad-

venture of this beautiful Slave shall be ended. I shall be much troubled for her if she be Innocent, and cannot be wholly free from Compassion for her, if she prove Guilty.

Leave not off writing to me, and if it be possible, be not weary of loving me. I speak in the Presence of our *holy Prophet*, I love thee with the same Affection as ever, and I dare not utter an Untruth before him.

Paris, 20th. *of the* 5th. *Moon.*
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXII.

To the Kaimakam.

'TIS about 60 years, since *D. Sebastian* King of *Portugal*, died in *Africk*, by the Hands of the *Moors*; and yet his Subjects will believe him still living.

He parted from *Lisbon* in the Year 1578. in the Design of re-establishing on his Throne *Muley Mehemet*, *Cheriff* of *Africk*, whom his Uncle *Muley Abdelemelech* would bereave of his Kingdom; but in effect to endeavour at the making himself *Master* of *Barbary*.

His Army consisted of a Thousand Sail, well furnish'd with Provisions, few Soldiers, but a great many *Nobility*. This Prince was not above 25 years of Age, when he formed this Enterprize; he was a strong bodied Man, of a moderate Stature, but well set; his Hair was yellow, his Eyes great, and full of Fire, his Courage was not inferiour to his Strength; and he had no violent Inclination to Pleasures, which generally take Men's Minds off from

from gallant Actions; he was temperate in all things; yet very forward in Undertakings, and always firm and unmovable in greatest Dangers. He was a great Husband of his Revenues, employing them in his Subjects Defence, or to the Increase of his own power. He was agreeable to all those that waited on him; and in the freest Conversations, he took care not to disoblige any one by sharp Raillery or distastful Sayings; and so merciful was he, that he avoided all Occasions of condemning his Subjects to Death. He passionately loved War; but 'tis thought, the Expedition into *Africk*, wherein he perished, came from *Spanish* Counsels.

D. *Sebastian* was kill'd in fighting with an Invincible Courage. The *Moors* say, That his Enemies were so charmed with his Courage, that his Death drew Tears from their Eyes.

He was forsaken by his own; mortally wounded near the right Eye-brow; and piereed with Darts in several Parts of his Body. He had no Wound in his Head, because he was armed; but he had a great one in his Arm, which seemed to come from a Musket-Bullet. 'Tis said, he was buried in the Field, near a *Moor*, without any Ceremony, Prayers, or Company of his Relations, or Subjects. And this was the End of this Great King, who made all *Africk* at first to tremble.

Although the *Moors* rejoyced at the Death of so puissant an Enemy; yet his Friends bewailed his Misfortune: The Kingdom of *Portugal* celebrated his Funeral in a Magnificent Manner; and, the King of *Spain* proffered several Thousand Crowns for his Body, to bury him in a manner answerable to the Dignity of his Birth and Merit; and that Four Kings have since supplied his *Throne*; yet was there found a Man bold enough to maintain in the Face of all *Italy*, that he was really *D. Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*. He presented himself at *Venice* in an Assembly

ſembly of the wiſeſt Magiſtrates in *Europe*; he recited to them the Accidents of his Life; the Hiſtory of his Predeceſſors; the Misfortunes he met with in *Africk*, whence he retired into *Calabria*. He did more; for he ſtripp'd himſelf before this Illuſtrious Aſſembly; he ſhewed them Seventeen Marks on his Body, which were acknowledged with Aſtoniſhment by the *Portugueſes* themſelves, to be at leaſt very like thoſe which they knew their Sovereign had on his Body; and he alſo ſhewed, that he had one Hand greater than the other, and a Lip diſproportionable in the ſame manner, which were the well-known Marks in the Perſon of *D. Sebaſtian*. He talks of Ambaſſadors, which he ſent to the *Republick*; he cites the Anſwers he had received; and all he ſays, is found conformable to the Truth: He anſwers without Heſitation, to all that is objected; which makes ſeveral of the *Senate* believe him to be really the King, and others take him for a Witch.

But in fine, this Prince right or wrong, is led away to Priſon at the Solicitation of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador; where having long lain, he is ſet at Liberty, under an Obligation to leave the *Venetian* Countries in Three Days time.

Some *Portugueſes*, moved with Compaſſion, diſguiſed him in a *Derviſe*'s Habit, and conducted him ſecretly to *Florence*, to tranſport him afterwards to *Rome*; but the great Duke of *Tuſcany* cauſed him to be apprehended, and ſent him to the *Vice-Roy* of *Naples*. He preſented himſelf before him with his uſual Confidence, and ſurprized all that ſaw him, and heard him ſpeak; and ſeeing the *Vice-Roy* uncovered, he ſaid to him with great Aſſurance, and Gravity, *Be covered*, Count de Lemnos; which obliged this Miniſter to ask him, *By what Authority he took on him this Boldneſs?* To which, he anſwered, *That his Authority was born with him; and, that he feigned*

not

not to know him; and yet he ought to remember that King Philip *his Uncle, had ſent him Twice to him, and that the Sword which he then wore by his Side, was that which he then gave him.*

The Sentence which the *Vice-Roy* gave of him, was, That he was an *Impoſtor*, who deſerved to be ſent to the Galleys, and ſhould not long be from them; and wherein, 'tis ſaid, he died ſome time after.

Yet the *Portugueſes* have been perſwaded, he was their real King; and do ſtill continue of that Opinion, there being nothing which is able to make them change it. Some Perſons in the World will have him to be a *Magician*, others an *Impoſtor*, and the moſt ignorant will have him to be a *Devil*, or really the *King* himſelf.

This is not the firſt Example of the Boldneſs of an Impoſtor; *Rome* ſaw heretofore a Man, that had the Audaciouſneſs to publiſh he was the real *Pompey*, who was killed in *Egypt*, by the Cruelty of the young *Ptolemy*. The Queen *Artemiſa* found one *Artemius*, who had ſo great a Reſemblance with *Antiochus* her Husband, whom ſhe had cauſed to be murthered, that he was not known, when he put himſelf into the Bed of the dead King, pretending to be this Prince ſick; he recommended *Artemiſa* to his Subjects, and did ſeveral things in favour of this Princeſs. Under the Reign of *Tiberius*, was there not Occaſion to be ſurprized at the bold Anſwer which a Slave made to this Emperor, who queſtioning him, *How he made himſelf* Agrippa? anſwered without Heſitation; *In the ſame manner thou haſt made thy ſelf* Cæſar.

The *D. Sebaſtian* I mentioned, has not been the only one in the World; there have been Two others; one of which departing out of the Iſle of *Terceres*, who had great Reſemblance with this Prince, went into *Portugal*, where he ſaid he had miraculouſly

miraculously escaped from the Battel he lost in *Africk*; that he saved himself in Woods, and returned into his Kingdom to give Peace to his People, and deliver them from the Tyranny of Strangers, but having been convicted of Imposture, he was put to Death.

'Tis said, that another being come disguised in the Habit of a Pilgrim, to *Madril* it self, and having had a long and secret Conference with King *Philip* II. (by whom it is suspected he was known for this unhappy Prince,) was, by this King's Order, said to be poisoned, in a Banquet given him by *Antonio Peres*.

I shall write several Things to the Invincible *Vizir*, of which I deferred to give him Notice, because I would be certain of them, they being of Importance; and it would have been great Lightness in me, to have written them on the first Reports spread amongst the People.

Receive always with the same Goodness, the Marks I give thee of my Obedience; send me thy Orders and Counsels, which I pray him that has Created all Things, may be good and profitable to the Empire of those precious Ones, which he has enlightned with his Truth; to the end they may arrive at the Eternal Glory and Pleasures promised as from his part, by his *Holy Prophet*; and I also pray him, to preserve thy Life and Authority.

Paris, 24th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

To the Venerable Mufti, *Prince of the Religion of the* Turks.

'TIs not known whether it be the Recompence of a good or bad Action, which Cardinal *Richlieu* has ſent with ſo great Secrecy. Thoſe that give an ill interpretation to the beſt Things, ſay it is not to be ſuppoſed, there could be ſent in a dark Night, a Mule laden with Gold, to an unknown Perſon; but this muſt denote ſomething very extraordinary, and thoſe who pretend to know more than others, are ſometimes more ignorant than thoſe who pretend to know nothing. For, who can penetrate into what ſo crafty a *Miniſter* does, in the moſt retired Places of his Cloſet? His Actions are ſo myſterious, that when he looks towards the *Eaſt*, his Deſigns lie a direct contrary Way. He deceives thoſe who watch him moſt narrowly. I cannot inform thee then of any thing certain: The Matter is variouſly related; but thus I think it was: The *Cardinal* cauſed ſome days paſt, to be loaded on a Mule a great Sum of Money; he ordered him to whom he entruſted the Conduct of him to go into a Wood, at ſuch an Hour; telling him, he ſhould find a Man of ſuch a Stature, ſuch a coloured Hair, and in ſuch a Habit, who was to ſay certain Words to him; whereupon he was to deliver the Mule with his Lading into his Cuſtody. It is ſaid, this Perſon found the Party diſcribed, who would not receive the Preſent, it being not the full Sum agreed upon; That this being related to the *Cardinal*, he ſent the ſame Perſon with the Supplement of what was wanting to the Sum promiſed

miſed the night following, where the unknown Perſon received the full Payment. If this Story be true, as it is affirm'd here to be, this is an odd kind of Way of making Preſents, or paying Debts.

But thou maiſt be aſſured, this is not the firſt time the *Cardinal* has paid his Creditors in this Sort.

I have been told for certain, that there being arriv'd at *Paris* a ſtranger ill clad, of ſmall Stature, and without any Attendance; he made him be paid down immediately upon his Arrival, Six Hundred Thouſand Crowns without any bodies knowing what became of ſo happy a Creditor, nor from what Merit proceeded ſo high a Recompence; though ſome People affirm, that ſo great a Sum is fallen into the Coffers of the *Swediſh* General.

Receive charitably, the Marks I give thee of my Obedience and Deſire which I have of giving thee Satisfaction; and, intreat our *Great Prophet*, that I may be worthy in the *other World* to kiſs thy Feet, and be acknowledged to be of the Number of thoſe, for whom he has Written his Holy *Alcoran*.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXIV.

To Berber Muſtapha Aga *at* Conſtantinople.

I Cannot tell whether thou haſt Knowledge of the Uſe of Defiances, which are made amongſt the *Chriſtians*, when they be diſſatisfied or offended with one

one another; which they term Acts of Honour, or the Marks of a gallant Spirit.

This Cuſtom of Duels, is become ſo common in *Italy*, and eſpecially in the Kingdom of *Naples*, that the greateſt Affairs, as well as the ſmalleſt, are therein decided by the Sword; and the Gentry affirm this, to be the beſt way of terminating their Diſputes and Quarrels; which belonging only to them, cannot be referred, nor ſo well determined by the grave and cool proceedings of *Courts* of *Juſtice*.

This invention of deciding theſe Differences by Arms, either with the Sword or Piſtol alone, in a cloſe or open Field, naked in their Shirts, ſo that one has no Treachery to fear, is a Way of drawing Satisfaction for the Injuries received, found out by Men of great Courage, who more eſteem their Honour than their Lives. The offended Perſon, ſends a Challenge to him from whom he has received the Injury; this note of Defiance, is expreſs'd in choice and elegant Words, which invite and preſs the Offender to fight, in ſuch a Place, on Horſeback or on Foot, cloathed or in their Shirts, ſingle or attended by an equal Number of Friends, which they call Seconds, with Sword and Dagger, or Sword alone, or Piſtol. If the Challenge be received, he is civilly treated who brings it, and, it may be, has rich Preſents given him. But before they fight, the Enemies embrace, as if they were reconciled; and then in an Inſtant, following the Inclinations of their Hatred and Revenge, they wound one another, they ſpill each others Blood, and oftentimes their Souls go out furious, through the Wounds they have made.

Thoſe that have the Honour of dying in theſe Combats, do oft refuſe their Lives, which a generous Enemy would give them, believing they cannot live without Shame, ſhould they receive them from an Enemy.

But

But, the *Roman* Church, as a note of the Horror she conceives at these Combats, shuts Heaven's Doors against the Souls of those who leave this Life without doing Penance, denying Burial to those who die in the Field of Battle; or, yield them only, that, which is granted in some Parts of the *East-Indies* to certain Women, who prostitute themselves, whose Corpse are thrown a Prey to the Birds of the Field; and other Animals, who live on Carrion.

It is not only in *Italy* People kill one another in single Combats; 'tis the same in *France*, amongst the *Nobility*, who manage these Combats in a different Sort. The best Friends tear one another on the smallest occasion, and they prepare for a Duel in such a manner, as will appear to thee without doubt ridiculous.

These Enemies sup together the Night before the Combat, and often lie together in the same Bed. The Friends which serve as Seconds, do the same; and when they are come to the Place where they be to fight, a Friend is forced by the Maxims of Honour, to cut his own Throat with the Man's he perhaps most loves. Nothing happens more frequently in *Paris*, than these Kind of Combats; and they produce several Adventures, of which I would give thee an Account, had I not a particular Story to tell thee on this Subject. It is of a Challenge of a *Spanish* Prince, sent to a King, whose Crown could not exempt him from a Letter of Defiance.

Thou hast without doubt heard of what has happned in *Lisbon*, where D. *John de Braganza* has been elected and proclaimed King of *Portugal*, as the true Heir of the *Royal* Race. Thou knowest also, he drove the *Spaniards* out of his Kingdom. The Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and this new King's Brother-in-law could not hinder

der himſelf from being ſuſpected, of having underhand aſſiſted this Prince to aſcend the Throne; whether it be true, or an Artifice of his Enemies, *God* only knows: But however, it's certain, that the Count Duke *d' Olivarez*, the King of *Spain*'s chief *Miniſter*, ſent an order to him to appear at *Court*, to juſtifie himſelf from this Suſpicion; he thought to clear himſelf perfectly from the Jealouſies of the *Catholick* King, by ſending a Challenge to *D. John* of *Braganza*, to oblige him to fight with him; which Letter of Defiance was conceived in theſe Terms:

D. Gaſpar Alonzo Peres Guſman, the Good, *Duke of the Town of* Medina Sidonia, *Marquis, Count, and Lord of the Town of* St. Lucar *of* Barameda, *Captain General of the Ocean, and Gentleman of his* Catholick *Majeſty's Chamber. I ſay, that* John *of* Braganza, *who was never but a Duke, calls himſelf King of* Portugal; *that his Treaſon, known to all the World, is deteſtable, and in Abomination, for having thrown a Stain on the Faithful* Houſe *of* Guſman, *which has never failed in any Duty to her Soveraign; and for this reaſon I deſie, and challenge to a ſingle Combat, Body to Body, with Seconds or without Seconds, this* Don John, *heretofore Duke of* Braganza, *leaving all this to his Choice, as alſo the Arms or Weapons and Place of Combat. Written near* Valentia d' Alcantara, *where I ſhall expect Fourſcore Days News of him, and the laſt Twenty Days, I ſhall tranſport my ſelf into the Place he ſhall appoint accompanied, or alone, with ſuch Arms as he ſhall preſcribe.*

Not only the Tyrant of Portugal *ſhall be advertiſed of my Challenge, but all* Europe, *and the whole World. I pretend to make known in this Combat, the infamous Action of* D. John, *and in Caſe he does not accept of this Defiance, and fails in the Duty of one who is born a Gentleman; I deſire this King, who is only a Phantaſm, may periſh in ſome ſort or other; I promiſe to*

give

give my Town St. Lucar, *the Principal Seat of the Duke of* Medina, *to him that shall kill him.*

In the mean time, I entreat my Lord the King of Spain, *to give me no Command in his Armies, but to grant, I may only serve him as a Volunteer, with a Thousand Horse, which I will maintain at my own Charge, till that serving him in this manner, I may help to recover the Kingdom of* Portugal, *and may bring along with me, and cast at his Majesty's Feet, the Duke of* Braganza, *if he will not fight with me in the Manner I proposed.*

If thou shewest this Letter of Defiance to the *Janizaries*, that *Militia* which is terrible to all Nations, whom nothing can resist, when they execute the *Grand Signior*'s Orders, they will tell thee what such a Challenge requires from Men of Courage, and explain to thee the Laws which People of Valour prescribe to themselves: For my part, who am ignorant of the Art of War, and the Maxims of such as make Profession of Arms, I shall not make any Judgment hereupon; only take the Liberty to ask of thee, if the King of *Portugal* accepted the Combat, and killed the Duke of *Medina*, which of the Two would have been declared Infamous? Whether there be any Certainty in the Decisions made by Arms? I am willing to think, Justice is on the Side of the Conqueror: But, if on the contrary, the Event of the Duel be uncertain, I take it to be a foolish thing for the Duke to expose himself, and thus Affront the King his Brother-in-law. In short, the Duke's Prudence is not to be admired in this Occasion, and *Braganza* has had the Advantage on his Side, seeing he has shewed by his Conduct, that he is effectually King of *Portugal*.

I cannot but call these *Christians* Fools, who suffer such Customs among them, and yet adore a *Messias*, who is a *God of Peace*; and who call us *Barbarians*, when they are the only People that teach

teach us, and all other Nations, the Arts of ſingle Combats, which is the moſt pernicious Cuſtom that can be introduced amongſt Men, who cut one anothers Throats oftentimes on ſlight Occaſions, and become Prodigals of that Treaſure with which the *Immortal* has intruſted them. Neither can I any more approve of Kings and Princes of the ſame Beliefs, making War with one another, as we ſee every Day amongſt thoſe who profeſs the *Chriſtian* Religion; which yet, as far as I can find, ſcarcely permits any Wars, but ſuch as are Defenſive.

Pardon this tedious Letter, excuſe my Conjectures in it, and honour me with thy Commands, which will be reſpected by me as ſo many Obligations.

Paris, 25th. *of the* 6th. *Moon,*
of the Year 1642.

LETTER XXV.

To the Invincible Vizir Azem, *at* Conſtantinople.

WE hear of nothing now-a-days but Wars and Conſpiracies, Seditions, Treaſons, Infidelities, and Revolutions of State, and it is in the Kingdoms of *Vice*, wherein theſe Plagues of Heaven make theſe Diſorders, I mean, in the *Chriſtians* Countries. *Infidelity* reigns amongſt the People of *Catalonia*, *England* and *Portugal*; the Revolutions which have hapned in *Barcellona* have no Example; the Defiance or the Challenge of a Subject to a King, as is that of the Duke of *Sidonia* to the King of *Portugal*, as his Brother-in-law, and his Enemy, does equally ſurprize all the World. We have reaſon to think, that *God* is angry with the

Chriſtians

Christians, when we consider *Flanders*, *Germany*, *Italy*, and the Frontiers of *Spain* pestered with Wars, which they make one against another. The Animosity of most of the Great People of *France* against the *Cardinal* Favourite, enduces them to lay Plots against his Life; whence we may see, that Great Places are good for nothing, but to expose men to Great Dangers. The last Conspiracy discovered against the Life of *D. John* IV. of *Portugal*, raised to the Throne by the *Nobility*, and betrayed by the same *Nobility*, not by the whole Body of theirs, but by a small Number of those who had taken an Oath of Fidelity to him as well as the rest, doe plainly shew us, That there is nothing in this World whereon a Man may rely with any Certainty, and that here are many people who undertake just Actions, by the Motions of an unjust and turbulent Spirit, which cannot suffer Things to remain long in a quiet State, and aspire continually after Change, and to whom every Thing is good, that is new. I shall relate to thee, in few Words, this last Event. Thou hast been informed of the others, by the Letters I have written to thee, (Invincible *General* of the *Ottoman* Armies, and Steward of the Emperour's Laws, who is the Soveraign of Soveraigns) and by those which the *Kaimakam*, and the *Bassa's* have received from me, who are obliged to give thee an Account of whatever comes to their Knowledge.

Several of the Great Ones in *Portugal*, and amongst them, some of the new King's Kindred, hatched a Conspiracy against him, and resolved to put the Kingdom again into the *Spaniard's* Hands, and entirely ruin the Family of *Braganza*. The principal Author of the Conspiracy, was *D. Sebastian de Matos*, Archbishop of *Bragua*, the Count Duke *d'Olivarez's* Creature, to whom he owed his Fortune. The chief who conspired with this Seditious

out Prieſt, were the Marquis *de Ville Reale*, and the Count *d' Armamar*, theſe Two Men of great Birth and Credit, ſoon drew ſeveral others into their Party, ſome by the Hope of Recompences, and others through Wearineſs of obeying their new Soveraign, or weary with the new Form of State which they thought might change to their Advantage. They long held a ſecret Intelligence with the *Catholick* King's Council, who promiſed them all poſſible Aſſiſtance for the Execution of their Deſign, and after that infinite Recompences.

This Conſpiracy was to produce a dreadful Tragedy, wherein all the Blood of the *Royal Houſe* and Family of *Braganza* was to be ſpilt. The King was to be the firſt Victim, with his Children and the Queen his Wife. *D. Duart* alſo was to be put to Death, who was kept cloſe Priſoner in the Caſtle of *Milain*. A Domeſtick, affectioned to his Maſter, and who was attentive to what paſt, delivered the King and Family of *Braganza* out of this Danger. He was ordinarily employed in ſecret Intrigues, and made frequent Courſes into *Spain* to diſcover the Deſigns of the *Court* of *Madrid*. He met by chance in an Inn, a Man who ſeemed of a mean Condition, born in the Kingdom of *Bohemia*, with whom having entered into a ſtrict Friendſhip, as it happens uſually amongſt Travellers, he came to diſcover he was often diſpatched by the *Catholick* King's Principal *Miniſter*, on Affairs of great Weight; and that he expected in a ſhort Time to raiſe his Fortune to a conſiderable Pitch, being entruſted with Packets of Letters containing Things of the higheſt Importance to the State. The crafty *Portugueſe*, ſoon diſcerning he might get out Secrets of great Concernment from this imprudent Man, for the good of his Maſter, reſolved to kill him in a deſart Place, where they were to paſs; which he did, having firſt made him drunk with ſtrong Wine. Aſſoon as he had

done

done his Work, he ſtript him, and found Letters, and Inſtructions to the Conſpirators, which he ſpeedily carried to *D. John*, who thereby diſcovered the whole Conſpiracy.

Others ſay, that D. *Alphonſo* of *Portugal*, Count *de Vermiſſa* (having been ſolicited by the Archbiſhop of *Brague*, who thought he could eaſily bring him, into the Conſpiracy, being diſcontented at the King, for taking away from him a great Office) went to his Soveraign, and freely diſcovered to him the Conſpiracy which had been made, to deprive him both of his Crown and Life: And 'tis added, That this *Count* appeared ſince, one of the hotteſt of the Accomplices, till the very Inſtant wherein they were to execute their Project; at which time they were apprehended, and puniſhed as they deſerved.

Others ſay, the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, the King's Brother-in-law, who appeared to the Accomplices to be of the Plot, gave notice of it to the King his Brother. In fine, the Conſpirators were executed in ſeveral Places after different Manners where the people aſſembled, deteſting their Crime, ſhewed great ſatisfaction in their Deaths, and bleſt Heaven for preſerving their Soveraign.

They were apprehended one Day, wherein the King declared he would appear in Publick; and all the *Nobility* being met, he cauſed the Guilty to be call'd one after another, who were all made Priſoners without any Diſturbance. In the mean time, as many Troops as were near *Lisbon* were in Arms; and the People alſo took Arms to defend their Prince, if need required. The *Inquiſitor-General* was treated as Guilty, for knowing of the Conſpiracy, and not diſcovering it. The *Great Treaſurer Lawrence Pides*, who kept the Keys of the firſt Court of the Palace, was to enter in the Night with an hundred men well armed, and begin the Tragedy. The Naval Army which rode at Anchor in the Port

of

of *Belem*, was to be burnt; and there were them in each Veſſel, who were to ſet them on fire. The four Corners of the City were alſo to be fired; to the end, that the People, the Souldiers, and Guards of the Palace being buſied in putting it out, nothing might hinder the Execution of their Deſign; and the good *Archbiſhop* was in the mean time to appear in Publick, bearing about in his Hand what they call the *Holy Sacrament*, crying with a loud Voice, *Let the Law of* Jeſus *flouriſh*, *and that of* Moſes *die, and come to an End.*

The Marquiſs *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine* his Son, near of Kin to the King, have loſt their Heads on a Scaffold, with the Count *d' Armamar*, and D. *Auguſtin Manuel*; and the People beheld their Death without any Compaſſion, only ſhewed ſome Regret at the Loſs of the young Duke of *Camine*, who paſſing before the Body of his Father, all bloody, threw himſelf on the Ground to kiſs his Feet; asking him a Thouſand Times Pardon, though he was the Author of this Misfortune. There were others, who ſuffered a more Ignominious Death; who were not only hang'd, but quarter'd, and thoſe Parts of their Bodies ſet up in ſeveral Places for an Example, and to put the people in Mind, that ſuch Attempts ſeldom eſcape unpuniſhed.

As to the *Archbiſhop* of *Brague*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks* his Accomplices; they are kept with great Care in Priſons, in Expectation of Commiſſioners from *Rome*, without which *Prelate's* Conſent, they can do nothing farther to them. The King wore *Mourning* Four Hours for the Marquiſs *de Ville Reale*, and the Duke *de Camine* his Son; according to the Cuſtom of the *Chriſtians*, who are wont to Appaſel themſelves in Black for the Death of their Kindred, to denote the Sorrow they conceive at their Loſs; and this Ceremony is term'd *Mourning*, which

he Particulars of
ch is now carrying
Portugueses, who perceive [illegible] the
rs *Castilian* Troops; and shall not be wan-
any thing, which may mark my Zeal and
ss.

appy Slave will *Mahmut* think himself if he
eptably serve the *Inviolable Vizir*, by whom
reat Emperor *of the Faithful*, discovers his
o all the People of the Universe, whom *God*
reated to obey him.

. 25th. *of the* 6th. *Moon*,
the Year, 1642.

The END of the First Volume.

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